THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Meade Minnigerode—Agnes Burke Hale—David Lawrence—Octavus Roy Cohen
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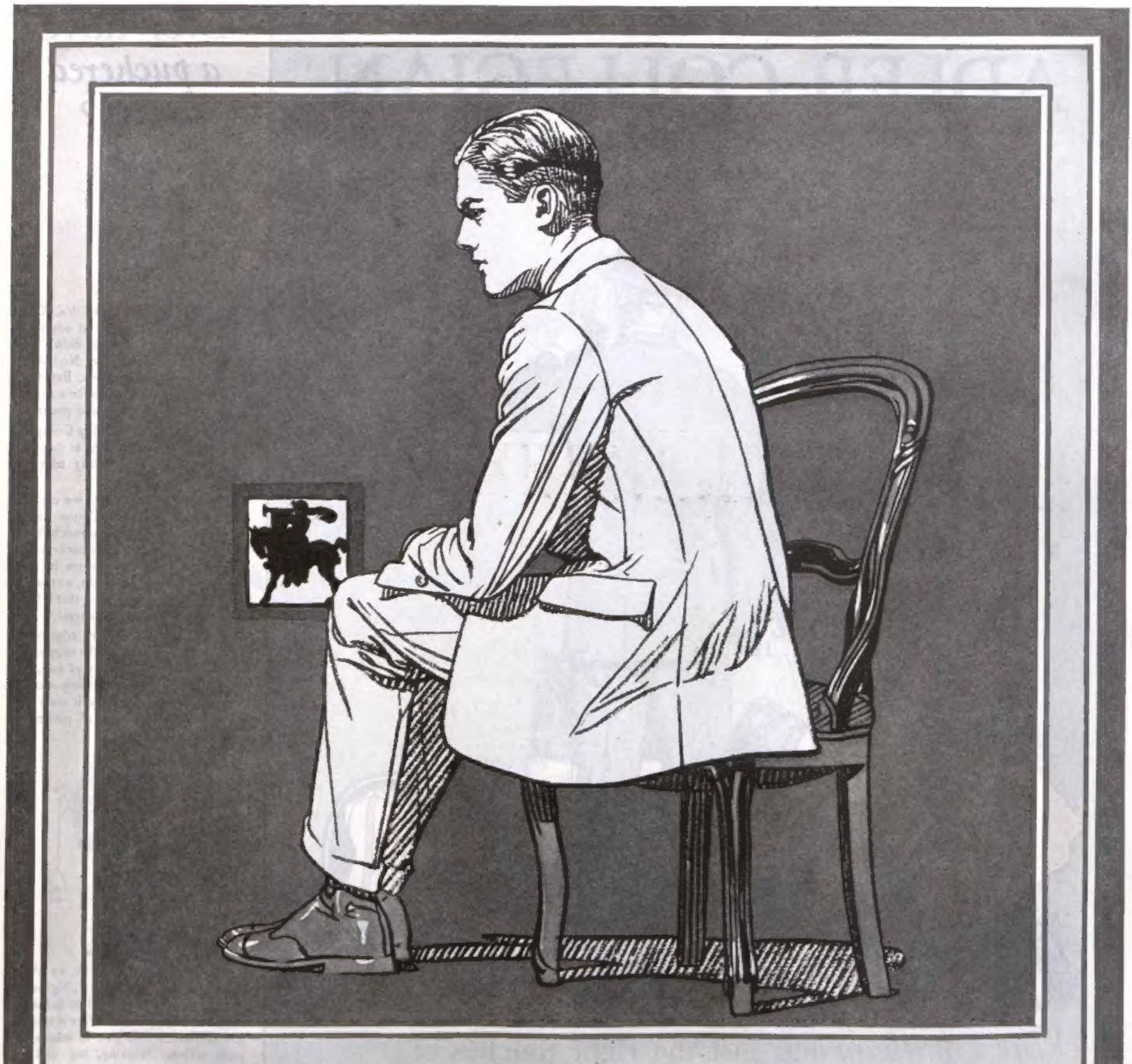
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



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A YOUNG MAN'S taste demands smart style; his pocket—usually—demands quality, for long wear and money saving Our designers know style; our fine woolens and good tailoring do the rest

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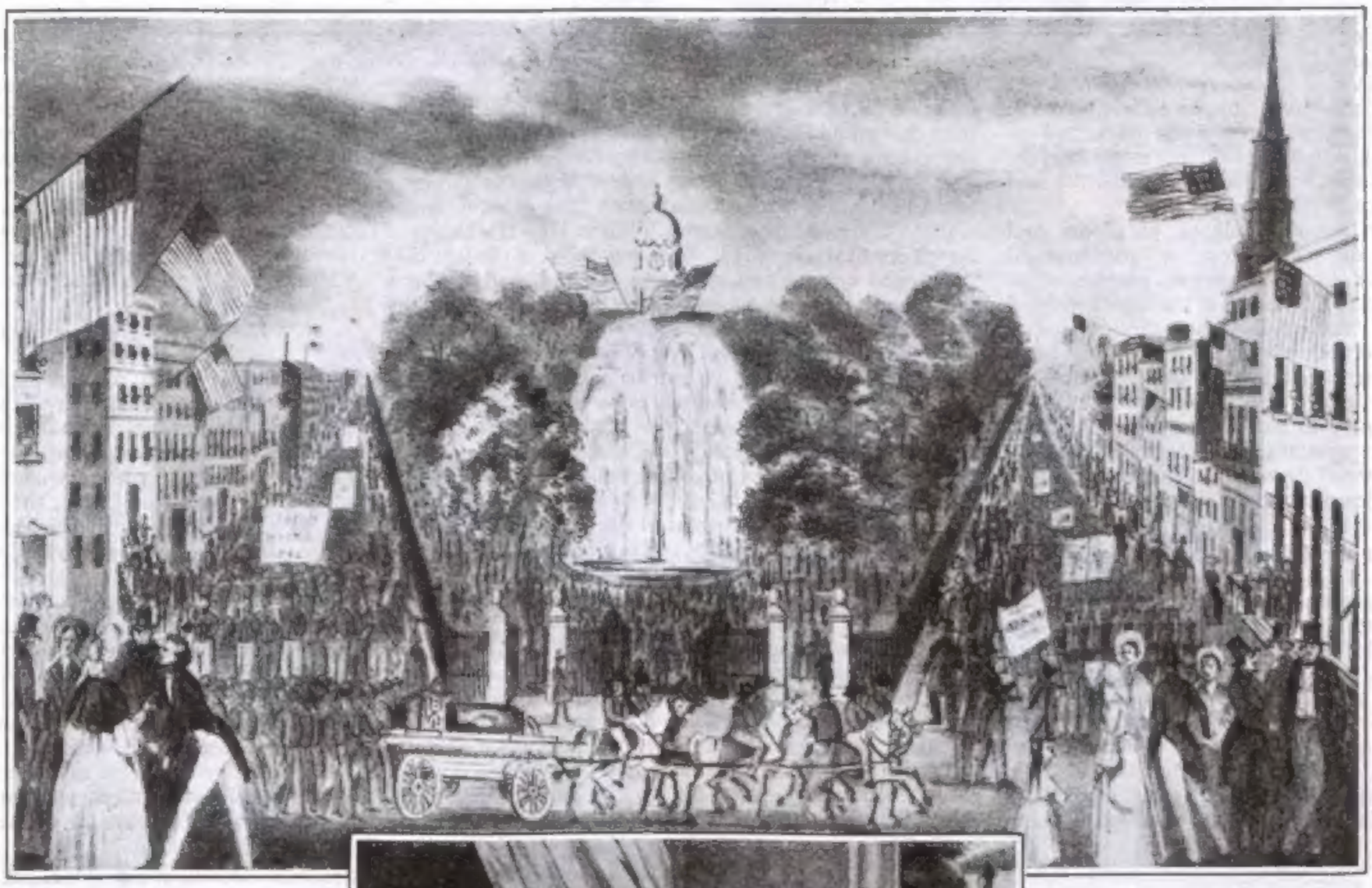
THE FABULOUS FORTIES

Deportment and Polite Behavior—By Meade Minnigerode

THE decade of the '40's in America was a brilliant three-ring circus, filled with marvelous side shows and prodigious natural curiosities, glittering with mirrors and chandeliers, thunderous with brass bands and fireworks, choked with the dust of glorious caravans.

Politically descended from the revolutionary Jackson régime, it saw the continued passing of government from the hands of the professionally select statesmen of the old restricted school into those of the popularly elected representatives of the rank and file; it heard, more and more persistent, the voice of the new West in its deliberations; it put the fateful question of slavery irrevocably into the national limelight. Commercially, in spite of panics and disasters, it laid the foundations of great fortunes and brought into being an era of mercantile supremacy on the seas which, during the brief, generously conceived period of its maintenance, added the fame of Boston and Salem, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to that of Tyre and Carthage and Genoa and Venice on the records of the world's maritime enterprise.



The Croton Water Celebration, 1842

Below—A Family Group

The Springtime of Our History

HISTORICALLY, in a series of swiftly melodramatic events, it witnessed the seizing of a continent and inscribed in American annals a pageful of inestimably courageous, amazingly inspired, superbly romantic episodes—Texas, Oregon, California, the plains, the Mormons and the gold rush. Horizons vanished in the '40's, the sun rose and set in adventurous waters, there were a new heaven and a new earth, new portents in the skies, new stars on the flag. It was the springtime of the year in America's history; a restless sap flowed in the veins of her people, and they took up their beds and walked. And at the end of the rainbow stretching from coast to coast stood the fabulous pot of gold.

"A vast nation forming, society ever changing, all in motion and activity, nothing complete, the old continent pouring in her surplus to supply the loss of the Eastern States, all busy as a hive, full of energy and activity." Every year multitudes swarming off from the East like bees, "not the young only, but the old, quitting the close-built cities, society and refinement, to settle down in some lone spot in the vast prairies, where the rich soil offered to them the certain prospect of their families and children being one day possessed of competency and wealth. . . . All is energy and enterprise, everything is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old Continent. . . ."

So, in 1839, Captain Marryat described it prophetically.

Socially, the decade served as the stage for an unfinished, unstabilized company taking part in a national pageant which there had been no time to rehearse. The curtain was up—and the scenery was unpainted, the costumes incomplete and the lines inadequate. Only the plot was excellent and the action absorbing.

Sectional Differences

AS FOR the company itself, it was, as Captain Marryat saw it just as the overture was being played, "a mass of people in a constant state of transition," in which was evident such a divergence of character as that which existed between "the most civilized and intellectual portions of America, such as Boston and Philadelphia, and the wild regions and wilder inhabitants of the west of the Mississippi and Arkansas," swayed by endless local jealousies, as a result of which "the Eastern States pronounce the Southerners to be choleric, reckless, regardless of law, and indifferent to religion, while the Southerners designate the Eastern States as a nursery of overreaching pedlars, selling clocks and wooden nutmegs. . . . Again, Boston turns up her erudite nose at New York; Philadelphia, in her pride, looks down upon both New York and Boston; while New York, chinking her dollars, swears the Bostonians are a parcel of puritanical

prigs and the Philadelphians a would-be aristocracy."

Society as he found it was "that which must naturally be expected in a new country where there are few men of leisure and the majority are working hard to obtain that wealth which almost alone gives importance under a democratic form of government." There were, he admits, intellectual and gentlemanlike people in America, but they were scattered. The circle of society was not complete, and wherever one went one found an admixture, "sudden wealth having admitted those who but a few years back were in humble circumstances. . . . The improvement is rapid but the vast extent of country which has to be peopled prevents that improvement from being manifest. The stream flows inland, and those who are here today are gone tomorrow, and their places in society filled up by others who ten years back had no prospect of ever being admitted. All is transition; the waves follow one another to the Far West, the froth and scum boiling in advance."

It was primarily an age of prodigies, paradoxes and parades. Prodigies of display and pathos; paradoxes of elegantly cultured, credulous vulgarities; parades of all the self-evident virtues. It achieved the apotheosis of banality in a blaze of wax candles, the sanctification of platitude in a chorus of adjectives. And all in the same breath it produced other prodigies of effort and tenacity; greater paradoxes of timidly conventionalized, untrammeled intrepidities; more impressive parades of all the unsuspected valors. It wrought the consecration of self-sacrifice in a bitter waste of deserts, the consummation of endurance in a magnificently patient silence.

The Great and Dreadful Day

THESE latter prodigies and paradoxes and parades, this self-sacrifice and endurance, all the courage, inspiration and romance of the period have been enshrined in countless volumes. No attempt has been made in these articles to tread upon that holy ground. Their only purpose is to present a picture, reconstructed principally from contemporary sources, of the private and civic life of those citizens of the '40's, in which the social characteristics of "the Queen City of the greatest nation upon earth" necessarily fill a large place. Politics, formal history, economics—these have been left untouched in the effort to apprehend a little of the mentality, of the intellectual point of view, of the daily manners of the people who made them possible. History speaks with many tongues. It can express itself in dates and state papers, commercial statistics and territorial emergencies, or it can gossip of old tunes and valentines, forgotten plays and unremembered books, bright silks and satins, twinkling candelabra and vanished splendors of another day. It is with such gossip only that these pages are concerned.

The opening years of the decade of the '40's in America found a much greater number of its inhabitants than one would have thought possible confidently, and on the whole enthusiastically, awaiting the end of the world. They were always ready to try everything once, and even twice, in the '40's, from Resurrection Pills to salvation.

In 1832 a gentleman named William Miller, a native of New York State, having become convinced of the fact that the second coming of Christ was at hand, had set forth throughout the land to preach his doctrines and predict their consummation as of April 23, 1843. The elaborate calculations, based on Biblical prophecies, by means of which he arrived at his destructive conclusions are curious enough. What is infinitely more curious, however, and characteristic of the age, is that so many of his hearers should have shared his conviction—much less, one suspects, as a result of religious fervor than of congenital credulity.

In 1842 Millerites, as his followers were called, were eagerly preparing for the event in almost every town in the Eastern and Middle States. Meetings were held everywhere, while thousands assembled in the enormous tents which his preachers carried with them from city to city. People began to close their shops and dispose of their belongings. The excitement increased, until in March, 1843, husbands were murdering their wives for refusing to become converts, mothers were poisoning their children, men and women were committing suicide and going insane.

The great day came and passed, as days will.

The throngs which had abandoned their homes in nearly every community and taken to the surrounding fields, attired in ascension robes, returned, disappointed, but not discouraged. There had, it seemed, been an error in the calculations. A new date, in October, 1844, was proclaimed and the fervor of the Millerites increased. The Millerite Tabernacle in Boston was opened in May. In Philadelphia the Julianna Street Meeting House was acquired as a place of worship. In New York the crowds were so great that it was impossible to reach the doors. A great many wives began to sue their husbands for nonsupport. Tradesmen advertised "Muslin for Ascension Robes," and notices such as the following were not uncommon:

> This shop is closed in honor of the King of kings, who will appear about the twentieth of October. Get ready, friends, to crown him Lord of all.

The second great day came and passed as uneventfully as the first, except that a good many children were injured and lost and large concourses of people suffered intensely from hunger and exposure. The King of kings did not appear in Boston or in New York or in Philadelphia, nor yet in any other place. One learns that increasing numbers of Mr. Miller's followers deserted him. One presumes that many of them regretted the premature sacrifice of their goods and chattels. The demand for "Muslin for Ascension Robes" decreased perceptibly.

A Page From Godey's Lady's Book, Showing Styles Prevalent in the Forties

How They Behaved in the Forties

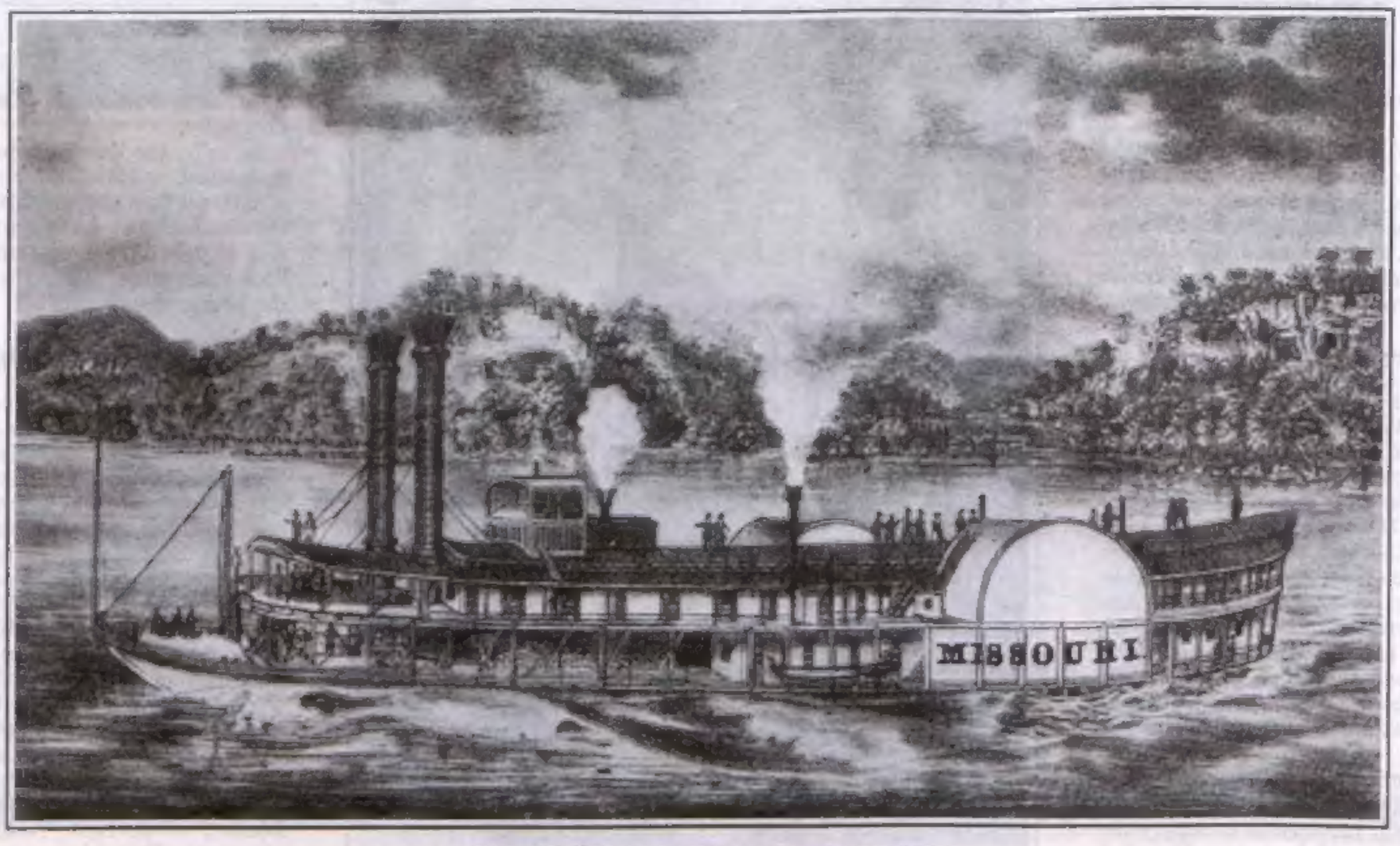
THE decade which, at its very beginning, was to have witnessed the destruction of the world was allowed to run its course, during the progress of which it was to witness events almost as extraordinary, if less cataclysmic in character. The telegraph, the coming of steam as a permanent factor in transportation, the march of the Mormons, the winning of California, the Mexican War, the crossing of the plains, and at the very end the unbelievable climax of the gold rush.

And other events, too, in some ways as significant and in many ways more important than these national movements. Mrs. Brevoort's fancy-dress ball, for instance; the dancing of Fanny Elssler, the visit of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Korponay, that elegant Pole, teaching the polka to similarly elegant females; the opening of Christy's Minstrels; the Croton Water Celebration; and, at the end, just over the border line of the '50's, the coming of Jenny Lind.

There is in some ways, perhaps, no more illuminating revelation of the private life of the '40's than is contained within the covers of the volumes of deportment and polite behavior—frequently of French origin—which served to regulate the social intercourse of the period. And immediately one is struck by the astounding crudity of manners which must have prevailed in order to justify some of the admonitions which they found necessary.

It is one thing for the New York Herald to remark, in one of its paternal editorials, that the leading characteristic of fast society in America in 1848 is its intense vulgarity—"loud talking at table, impertinent staring at strangers,

(Continued on Page 106)



One of the Mississippi River Steamboats, 1841

DANIEL AND THE LIONESS

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

RACHEL, seated at the big desk in the middle of the library, was checking a list of wedding guests, and wondering whether all engaged girls were as glum as she, when the door behind her opened and her father entered. She felt something portentous in his tread over to her mother, who sat sewing in the window. She looked up. He was handing her mother a letter.

"Here, my dear," he said, in the soft drawl of a philosophical failure, "is something to open your lovely eyes."

Her father always jested. No doubt it was a bill for the hall redecorating, five months unpaid for. Rachel had grown to hate the hall. Its imported block-print paper had become a symbol to her of the ruin into which her family had tumbled.

Her mother, from the front of her gray gown, began to disentangle a lorgnette chain. For years she had been fumbling, yanking, fluttering, until finally the frail silver thing came free. Ugh, thought Rachel watching, so her mother faced the facts of their life. There, she had it off; she was reading the letter. It was not a bill; a big sprawling decided hand marched up and down the page. Some rich old dud asking them down for a week-end. "Do come to Springbrook—the gardens are at their loveliest." Father would ask her to mend his dinner shirts; she would lend mother her cut-steel buckles.

Her mother's face was expressionless. Suddenly there flickered over it what her daughter classified as conscious withdrawal. She read to the end, and then, decisively, came to her feet, threw the letter on the desk beside her and turned to her husband.

"I never heard such insolence!" she cried angrily. "She cannot come. I could not bear it, Charlie."

Her husband, if he had defenses for her, did not for the moment offer them. He stood looking vacantly out at the garden. The letter had disturbed him, but the past which it brought back had a spell over him that his wife could not know, for she never had really known him. Picking up the letter she read it again and, to Rachel's astonishment, began to cry. The girl did not move. She was still too brutally interested in this happening which could shake her mother out of her eternal calm.

At the sound of her tears Charlie Derieux walked over to his wife, patted her a little perfunctorily on the shoulder.

"My dear, my dear."

"It's horrible," she moaned, "horrible. For years she has been dead to us. It's bad enough of her to come back—but at this time! Oh, to haunt us—at this time!"

Rachel looked at them, her black eyes wide open, the pupils dilated, gleaming almost tigerish yellow. Even as she realized what had happened her parents turned to look at her.

"It's Aunt Fan," she said, her voice husky with excitement. "It's Aunt Fan come back."

"Come, Come! I Have a Plan for You. I Want You to Decide. You Must Let Me Know, Because ——"

Her mother looked at her amazedly. Rachel's reactions were beyond her.

"Or is it some worse blow?" she asked her father. He always came out with everything.

"You guessed right the first time," he said. "It's your Aunt Fan. After thirty years."

"In America?" asked Rachel.

He nodded.

"How did she get here?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Here, read the letter."

He handed it to her. Fan, after running away from home at twenty-three to be a singer, after thirty years of exile in Europe, where she had acquired notoriety, husbands, wealth and a legendary reputation as a singer, wrote her brother as she might have written had she spent all her life in a neighboring town. Rachel read:

Dear Charlie: I am in America for a little while. I must come out to see you and Nina. Do not say to me I cannot. Saturday night would be splendid. The Wheelocks tell me that you are still in Ancaster. I cannot go back without seeing you, for I may never see you again. As ever, FAN.

"That is like her, isn't it?" said Rachel, handing him the letter.

"Like her? How do you know?"

"Bold and forthright—isn't that the way she was?"

Her father didn't answer her. Fan was his elder sister; a flashing black-haired beauty of a young woman, she had quarreled with her father and gone away in a temper of defiance, to what her family and Ancaster had thought her ruin. The years had justified Fan. She had run away to sing; and sing she did, by gad, all over Europe—in its cafés and music halls and then on its concert stages. When she was a music-hall favorite they called her Yankee Frankie; years later, when she had grown to be a *diseuse*, she was the great Frances. But her father died of stubborn sorrow, long before fame had claimed his runaway child. Had he lived, Derieux thought, he never would have forgiven her, as she had never looked back at the family whose pride she had mocked.

Until today, thirty-two years since she went. She was nearing sixty. It was a long time since the newspapers had mentioned her—seven or eight years since he had read the account of her marriage.

Fan, perhaps beaten and scarred by life and love and song, was creeping home for solace.

His wife spoke decisively.

"You will have to write her, Charlie, and put her off. You can make some excuse. I don't care what. You can go into town and lunch with her. But she can't come here."

He stared at her, considering whether or not what she said wasn't the easiest way out. She went on.

"At this time, too, it's impossible. You'll have to explain to her. She always was fond of you, Charlie. If she does come she'll be sure to make trouble."

"Trouble?" he asked. "How could she make trouble? She's older than we are, and most of the people she once shocked are dead."

"Now, Charlie, don't be a fool. There's no scandal like an old one revived. Imagine Mrs. Dennison's curiosity; there are plenty of people in this town only too glad to create fresh details. A fine set of innuendoes for a bride." She indicated Rachel with a thrust of her white head.

"Oh, bother, mother," the girl said. "The age of contamination is over. Most people have forgotten that father had a sister. Besides, we don't count enough any more ——"

"Count!" cried her mother. "Really, Rachel, wait until we are dead before you tell us how little you think of us."

"I mean, we don't count as much as we think we do. We haven't any money. And money is all that matters now."

"You are quite wrong," said her mother, with the assurance of good old stock. "I'm not going to have a disreputable aunt returning to this house two months before your marriage, and lingering on, heaven knows how long, and bringing all kinds of people. You can't tell what she'll be like. She may have a monkey and wear crescent earrings. It's impossible."

Derieux was annoyed. The meticulous conventionality of his wife's mind had always irritated him; now her nervous dread of losing caste with Mrs. Dennison, the mother of Rachel's fiancé, angered him, because it divided his loyalty. It tore him away, for such silly fearful reasons, from a sister he had loved in his youth.

"Come, come, Nina," he said. "I don't believe Fan can be as bad as that. She was an artist, you know, in her time. Besides, she is my only sister. I'm her only brother.

This is her old home. It's the house she ran away from. I think it would be brutal to send her away—not to let her come."

"It would be positively poisonous," said Rachel.

Her mother gave her a mean look.

"Fan must be almost sixty," said her father. "She may be poor; I don't believe she can do us a bit of harm."

"We're done for already," snapped Rachel. "Unless I marry Danny we're ruined."

"Rachel, please—I can't understand why you take such a horrible attitude. It sounds so cold-blooded. Charlie"—she turned to him—"I think you are mad. I know this town. I know what they will make of it; and you know as well as I do what Fan was like. She could no more enter a room without making a crisis than look at a man without flirting. Do you suppose time will have changed her? Besides——"

She hoped he would get her meaning. Rachel was in no mood to be subjected to the influence of a wicked but no doubt captivating aunt.

Worldly-wise, playing safe, Mrs. Derieux was right, no doubt. But her husband was caught in an emotional trap from which no words of hers could unloose him. How he had admired Fan when he was young! He was remembering her dark bright head, her insolent vitality, the audacity with which she had gathered her foolish skirts and run away to be, at any cost, a singer. None of the ties of life ordinarily supposed to weigh down feminine shoulders had kept her from singing—not in the family drawing-room, but to the testing, capricious world. He had always wanted to be like her. He wanted her to come, now, so that he could see what life had done to her. He knew what it had done to him. He walked over to the desk, his mind made up.

"No; we'll let her come. She won't stay. I'm sure of that. But it's against Nature to refuse to see her. I'll write her."

His wife stared at him. She was an old-fashioned woman, who believed in obeying her husband, because there were so many better ways of circumventing him. He amazed her. She began to cry. It was as if she had been waiting a long time for something to hang her tears upon. She cried because they were poor, because Rachel was so disturbing, because now this could threaten their future. And deep in her heart she cried because she knew that something in herself had led her husband to defeat.

Her husband comforted her. Rachel put her arms around her and kissed her. There was a most extraordinary strength in that thin young body; it was like Rachel's cocksure confidence.

Soon her mother's tears stopped; she was thinking again of Mrs. Dennison. She wiped her eyes with a fine little handkerchief and sat up.

"Rachel," she said, "tell Mrs. Dennison this noon when you go to luncheon. She had better hear it from you than——"

"——from the president of St. Luke's Sanctuary Guild? No. I'll tell Danny all. And he can tell his mother."

"My dear, do be careful."

"Careful? What is there to be careful about?" She got up and walked away from her mother, pulling the belt of her linen frock tight around her hips. "I don't see anything shocking about this Aunt Fan anyway. What if she did have lovers?"

"Rachel! Your ideas of the shocking are not always those of the world. Mrs. Dennison, I'm sure——"

"I don't give a stick what Mrs. Dennison thinks," said the fiancée of her son, turning away. "She's a stupid juggernaut of a woman, with a passion for bossing other people—particularly inferior people. Have you ever noticed how the dull and the bossy let their energy out on the poor? They don't dare stand up against their own kind."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, Rachel. It doesn't sound a bit nice."

Rachel made, with her whole body, the gesture of all young people who care less about the sound than the sense of what they say. Then she half turned, half wheeled around on one leg, dragged another leg after her, and walked toward the door. She wanted to get out, and she showed it.

"I'll be going to meet Danny," she said as she went out. Her backward glance held no encouragement for her disconsolate parents.

They looked at each other helplessly.

"I'm not so sure about the beneficence of this coming marriage," said Derieux.

"Oh, dear, she makes me so unhappy," said her mother. "I don't see what the girl wants. It's her dreadful way of talking. Danny treats it as a great joke. The more horrible her remarks the more he roars. I shudder to think of their married life—with no brake anywhere on Rachel's tongue. But then—they're really congenial. He likes her singing, and I'm sure he has the best stable in the county. And you know what a crank she is about a horse."

Derieux remarked that there was a little more to marriage than singing and horses. Perhaps, with a man Rachel really loved, or loved in a different way, she might not be so talky or so cross.

"Well," said his wife shortly, "find the man, and find him before the fifteenth of September."

A queer match this, thought Derieux, a mocking bird and a jockey. He wished he had the money to take Rachel around the world, to show her the excitements and the delights of life. But he was helpless. He went away to write the letter. And his wife, left alone, wept a little more. The sum of her trials seemed unbearable.

The Great Frances

Rachel, after she left them, went up to her room, where she stood in the middle of the floor, thinking. She had acquired this habit of sullen reverie since she had begun to worry about her life. Not being able to act, she thought.

Some girls, had they worn Rachel's engagement ring, would have thought themselves too lucky for words. Rachel, who wanted something else, had taken Danny because he was nice and his money was alluring. Whether, after she was married to him, Danny, or any husband, would put up with the trouble of making a concert singer out of a wife, she doubted. For that was what Rachel wanted to be—not a wife, but a world-acclaimed contralto.

Yet Danny, as much as he loved her, would kill her singing. He thought it tophole that she sang in such a ripping way; he had rebuilt a billiard room into a music room, had bought for her a piano lovelier than Rachel had ever dreamed of having. He would like her to sing there, set off like a great playing doll—for which Danny had made a setting. Lovely, but a blind alley. Singing like an angel in a niche was not for a voice which ached to let itself loose into the world.

Danny was an engaging, irresponsible young man. He had been casually to Harvard, he had gone to the war, where as an aviator he had seen a lot of flying, and a great deal of Paris after the Armistice. After the war he had come home. His father had died, and the amount of money he had come into was overwhelming. He had gone around the world to get over the shock, and had returned with a string of Arabian horses. He told his mother that he intended to save for America the genus Equus. He was going to live for the turf.

His mother was frantic. She welcomed his sudden passion for Rachel, whose ancestors would have cut hers. However, there was nothing snobbish about Rachel and she was a snare after Danny's taste. There was something Oriental about her dark beauty, something veiled and yet distinct, like the women in Persian miniatures. She vitalized him and made everything he did more exciting. Sometimes she hurt him awfully when she was in a mood. But what a witch she was on a horse!

"Oh, you," she said to him one day, "you like me because I show off your horses!"

Why didn't he love her well enough to want her to show off her voice? No, he wanted the effect of her all to himself, so that when he came in at night and saw her at his exquisite piano, her body swaying like a slender moth between the candles, he could enjoy the fierce ecstasy of possession—which endures so much longer than love. She was artist enough to know exactly what it was about her that pleased his singularly fastidious eye.

II

THE little clock on her mantle struck twelve. In a flash she threw off her thoughts and changed with them her frock. In a few minutes she was off, down the stairs, out into the summer sunlight on the gravel roadway, where the family car stood waiting for her.

She was sick of this old car. As she jammed in the clutch and slid down the curving roadway from the house to the state road, she thought of the fun she would have driving Danny's motors—if she married him. As if she were not as good as married to him, with a list made out for the wedding announcements and her mother stewing about the wedding supper.

Danny was in the paddock, perched on a white railing, when she drove down the grassy lane. As she stopped the car he waved at her nonchalantly, as if she were a passing neighbor, and went on talking to the little bow-legged Englishman, Darrow, who had charge of his stable. Darrow was talking with his usual excitement, pointing first one finger in the air—so help me, God—and then another over his shoulder. They talked with awful seriousness; yet all that bothered them was the planking in a stable or the best way of shoeing a horse. Horses—horses—horses—these were their gods.

She sat there five minutes before Danny gave a final nod and Darrow touched his cap.

"Hello, old pie-face," said Danny, in the *sotto voce* of a lover. "I thought you had abandoned me."

Rachel smiled. "Not yet," she said.

"This afternoon," he said, "we'll take a couple of plugs and go to the farm. I've got to see a man about the pigpens. How's that for a big afternoon?"

Danny's ideas of showing her a good time delighted her. "Priceless," she said.

"At three, Darrow," yelled Danny, climbing into the car over the door.

"I wish you'd learn to open doors," said Rachel.

"Why?" said Danny. "What good are they open?" And he slid down into the seat beside her, put his arms around her, drew her to him and kissed her on the lips.

With her hands she pushed gently away from him.

"Don't, don't, Danny," she whispered. "Darrow——"

"Oh, he's gone; gone long ago."

And leaning over he kissed her again, hard and fiercely. For a second she looked at him with strange terrorized eyes, eyes he didn't know.

"Rachel, what's the matter?"

He drew her to him again. But she only stared at him, as if she were seeing him for the first time. In her dark eyes, with their tiny fiery pupils, there was fright.

"Rachel, Rachel, don't look at me like that."

She went limp in his arms, but wriggled free. There could be no hurting Danny.

"It's nothing," she said; "it's nothing to be talked about."

"But you're crying, darling." He turned her face to him, but she wrenched it away.

"Don't," she cried.

And starting the car she turned down the grassy roadway into the main drive to Danny's house. He looked perplexedly at her. She was too much for him, beyond his powers to amuse and hold. He was in terror lest she would not have him.

Suddenly she turned to smile at him. He looked at her enigmatically. One smile will not bewitch the future. But her hand stole out to him on the leather seat, and he clasped it in his own. For the present, he thought, so much comfort.

Danny left her at the door of the great Georgian pile which Mrs. Dennison had built fifteen years ago, when she awoke to the fact that her husband's millions demanded the background of grandeur. With the gesture of a dowager she was giving the house to her son at his marriage, but as long as it stood her conquering self would linger with it. Chaste, faultless, tremendous, it crowned the hill and dominated the landscape, even as Mrs. Dennison crowned and dominated committee meetings. There was no getting away from that house, even as there was no getting away from its creator.

There was, Rachel thought, as she sat waiting in the long drawing-room, little chance for her personality in this mansion. Mrs. Dennison had impeccable taste; she picked period furniture as flawlessly as she chose chairmen. No decorator could foist a fake upon her. Her efficiency had conquered art. What she had done would remain and, as she bought the best, would endure for ages.

The door of the morning room opened, letting out the sound of a typewriter, the boom of Mrs. Dennison's voice.

"Those circulars, Miss Entwistle, must go out by four. The list for the sub-a series is in the second drawer. Ah, my lorgnette! Thank you; so good of you."

With all her masterful ability she could never leave a room without forgetting something. Rachel thought she did it deliberately, because she liked people to run after her.

As she came pounding swiftly down the hall Rachel rose limply and went to the door.

"Good morning," she said sweetly, all her resilience gone.

"Ah, there, my dear," said Danny's mother, whose own vital spark was so tremendous that she never observed Rachel's dying out. "Nice to have you." She kissed her intensely on the cheek. She never really kissed Rachel; she kissed in her image herself and her son. "You've lovely color this morning. I'm so glad I used the greens and tans in this room. They suit you. That dreadful Mrs. Nichols—you know, the bishop's niece—wanted me to use gray and cherry in the chintz. Frightful! If Danny had

married a blonde! But he didn't. I was justified in quarreling with her. My dear, don't ever do things for the incompetent."

"Unless their uncles are important," said Rachel. "I suppose some people have to be catered to."

"Oh, well," went on Mrs. Dennison, who affected simplicity in a tailored frock of white silk striped with grass green, "we all know the bishop—a dear man and so strict about keeping down that incense crowd, the saintliest person, but without a grain of common sense. He was in the clutches of that Boston architect until I stepped in. Can you imagine a Gothic parish house next to a Tudor church?"

"That sort of thing must happen in Europe."

Mrs. Dennison never listened.

"Well, it's going along splendidly now, and of course I wanted to do something for the bishop's niece." She neglected to add that she had maneuvered the contract to a New York firm, one of whose members had married her second cousin's daughter. "How she gets along in this world I can't imagine. She's absolutely incoherent."

"She calls a spade a spade to me," protested Rachel. "And she's doing well enough. She and that Mrs. Taintor have a shop on Sixty-eighth Street with little potted trees in front, and she just got a five-thousand-dollar fee for doing over the house of a rich banker. She changed it from Sheraton to Florentine. They're much more comfortable. She says the Oriental mind has nightmares in a four-poster bed."

Mrs. Dennison looked at the girl curiously. "That's nothing to do with the facts. Mrs. Nichols may be making money ——"

Rachel waited.

"—— but she's not doing right. Her husband ——"

"Why, he's a perfect bum!" cried Rachel. "She was glad he ran away. As soon as she can she's going to divorce him. I call her lucky. They stopped loving each other years ago."

This time Mrs. Dennison looked at her prospective daughter as if the girl were mad. "Love isn't all that counts in marriage, my dear," she said warningly.

"Isn't it? Well, it's all that should count."

She walked to the window uncertainly, her throat choking. Ugh, these old women! As if to mock her, she saw Danny's figure coming across the lawn, his sandy hair glinting in the sun. He saw her, waved a hand and smiled. She lifted a hand like a dummy figure, but she did not smile back. Who was she to rush to the defense of marriage for love?

They went in to lunch. The long windows opened out on a green terrace, which dropped down to a garden. It was a lovely room; the paneling and the furniture had been brought over from the old English manor of a bankrupt family and the distinction of age and graceful living still lingered.

Mrs. Dennison, albeit she believed in the discipline of the flesh, lived in state. The taking of food at her table took on the solemnity of a ritual; two severe, faultless menservants made a livelihood serving her with lean meat and gluten bread.

She towered at the end of the table, eating little with the air of eating much, her wide-set pale blue eyes fixed now on her servants, now on her children, now on an evasive leaf of lettuce on her plate. Incessantly she talked. It seemed to Rachel that Mrs. Dennison, the instant she reached heaven, would call the angels into committee meeting.

"The response has been splendid," she intoned; she was talking about the coming County Agricultural Exhibit. "Mrs. Jordan has had three hundred and forty-five entries for the Jelly Booth. And the governor has written that he will come down to sit on the Produce Board."

"That salt fish!" snorted Danny, who had to his mother's horror been moodily eating slice after slice of cold beef. "A lot he knows about vegetables. You ought to exhibit him on his own platform—Prize A Grapefruit Allcomers Open Entries. I'd give him the platinum ribbon."

"Danny, the governor's an experienced farmer. His fruit orchards are the best in the state. Just because ——"

"Yes, just because. He sets himself up as a white lily, going around talking to the women about the dens of thieves at the races. He makes me shiver. He's a hypocrite. Old man Truxton told me he used to go to Saratoga all the time before he began to mix his politics with virtue. Let him gaze on your vegetables and your jellies, but keep him away from my horses. They'd go lame from nervous depression."

If Rachel could have reached his foot with hers she would have kicked him; but there was nothing chummy about Mrs. Dennison's dining table—its dignity demanded isolation. She gave him a look from under a tilted eyebrow.

"I never did like that man," she reënforced him, like Blücher at Waterloo, "since the time he made such a row at Linda's wedding because the waiter dropped a pêche bombe on his shoulder. He never noticed that I got a good half of it."

"You're right," nodded Danny. "I remember. Right over the front of that tan chiffon. Gosh, what a man! I hear he wants to be ambassador. Well, me and my stable and my wife and my horses—we don't vote for him. He'll have to trust to the Morality League."

"Danny," his mother put in, "you owe him a certain respect."

"Oh, I'll respect him—if he keeps out of sight. He'll never come to this house."

This was serious. Mrs. Dennison had asked the governor to lunch. It increased her sense of manorial importance to entertain personages, no matter how dumb.

"Don't be silly, Danny. He was your father's friend, and an even better friend of Mr. Derieux's."

"Daddy doesn't like him now," countered Rachel maliciously. "He's so uncomfortably upright in his later years."

Mrs. Dennison could have pulled the girl's ears. There was an elusive combustion between these two, igniting them against her.

It was not quite what she had expected from this match. Instead of molding Danny, this uncontrollable girl seemed to set him off. She changed the subject.

"Rachel," she said, "you've hardly touched your salad. You never stop, and you never eat. If I were Danny I shouldn't allow it."

"Allow what?" said Danny still defensively. "You don't want the girl to get fat, do you? Being a slat is half her charm." *(Continued on Page 70)*

"You Need a Woman Who, Without Your Knowing It, Will Get You So Excited About the Canning Factory That You'll Give Up Racing"

MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUR NEIGHBORS—By David Lawrence

WE HAVE been thinking since 1914 mostly of Europe. The perennial debate on what our foreign policy shall be—isolation or coöperation—suggests Europe always as the premise of controversy. Those who bid the United States Government to exercise an aggressive diplomacy across the Atlantic impatiently describe anything else as selfish, shortsighted and even timid. Those who oppose the utterance of a soothing word to Europe declaim loudly about tradition's fateful limits.

Both viewpoints are only five years old—they are based on what has happened since the Armistice. Yet during that brief interval no nation has been able as yet to formulate a policy that has been much more than practical opportunism born of internal political strife or the external pressure of economic force.

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The American Delegation to the Fifth Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile. Left to Right—Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director of the Pan-American Union; George E. Vincent, Frank B. Kellogg, Henry P. Fletcher, Secretary Hughes, Senator Atlee Pomerene, Willard Saulsbury, F. C. Partridge and William Eric Fowler

Five years in a world of five thousand years! Sixty months out of a nation's one hundred and forty-seven years of history! And yet there are people ready to condemn American policy as inconsistent and shortsighted.

One hundred years is a fairer basis for comparison. Just a century ago last month, President Monroe issued his famous doctrine forbidding European nations from interfering with the political independence or territorial sovereignty of the nations in the Western Hemisphere. It was America's first real foreign policy. How has it been observed? Has it been selfishly applied as against Europe and in favor of the United States? Has this country sought commercial privileges, for instance, in Central and South America for itself which it was unwilling other nations in the world should have? Have there been conquest, abuse of power, interference with the development of the various republics—have we stunted their growth and exploited their resources?

The true test, indeed, of American foreign policy will not be found in what we have done or failed to do as yet in Europe. It will be found in the policies and acts of Administrations, Republican and Democratic, in the last one hundred years in the western half of the world.

As if in fitting climax to the centenary of the Monroe Doctrine, the last ten years have been full of developments and the last three years have been rich in achievement. The United States is today closer to her neighbors of the western world, a better friend and a more trusted associate than she ever has been.

Good Will Toward Latin-America

EASY enough, you will say, in a part of the world where the United States is the most powerful, the most wealthy. Yet it is a fact that while our motives are not even questioned in the Old World, they have been questioned in the New World. Our power is respected but its misuse is not feared in European countries. Yet the power of the United States has been feared in Latin-America—and misconstrued.

Hate and suspicion, doubt and distrust, all the elements that make so many Americans shrink from contact with European diplomacy, are reproduced proportionately in this hemisphere. Resources of untold value are here to quarrel about. There is a crack in the earth emitting oil all the way from the wells of Wyoming and Oklahoma down through Central and South America. Minerals abound in quantities still beyond estimate. The nations are in varying stages of civilization—some as far advanced as we think we are—notably Argentina, Brazil and Chile; others, like Haiti, still as far behind as the nations being administered by mandates from the League of Nations.

Newspaper headlines keep the minds of the American people concentrated on Europe. But the United States Government, whether its Administration be Republican or Democratic, keeps its thought on this hemisphere with a consistency that is as traditional as our form of government itself.

The late President Harding felt uncertain at times about American policy toward Europe. But he felt no such hesitancy about the peoples to the north and south of us. He gave impulse to a series of diplomatic moves many of which are in process of evolution, some of which may take decades more to achieve, but all of which when pieced together give a better perspective on the disinterestedness, unselfishness and practical humanitarianism of the United States of America than anything we have tried to do in the Old World.

Mr. Harding had just been elected when he made a visit to the Canal Zone and got a first-hand impression of the diplomatic situation in the region of the Caribbean. He felt that he should concentrate on the Western Hemisphere. He longed to visit every part of it; he dreamed a dream of usefulness in this part of the world rather than in the Old World. He did go to Alaska—no other President of the United States had ever gone there. He deliberately arranged for a stop in Canada and made a significant speech at Vancouver on the relations between the United States and its northern neighbor. Had he survived his trip along the Pacific Coast he would have gone through the Panama Canal and touched at Porto Rico and possibly Cuba. To him the idea of stepping across the border of Mexico and clasping the hand of the newly recognized president would have had a special appeal.

What has happened in Latin-America in the last few years must be examined as a single piece of diplomacy to appreciate its true meaning. For the Harding-Hughes policies have embraced action of an affirmative character in almost every country to the south of us. Colombia's wrongs were redressed. The friendly influence of the United States brought to the arbitration stage the controversy over the two provinces of Tacna and Arica, which originally belonged to Peru, but which Chile obtained after her war with Peru—an Alsace-Lorraine situation in this hemisphere that has had its ramifications in nearly every foreign office in the North and South American continents for forty years. Central America has been seething in discord. The Dominican Republic's numerous revolutions had led to American military occupation from which the Harding Administration finally arranged a withdrawal. Haiti is as yet on probation. American marines, at this writing, still stand guard in Nicaragua. But the United States has proved its anxiety to get out of both countries. Financial difficulties have beset nearly all the republics to the south. Through the good offices of the Department of State large sums have been advanced to these countries by North American banking houses. A Central American conference has just given the smaller countries a set of treaties with provisions as progressive and forward-looking as will be found anywhere in the modern world today. Mexico has been recognized and the Pan-American family is reunited once more.

Take the map of this half of the globe, from Alaska to Patagonia, and as the eyes traverse the two continents the white lines of peace and stability are found to have been strengthened nearly everywhere by the United States Government. Gray spots there are, and one or two of even darker shade; but the objective is everywhere the same—the exposition of the heart of Uncle Sam, not his saber.

Curiously enough, that last statement will be challenged. Readers inside the United States may agree with it, but not so outside. Indeed any attempt to discuss the diplomacy or relations of the North and South American continents must be broader than the view which the average American takes of the lofty purposes of his own Government. It is necessary to admit at the outset that the high opinion we have of ourselves is not shared by others; and when anyone takes the trouble to look at things from the other fellow's viewpoint, some real advance can be made toward mutual understanding.

The Monroe Doctrine

THE first characteristic of the United States Government's policy toward its neighbors at the moment is a willingness to ascertain and appraise without prejudice what Central and South America think of the United States. Until that was considered worth knowing, no start could be made.

Say what we will of the Monroe Doctrine, for instance, it has not meant in Spanish-America what it has meant to us. Before the European War diverted world thought it could be said without exaggeration that during the last fifty or sixty years there was hardly a gathering of diplomats, formal or informal, representing the nations south of the Rio Grande but that the discussion turned as to what the Monroe Doctrine really meant and what mischievous interpretations could be derived from it.

Without making invidious comparisons it would appear that the Covenant of the League of Nations has stirred up in the last few years no greater controversy as to the true meaning of plain English words than has the simple declaration of President Monroe a hundred years ago. The records of congressional debates, the discussions in American newspapers, will hardly reflect any such widespread interest. But what we have for generations considered perfectly clear and settled has been rankling in the minds of the peoples to the south of us. Suspicions have been superimposed upon suspicions, and from the original doctrine, which was designed to keep European nations from adding territory or directly or indirectly setting up their governmental systems in the Western Hemisphere, the whole controversy has swerved to the question of what encroachments on its neighbors might be practiced by the

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Dangerous Game—What is It?

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

A SMALL band of us were engaged industriously in shooting quantities of both small and large game in the world's very best hunting grounds. Tens of thousands of ducks, grouse, geese, deer, moose, bear, lions, tigers and whiffle-eared wombats have been killed there with the greatest precision; and yet the bags continue to come in as heavy as ever. It is a wonderful place. The veriest tyro there gets his limit. I refer to the smoking compartment of a Pullman car.

As the night went on we intrepid hunters grew bolder. We turned our attention to hair-raising adventure—our own and others'. We disposed of the enormous heaps of ruffed grouse we had been snap-shooting in the blackthorn swamps of Michigan and prattled of dangerous game. But now we ran into difficulties. We had heretofore behaved ourselves with punctilious field courtesy. No one shot at the other man's bird. But here entered a spirit of dissension. Arbuthnot was allowed his fatal shot at the charging grizzly all right enough without interference; but when the monarch of the mountains lay dead at his feet, he was informed politely by an authoritative voice that grizzlies are not really formidable.

"Except in rare and unusual circumstances, the grizzly bear is an eater of such things as ants," stated Gatling didactically.

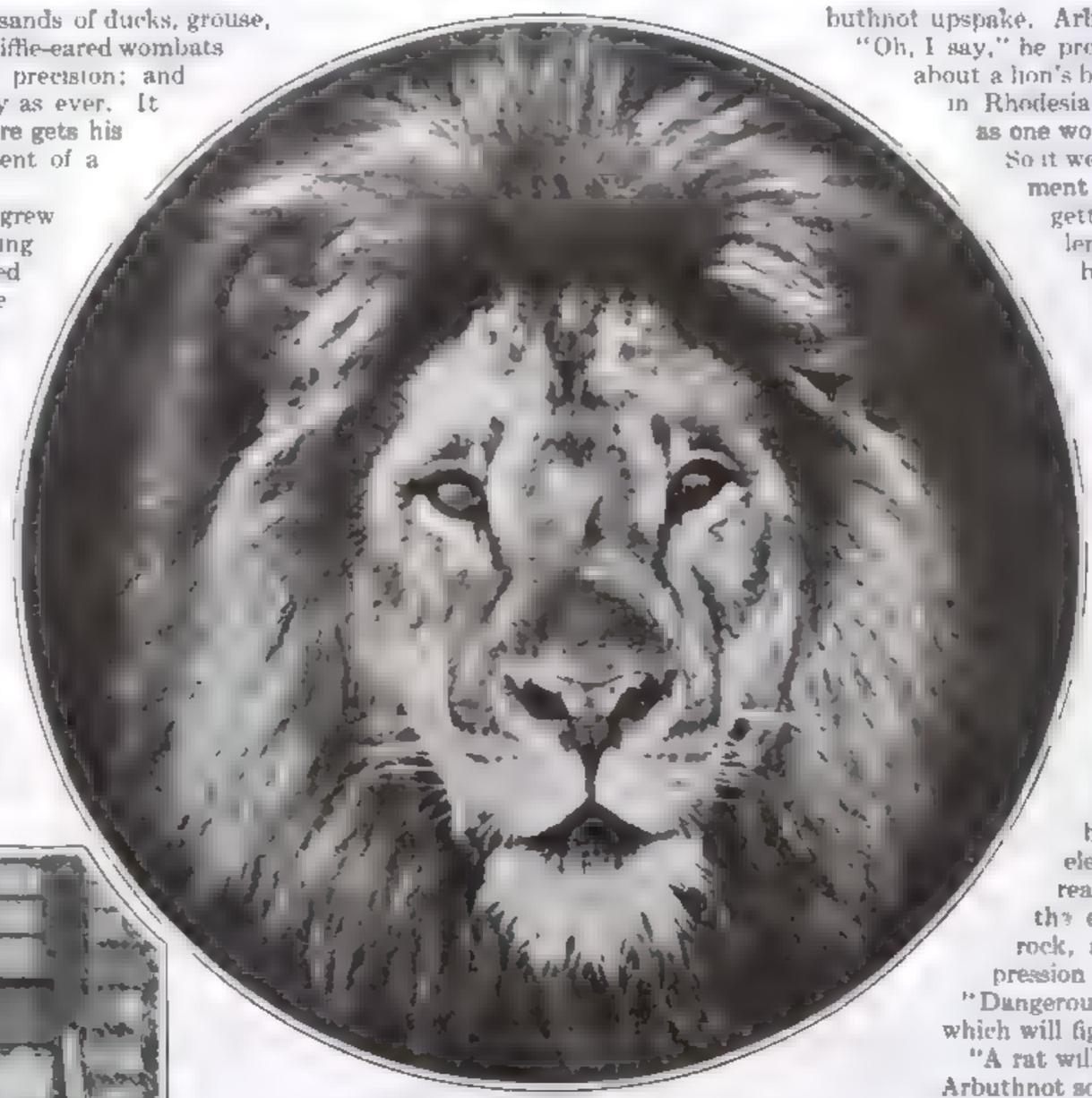

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD N. Y. C.

His Majesty the Lion

Gatling instructed us for some time on grizzly bears, in which subject he was fully informed. We saw clearly at last that the grizzly was good enough as a pet for very small children; but that beyond the age of five, say, it would really be better for the little fellow's manly development to let him romp with something rougher—a Pekingese or a whiffet pup.

"Where have you had your best grizzly shooting?" someone asked Gatling at last.

"Oh, I've never shot any," said he; "I've never happened to be in grizzly country. But I've made a very exhaustive study of their habits."

That being settled, somebody killed a lion. He had a very narrow escape. At least we thought he had until Arbuthnot upspake. Arbuthnot was a little sulky about his grizzly. "Oh, I say," he protested, "you aren't indorsing this bally rot about a lion's being really dangerous! Why, I know a chap in Rhodesia who thinks nothing at all of potting them as one would snipe!"

So it went. We couldn't have any justifiable excitement at all. By the end of an hour we were getting apologetic about shooting such benevolent and pathetically harmless creatures as buffalo, bear, tiger, elephants or lions. It was as if one were to shoot mud hens, sitting, with a cylinder-bore ten gauge. It looked as if we would have to go back to grouse shooting. Then up spoke a little man, a stranger in the corner.

"What is dangerous game?" he inquired. "Give us a definition."

"Carl Akeley says it is a result of the mighty-hunter complex," snapped Edwards, who had but a moment before slain a fine Mongolian tiger, only to have it turned into a sort of alley-cat episode by Calkin's superior knowledge.

"He didn't say quite that," I objected. "He said most—or many—exciting hunting yarns were the result of the mighty-hunter complex. The first time I saw Akeley he looked like a ghost and could hardly lift his hand—result of getting caught between the ground and the forehead of an elephant. He was badly crushed. The only reason he wasn't flattened completely was that the elephant's tusks ran against underground rock, and the elephant went away with the impression he had done a complete job."

"Dangerous game," defined Gatling carefully, "is that which will fight back ——"

"A rat will fight back if you corner him," interposed Arbuthnot sourly.

"——and which can seriously injure or kill the hunter," finished Gatling coldly.

All Set, With a Ten-Dollar Dog

SO I TOLD them the story of Del Devendorf, as follows: "Del Devendorf ranged the Michigan forests in the days when there were Michigan forests, and there were still more white-tailed deer than hunters, and laws as to dogs and does and such things were not. Del had bought himself a dog. It was a powerful dog, so highly touted by the vender that Del had paid an unprecedented price—ten dollars. He was most eager to try him out. For some time he found no opportunity. Not that deer were scarce or that Del had bad hunting luck. Quite the contrary. Deer were abundant and Del killed many of them for the lumber camps; but it just so happened that he killed them all very dead. Dogs in that country were not used for coursing deer—it was all still-hunting—but were useful to trail and bring down any that might be merely wounded. At last, one day, Del hit a fine buck, but without bringing it down; and by chance the animal ran into a V-shaped tangle of down timber from which it could not escape. Here was a fine chance to train the dog.

"Del leaned his rifle against a stump, ran in and seized the deer by the horns.

"'Take him, Tige!' he called.

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Young Prairie Wolves That Have Been Tamed

"His long and horrid claws are primarily intended not as weapons of offense but to dig for doodle bugs. His disposition, so far from being aggressive, is mild and moderately forgiving of affront and wrong. When disturbed, his habit is to run downhill. I do not doubt that he was merely following this habit, and that if our friend Arbuthnot had been above him on the mountain—or even on a level with him—he would have seen clearly that the creature, so far from charging, was in reality trying his best to get away."

A Month-Old Lion's First Hunting Lesson

PEWTER

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

She Produced a Letter Which, Jammes Saw at Once, Was From Cardell

SITTING in Cardell's antique store Francis Jammes was conscious that his throat hurt him more than commonly. The street outside the broad show window—it was filled with the dull glimmer of pewter arranged on a piece of old blue brocade—held the gray cold light of November; and the weather, Jammes concluded, was responsible for his discomfort, his pain.

Cardell gazed at him sharply. "Your throat is bad again," he said with the air of an accusation. Francis Jammes admitted that it was, perhaps, sensitive. "Well, anyhow, you have a new decent overcoat," the dealer proceeded. "I'm coming up to your rooms to see what you did there—if they are even fairly comfortable. I can't understand why you make so much trouble for your friends."

Jammes intimated that his friends very largely made the trouble for themselves.

"And you are so damned ungrateful."

"The truth is, you're a nuisance."

"I suppose we are." Cardell's voice was satirical. "Yes, you must be right. Particularly about me. I ought to buy my own overcoats, in other words. And I think I will; I do, for a fact. As it is, I'm a little tired of always having to keep an eye on you, and God knows George Meadows must be. It's different about women. Mrs. North won't mind what you say to her ——"

"I got thirteen hundred for the curly-maple lowboy," Jammes interrupted him.

Cardell replied, "You say you did! Well, that is from one extreme to the other. It used to be you were insulted if anyone called you a dealer, and now it might be the dealers —— Thirteen hundred. From Chicago?"

"It had Spanish feet."

"Pennsylvania Dutch would have been more appropriate—at that price. Oh, yes; I near forgot—there is something I want you to do for me; you must. I've got to go down to Georgia—I'll be away a week anyhow; Gail is in Vermont, and you are to keep an eye on things here."

Francis Jammes at once said that it couldn't be thought of. "Why, all that nonsense on the price tags! I haven't an idea what they are. I can't read hieroglyphics."

"I'm glad you can't; I don't want you to know one of 'em. Not after what you got for your lowboy. I'll just ask you to price the whole place over again, and I wish I could stay away a year."

But no, Jammes wouldn't consider taking the responsibility of Cardell's stock. Then Cardell, never a patient man, did actually lose his temper.

"I can hire someone, certainly," he admitted; "and pay them fifteen per cent for robbing me. It wouldn't occur to you that you might be a help to me, because you never, by any chance, think of anyone but yourself. You've rotted into a state of solitary selfishness. You've got spandrels and stretchers and mortise and tenons instead of blood and sympathy and bones."

"But I'd be wretched selling your things," Francis Jammes hurriedly protested. "I couldn't dodge an issue or take care of the insane questions. Everyone knows I'm supposed to be too disagreeable for use in a store. I'd insult your best customer."

"If you do," Cardell answered, "if you can, I mean, if you remotely conceive of anything that would insult him, I'll give it all to you."

"And the women! Why, it's nonsense."

"The fault with you is that you haven't any psychology; you think because you're celebrated for being unpleasant that people won't deal with you, when the truth is that's why they do. Can you name any of the big collectors who haven't come after you, and come back? Is there a dealer you can mention who doesn't, when he has the chance, try to make you talk to him? And about women—you make me sick. You might be a—a—I don't know what, by the way they hang around. Old and young. I saw that girl who had been in Spain collecting all summer. And I know more too—did she or didn't she ask you to go to Palm Beach and help her with the Escurial or the Prado, or whatever they're building down there?"

"I'm not familiar with Spanish furniture," Jammes indirectly replied.

"Nor with Spanish feet, I suppose," Cardell went on. "I'm leaving Monday."

"I can't do it, Cardell."

"There are one or two things you ought to know. Mrs. Matton is one. She's collecting pewter, and away now, but we'll keep this window till she's back. Then she'll sweep in like the Johnstown Flood. You must tell her that all the pewter was held until she had a chance at it—if anything is sold out of the window put another piece back—because she thinks she has a first right to all the pewter that was ever run. It's harmless and I let her idea pay for itself. One thing too: Mrs. Matton thinks she knows American pewter from English, and it's American she's after. Let her explain it to you. I have a thousand times—without charging her much.

"And Thomas Veit will be in too. He inherited a dining room in Duncan Phyfe, and it ruined him for the ordinary purposes of living. He'll stand for half an hour looking at an English Empire table, and at last tell you that it was very good, it nearly took him in, but it wasn't Phyfe. Try to be disappointed, Jammes; it's hard, but I've managed to for ten years. I don't know why; one of the things you just do.

"A lot of my customers you understand better than I do, and they'll be delighted to see you, particularly after hearing you say you weren't a dealer for so long. But there is one you may throw out, if it will help to relieve your feelings—Mrs. Macfail. She's a part of society, whatever the hell that is, but she's a dealer mainly, of a kind. She buys things now and then, she gives whatever it is a fetching history—if it's a chair it stood in Stephen Girard's counting-house—and hangs it on one of her friends for a sweet advance. Jammes, you remember Mrs. Royer." Cardell sighed; his hand made a reminiscent movement toward straightening his necktie.

"Yes," Jammes admitted. "I do. She was well enough, but Lindstamm, the fellow who did her cabinetwork—there was a genius. Do you recall the motive, the double scrolling, that ran through his carvings?"

Cardell replied decidedly that he didn't. "If she'd walk in here right now," he declared, "and smile at me I don't know what I wouldn't do. What she saw in that Scandinavian ——"

"I'm amazed at you," Francis Jammes announced; "you're talking like a boy in college, and your hair is white. It isn't even gray. We're old men, Cardell."

Francis Jammes' appearance, very promptly on Monday morning, in charge of Cardell's store, though it was very much against Jammes' inclination, was not entirely unpleasant; in reality, he was filled with an unaccustomed and exhilarating feeling of anticipation. He was determined to do as surprisingly well for Cardell as possible. The dealer, Francis Jammes realized, through a long period of years, in an abrupt manner which hid most of his intent, had done a great deal for him. He actually had! This reflection a little disturbed Jammes; he had thought of himself as a purely solitary and independent being, when now he gathered that without his knowledge, against his wish really, a number of people had benefited him.

He didn't like it, he assured himself, for the simple reason that he didn't like people. There was no doubt of that—neither people nor their furniture. But, his mind moved slowly, reluctantly, some were better than others. Mrs. North, for example; and, yes—Cardell. That, however, was a conclusion, an admission of weakness they would never get from him.

Old age, he added, was ruining his metal; he was soft like—like pewter.

Before he allowed Edwin, Cardell's colored man, to open the store to the public, Jammes made a quick but skillful survey of its principal contents. There was a bow-back Windsor writing chair original on rockers, with a drawer under the seat, and no restoration. It would be better without the rockers, yet they had always been present. Two hundred and fifty dollars, he decided. A maple highboy, in the Queen Anne style, with the correct, if newly

applied, brasses he thought of in the terms of three hundred dollars. The sun carvings were uncommonly good—three hundred and seventy-five dollars! A set of twelve rat-tailed silver spoons—they were English; no, more probably Irish; the marks were practically obliterated—ought to be worth two hundred dollars at least. And then he came on a tea service in Worcester china, by Barr, Flight and Barr, but the period through which that particular and familiar firm name carried the Worcester Works he couldn't recall. Nor did he have any just idea of their value. However, he knew where he could find out, to the exact dollar, after being treated to an amount of very pleasant humor.

Then he turned to the window, to the pewter. Pewter had advanced amazingly in price, he knew; and it might be that his conception of values was that of the year before. He would add, Jammes decided, one hundred per cent to whatever his instinctive judgment told him the prices should be. American pewter, the fine quality, was naturally the most desirable. And oddments of facts, gathered without conscious purpose through many years, returned for his assistance.

Fine pewter was correct for the first quality—more tin than lead, and all the copper the alloy of tin would hold. That, with time, took on an increasingly beautiful surface. What was the new name for it? Some foreign nonsense! Patina. The lead pewter was always dull and blue in color. Three qualities, really; he forgot what the middle one was called, but the worst was trifle, trifle and sometimes ley-metal. The hall-marks—but he was thinking of silver—no, the touch-marks, were usually lacking in the American examples. There had been no Pewterers' Company in the American Colonies, nor later in the United States. All this came back to him swiftly, without effort; and, as the details of his knowledge multiplied, his interest in the pewter filling Cardell's window, his affection for it, greatly expanded. An excellent homely metal in spite of its softness.

What else? There was sad ware and hollow ware, and the first was flat, hammered—chargers and trenchers and trays. His mind was occupied by a name, William Wills, and another, Parks Boyd—Philadelphia in the early nineteenth century. A Philadelphia museum. There was a third, more interesting, a woman—Charlotte, Charlotte Hero. Henry Shrimpton, too, far back of the others, in sixteen something. Probably Cardell had nothing by him.

He became gradually aware of a figure beside him, waiting for speech, and he turned to find that it was Edwin. "Mr. Jammes," he proceeded in a voice of the blandest conciliation, "I can stay right here and we can keep open while you go out to lunch." In the pause that followed, a faint embarrassment overtook his assurance.

"Well?" Jammes demanded. "What of that? Why not? But then, I won't go out through the day. I eat no lunch."

Edwin's uncertainty changed swiftly to a perceptible disappointment. "I thought all gentlemen went out to lunch," he went on; "and I thought you'd be like Mr. Cardell, and give me a regular piece of money on what I sell."

"Do you do much of that?" Francis Jammes asked.

Edwin, in return, declared that he did a right smart of selling. Yes, sir. Yes, indeed! Then, Jammes instructed him, if he did happen to dispose of anything, the amount would be carefully noted and referred to Mr. Cardell for payment on his return.

Edwin, moving abruptly, departed for the back of the store, with a muttered fear for gentlemen who took no better care of themselves than to omit lunch. Francis Jammes, again absorbed in pewter, proceeded to identify the various examples in the window. There were both profane and church pewter, beakers and alms dishes and bowls, tankards and cans and porringers and chargers. There was a set of butter dishes, in a primitive pattern; a pair of mustard pots; pepper shakers, unusually tall and as nearly matched as could be found; canisters; tobacco boxes; an inkwell, with a very lovely sheen, on a circular plate of the metal; and a spice box. That was rare.

Pewter had belonged to the countryside, to the farmhouses and log cabins; there it had served the purposes of the silver and porcelain of cities; and for that alone Francis Jammes was specially attracted to it. Pewter porringers on a kitchen table, a stretcher table, of walnut. The farms had their own molds, made their own alloys; and there were tinkers tramping the summer roads with sets of molds, melting lead by the stone kitchen porches for a dozen of spoons. Tinkers with packs—the quiet roads in summer. Whitewashed villages and dusk. And supper under a hedge, below a cornfield, with the full moon, the rose-amber moon, floating above the distant shocks of corn. The smell of coffee in a battered can, the smoke of twist tobacco, and then, with the pack for a pillow, sleep.

There wasn't, actually, the press of customers Francis Jammes had looked for. At eleven no one at all had come into the store; and Jammes, fingering at intervals the woods and china and metals about him, explored the farther and more private reaches of the establishment. The packing and crating room, he discovered, was above and back, with a goods elevator commanding a wide entrance from an alley; the front was occupied by a room the contents of which brought a smile to his thin lips. It held what he recognized as Cardell's mistakes; in reality, he told himself, there were still some things below that should be moved up here. A corner washstand, veneered with mahogany and with brass feet, couldn't have been earlier than eighteen sixty.

Yet, when he descended to the store, this precise washstand was being subjected to a detailed thoughtful scrutiny by a short thick man with an air of the consequential. He asked at once where Cardell was; and when he heard that the dealer was away and Jammes in temporary charge, an expression of annoyance, as though his paramount importance hadn't been consulted, gathered on his face. He was, he asserted, particularly sorry that this was so.

"Just now." He indicated the stand. "When did that come in?" he asked. Jammes admitted indifferently that he didn't know. "Unfortunate," the other said, half aloud, evidently regarding Jammes in connection with that word. "I must explain to you," he continued, in a voice combined of patience and instructiveness, "that I specialize in the furniture of Duncan Phyfe. He was a Scots cabinetmaker who came to New York toward the end of the eighteenth century and made furniture something like the French." That, Jammes admitted, was interesting. "And I happen to have perhaps the finest known examples of his work—an entire dining room by Phyfe, including a bandbox table

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Francis Jammes Wasn't Shocked. Somehow, to Him, the Tragedy Was Slight. What Did They Matter—a Number of Years Against Infinity?

THE BERTH OF HOPE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE huge, cavernous shed of the Birmingham Terminal Station was no more dark and gloomy than Mr. Epic Peters. That gentleman deposited an elderly maiden lady in Section 9, plastered a professional smile upon his ebony countenance and shuffled unhappily down the aisle of the Pullman. In the geometric center of his tremendous palm lay something cold and round and hard. Once again on the platform, he opened his fingers and gazed with supreme and pessimistic disdain upon the financial offering of the spinster traveler.

"One dime!" commented Epic bitterly. "One single measly dawg-gone terrible thin dime! An' mebbe one mo' dime when she gits off. The porterin' business suttinly ain't what it used to be."

He flicked a speck of dust from the silver service stripe which decorated the sleeve of his blue uniform jacket and meandered sadly down the platform to where sat the fat little porter in charge of the car for Atlanta passengers.

"How's tips, Joe?"

The pudgy face beamed.

"Pretty fair. One man give me a dollar. How they is with you?"

"Terrible! Folks ain't so loose with their change as they once was. Seems like when they goes to New Yawk they don't make no 'lowance a-tall fo' tips. I has got two dimes, one two-bit piece and one half dollar, an' leavin' time ain't so long off." Epic propped his elongated frame against the side of the Pullman. "Tell you the truff, Joe, Ise thinkin' of applicatin' myself into another distric'—Chicago or maybe Los Angeles."

Joe sighed enviously. Seemed to him that successful men never were contented. Here was Epic Peters with one of the star through runs, and he was talking about transferring his efficient and engaging personality to other parts of the country. Two passengers appeared and Epic lurched slew-footedly away, leaving Joe staring raptly after him. Joe worshiped Mr. Peters. He knew that Epic was one of the star porters on the Southern system—a man with eight years of seniority behind him.

"Anyways," breathed Joe, "does porters like him get disallisfry, then maybe some day I gits me a chance to remove myse'f off this pikin' li'l' Bummin'-ham-to-Atlanta run."

As Epic approached the two men who now stood gazing uncertainly at the silent Pullmans his eye lighted on the purple check which one of them held and a flash of interest crossed his features. Drawing-room, eh? Two men! The combination usually proved interesting financially. His face beamed as he approached them.

"What space you gemmun got?"

"Drawing-room to New York."

"Right this way, cap'ns; right this way. Gimme them grips."

They followed him down the aisle of the car. He flung open the drawing-room door and deposited their suitcases within.

Then he ostentatiously busied himself with rearranging the soap and towels in the lavatory and in dusting the windows. One of the gentlemen appeared to comprehend that he was being hinted at. He thrust a dollar bill into the unreluctant hand of Mr. Peters. That colored gentleman bowed profusely.

"Thanky, cap'n. Does you gemmun want anything, just press the button an' Ise with you soon as the echo comes. 'Tain't fo' nothin' they calls me Hop Sure."

The men glanced at each other and smiled. One of them was very tall and rather thin, but with a pair of cold gray eyes which contained little of softness. The other was short and stout; but, too, there was something about the set of his jaw and the hunch of his rather broad shoulders which informed Epic that neither he nor his companion was a traveling man.

"This is a Pretty Valuable Package. Very Valuable"

Hop Sure returned to the platform. Somehow, with the crinkle of the dollar bill still tickling his palm, the train shed seemed less empty and gloomy. His lips expanded and he hummed a few lines of a little song that was always more or less in evidence when he was not unpleased with the world:

I plays my cards against my chest,
I nusses all my chips;
I never joke an' Ise never broke,
'Cause Ise hell on gettin' tips.

A gentleman and his wife boarded the car and Hop Sure was enriched by another half dollar. The events of the past few moments had caused his spirits to soar considerably. No longer was he contemplating an immediate transfer to another Pullman district. That was Epic's way—he was an extremist, inevitably either thrilled to the zenith of beatitude or wallowing in the nethermost depths of dank despair.

After all, the portering profession had been rather unlucrative recently, even on this choice run between Birmingham and New York. Travel had been light and parsimonious, and Epic's wages of sixty-six dollars a month were highly insufficient to his needs. Faithful and efficient on the road, he was yet considerable social pumpkins in Birmingham, and he required cash and plenty of it to maintain his position and dignity.

The huge engine which was to haul them on the first lap of their long journey backed under the shed and bumped gently against the waiting train. And just as it did so the two gentlemen of the drawing-room descended to the platform, lighted cigarettes and stood regarding Epic with an interest which was more than merely casual.

Returning their scrutiny, Epic Peters became more forcibly impressed with his original conclusion that they were a trifle different from the usual run of travelers. He felt an uncomfortable desire to shiver. Yet they were decidedly friendly in their manner to him and memory of the dollar tip was still fresh in his mind. Too, he received the impression that they were discussing him. The tall, cold, gray gentleman flashed a fishy glance in his direction and nodded briefly; the smaller and stouter man bobbed his head in agreement; and then, as though prompted by the idlest sort of curiosity, they drifted into the vicinity of the porter and dropped into casual conversation.

"How long before we pull out?"

Epic consulted his watch.

"Eighteen minutes, cap'n. We leaves at 'leven-fifty."

They glanced at each other.

"Eighteen minutes? M'm! where do we get breakfast?"

"Leavin' Atlanta, suh. We gits there at 6:15 Central Time an' leaves at nine o'clock Eastern."

"Do you make the run straight through to New York?"

"Yas-suh. Ise the th'ooest-runnin' porter on the line."

"I see—I see." The taller of the two men closed his eyes slightly and Epic felt that he was being X-rayed. "What is your name?"

"Epic Peters, suh. They calls me Hop Sure."

"Hop Sure? On the job, eh?"

"Yas-suh. You suttinly said it that time, cap'n."

Again the searching scrutiny.

"Wonder if you could do us a little favor, Hop Sure?"

"Doin' favors fo' gemmun is the fondest thing I is of."

The tall thin man cast a swift glance about the big shed. Then from an overcoat pocket he produced a package. This he held tight against him, as though to conceal it from the gaze of passers-by. But there was no mistaking the keen and proprietary interest with which it was regarded by the shorter man.

"This is a pretty valuable package," vouchsafed the spokesman. "Very valuable. We're afraid to leave it laying around the drawing-room. I wonder if you would take care of it for us until we get to New York."

Hop Sure eyed the packet. It was about twelve inches long, perhaps half that width and not more than an inch in thickness.

It was a very innocuous-appearing thing, wrapped in brown paper and tied with twine. At least it was not sufficiently bulky to contain liquor. Liquor was Epic's chiefest fear; there was entirely too much investigating going on along the road to suit him.

"I always aims to please ——" he started uncertainly when the smaller man produced a wallet. From it he took a crisp new five-dollar bill, which he thrust into the not unwilling hand of the gangling porter.

"That's to pay for your trouble," he suggested softly.

Hop Sure's decision was instantaneous. Five-dollar tips were few and far between.

"Gimme," he commanded.

"Be careful," counseled the taller man. "It is quite valuable."

"Boss-man, you don't have to warn Hop Sure none. This heah thing goes in my linen closet an' it don't come out until you-all gemmun gives the word. Takin' care of things like this is the bestest thing I does."

He climbed aboard the Pullman, packet in hand. The five dollars surcharged his soul with elation, although he was not unconscious of the appraising glance which bored into his back as he left them. He selected the key to the linen compartment, opened the door, made a nest for the package on the very top shelf and then carefully placed towels over it. Then, as he locked the door, he found himself face to face with the two owners.

"It's safe there?"

"'Tain't nothin' else."

"Good!" There appeared to be considerable relief on the faces of the two men. Then the taller one introduced himself. "I'm Mr. Carson," he said. "This"—designating his friend—"is Mr. Garrison."

"Yas-suh," beamed Epic. "I know."

A startled glance flashed between them.

"How do you know?"

"Seen the names on yo' bags," explained the colored man. "Always likes to know my passengers pussonal."

They strolled into the drawing-room while Epic returned to the platform to await the inevitable late comers.

The Pullman conductor arrived; the big engine at the head of the train was puffing and snorting impatiently; and, less than five minutes later, the welcome "All abo-o-oard!" reverberated through the shed; the train quivered into action and nosed out into the chill night air. Epic closed the vestibule of his car and strolled inside. All twelve sections were made down and he gazed the length of green-curtained cañon, experiencing anew the thrill which had been his on the occasion of his maiden run.

Epic was fond of portering; he had all the instincts of a railroad man; the thrum-thrumming of wheels on steel rails was sweet symphony to him, and even the insistent ringing of the porter's call bell was not at all times unwelcome.

Too, for the first time in his life Epic had found opportunity to gratify the wanderlust. He was a traveled gentleman, was Epic, and a personage along Eighteenth Street in Birmingham, where he swelled about in a suit of screaming civilian clothes and spoke with well-studied casualness of "Well, when I was in New Yawk the other day I was walkin' down Fifth Avenue, an' ——" They gave him rapt attention when he spoke of New York, and he conversed with equal glibness of other towns along this prize run of his—of Atlanta and Spartanburg and Charlotte and Greensboro and Danville, not to mention Washington and Philadelphia.

He was well liked by the conductors with whom he worked. On more than a score of occasions he had received mention in the roll of honor published in the national publication which deals with the activities of Pullman porters, each of these honorable mentions having been earned by unsolicited letters written to the company by patrons who had cause to be unduly grateful for special services rendered by the somewhat slab-sided, but always genial, Hop Sure Peters.

Epic was prideful in his job, but he was thoroughly a business man. He gave perfect service to those who were frugal in tips; and if to those who tipped him generously the service rendered was superperfect, that was no business of anybody save Epic. Now his eyes were turned affectionately upon the door of Drawing-Room A, where slumbered the elongated and rather saturnine Mr. Carson and the pudgy and somewhat athletic Mr. Garrison. Six dollars was an unusual sum, even for a porter of Epic's experience, and he was determined that they should get value received in service.

As to that brown-paper parcel: Shuh! He was always glad to take care of things fo' the white folks. Wa'n't nothin' gwine happen to no package they tu'ned over to him, nos-suh.

"Fo' six dollars," he announced to himself, "I'd nuss a baby."

Three gentlemen occupied the smoking room until the train backed under the shed at Anniston two hours after leaving Birmingham, but between there and Atlanta the smoker was vacant and Epic curled up on the seat for a well-earned snooze. Outside he could see the silhouette of pine-studded hills against the face of a full moon; the train rocked and swayed as it pitched through the night on a roadbed which had been constructed in the days when railroad engineers believed it was cheaper to go around a hill than to grade through it. But Epic Peters was content; he never grew travel-weary. He hummed as he dozed off:

Ise a terrible care-free cullud boy,
An' I lives all over the earth;
I takes my fun like a sonovagun,
Ise a houn' on fixin' a berth.
Ise got me a gal, a good-lookin' gal,
A-waitin' fo' me to git back;
She's boun' to be true, I ordered her to,
When I hit her that las' awful crack.
She listens at me ——

And then Epic Peters dozed off to waken by instinct three hours later, splash cold water into his face and prepare for the arrival in Atlanta.

Outside, the first cold finger of November dawn was puncturing the chill of night. Epic shivered. He worked the stiffness from his joints and glanced at his watch, longingly counting the minutes against the time when he'd be under the shed in the Atlanta station and able to get his morning cup of coffee.

"Coffee! Yum! Tha's one thing which is sho'ly fond of me."

He busied himself making up the berths which had been unoccupied during the night. Then, marked by a faint curl of smoke here and there, and the gaunt, unimaginative outlines of occasional factories, the city of Atlanta appeared in the background.

The nearly two hours in Atlanta were busy ones for Epic. There was first the all-important item of breakfast, then the tidying of his car and the switching back and forth in the yards, as the train was taken to pieces and made up anew for the journey northward. At a few minutes before eight o'clock someone stopped beside him on the station platform and he looked into the friendly yet forbidding eyes of the stout Mr. Garrison. Epic touched his cap.

"Mawnin', Cap'n Garrison."

"Good morning, porter." The man smiled a hard, dry smile. "You have a wonderful memory for names and faces."

"Yas-suh, sho'ly has, cap'n. Tha's one of the mostest things I has got."

Mr. Garrison sighted the length of the train.

"Diner open yet?"

"Yas-suh. 'Tain't nothin' else. Secon' car for'ard."

The white gentleman started off.

"See you later, Hop Sure."

"You suttinly ain't goin' to miss me, cap'n. Ise gwine stay in seein' distance all day."

The train pulled out of the terminal station. Epic, swapping blue blouse for white jacket, bent himself with the job of awakening late sleepers. This included an insistent buzzing at the door of Drawing-Room A, with an eventual sleepy response from the attenuated Mr. Carson.

"Las' call fo' breakfas' comin' th'oo, suh. Better git up right smart."

But evidently Mr. Carson did not get up right smart, for it was very considerably later that he emerged, in fresh linen and with a new close shave. He was without a hat, and Epic gazed with overt approval upon the single streak of gray which stood out in the very center of his black hair.

"A mos' distinction gemmun," commented Hop Sure to himself. "He's a houn' on han'someness."

Mr. Carson nodded briefly to Hop Sure as he moved toward the diner. That dignitary followed him down the aisle and almost collided with the bulky Mr. Garrison, who was just returning from his enjoyment of matutinal nourishment. Epic would have stepped aside, but Mr. Garrison stopped him, and he stopped him in a very peculiar and mysterious manner. He glanced first up and down the aisle of the car, then lowered his voice:

"Hop Sure?"

"Ise he."

"You remember that package we gave you last night?"

"Hot dam! Reckon I coul'n't never forget that."

A still lower tone—"I want it."

"Now?"

"Yes. Bring it to me in the drawing-room right away."

Epic beamed.

"Yas-suh, cap'n, suttinly will. You says it an' I does it."

Garrison moved on into the sanctuary of the drawing-room. Hop Sure ricocheted the length of the car, opened the linen closet and unostentatiously removed the brown-paper parcel from the top shelf, tucked it in the voluminous pocket of his white jacket and journeyed back to the other end of the Pullman, where he entered the drawing-room after a brief warning buzz.

"Got it?"

"I has."

The packet was extended. Immediately the Garrison hand disappeared in the Garrison pocket to show up a moment later with a bank note. Epic's eyes seemed about to pop from their sockets. Another tip—another bill. "These is the loosest gemmun with their money! I reckon I c'n be terrible useful with it."

Mr. Garrison accepted the packet, Hop Sure took the tip. Then a faint frown corrugated his Stygian brow.

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"What Do You Want?" "I Has Got Somethin' Belongin' to These Gemmun," Blurted Epic

BEATRICE AND THE EPICH

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

ANNIE FLAMM says there is no such word as "epich." Maybe there wasn't until I began telling this story, but there is now, for I made it up; and as all words have to begin sometime, why not now for "epich"? I looked in the dictionary and there I saw epic and epoch, both of which seemed to me useful in describing what I am about to tell, so I grabbed them and put them together. For this is an epic of an epoch—an epoch of my own life, very personal and intimate, regular now-it-can-be-told stuff. In other words, it is an epich.

Annie Flamm is my best girl friend, and she is very intellectual and romantic. She is a regular Mrs. Wisenheimer and as full of ideas as a ticklish kid is full of ooches. She goes to the movies a great deal and reads only improving literature, like motion-picture magazines and novels by a Mr. Wright. Annie says there is nothing like reading good solid stuff to give you a knowledge of the world and show you the possibilities of every situation. She says if you use psychology you are always a couple jumps ahead of the other person.

I says, "Look out, or you will be a highbrow, and out of my class. I don't get you a-tall."

"Now, Bee," says Annie, "I may be a highbrow; I don't deny that at times I look down on the trivial affairs of life from a weary eminence and altitude, but nothing will ever spoil our friendship, that is a cinch."

That's Annie all over—generous—a true friend. And mercy knows I need one. I'm one of the kind that's always looking back and seeing how much better it would've been if I'd 've done it different. But the next time I do just the same nut stunt. I say to myself the squirrels will get me yet, but it don't seem to teach me anything. Annie lays some of my weakness to my looks.

"A girl with a natural marcel in her hair, and big blue eyes with curly lashes, and no need of the little box for the complexion, is never there with the adamant brain."

I know she's right and I do my best, but I feel that a business career for women needs sterner stuff than me. All the same, I've got to eat, haven't I? And that means I've got to earn the wherewithal to pay the old board bill; and even with my failings, I have come forward and been successful, deny it who can. Even Annie has not had her picture in every daily newspaper in New York and been interviewed by real reporters. I guess not!

I am willing to admit I owe much of this to Annie, and I said so to all the reporters, and it is not my fault that they did not print it. Annie is broad-minded and did not care, but I was disappointed.

She says, "Leave me in my quiet niche, unwept, unhonored and unsung. I am happy in your happiness."

It is sort of to square things with Annie that I am writing this. It is only fair that people should know what really happened and how she helped me. And besides, I don't want anybody to think I was jealous of Gloria Dempsey. Justice is not jealousy, and I had a right to find out what she had been up to, the cat. Once I thought she was sincere too. Another of my bonehead plays.

She was right there behind the beauty-goods counter at Kinkead's with Annie and me, and we three used to get along fine, though Annie and I never did believe that her real name was Gloria. Annie said we must be benevolent, and maybe she had had some horrible old-fashioned name wished on her and was reaching out for better things, and no girl should be condemned for doing that. Annie expresses herself so beautifully! It's the influence of that Mr. Wright whose novels she's so crazy about.

So there we three were, agreeable and amiable as anything, no mean looks or sniffys if one of us wanted ten minutes extra at lunch time for window shopping and could arrange it with the head of the department, Mr. Timmons, which we always could for a very good reason—because Annie and he was engaged and right where he lived was under her thumb, I can tell you. They didn't expect to be married for quite a while, but they were saving toward a home in the country, and Annie had her hope chest begun with a dozen guest towels and some fillet doilies that I gave her for her birthday.

"Yes, This is the Famous Boardwalk. My Father Owns it and I Make You Welcome to It"

We all had beaus, you understand, but Annie was the only one who was engaged. I could've been engaged at any moment to Carlie Watson; but oh, my goodness, he was too safe and sane to suit me! Of course, he was as you might say brought up right along with me, in the same block, and I'd known him all my life, and he was a regular old reliable, and not bad looking if you like 'em big and dark and square; but he had no pep, no pep at all. Thought twice before he spoke once, and didn't carry his money loose and handy, but in a tight little purse with a hard clasp, so every time he gave up a car fare he'd know it. Not that he was a tightwad, either; but careful, you know, and not spending until he was pretty certain he was getting full value. Now you don't have much fun if you go through life like that. He always added up the bill himself and counted his change and gave the waiter 10 per cent, and he was so big and cool about it he got away with it, though it won him many a dirty look, which he never saw and didn't care anything about if he had seen them. But I am sensitive to my environment, and I would've liked to see him a little more the carefree spender, with a lavish way and a gay smile.

But Carlie! Oh, he was all right, you understand; but there wasn't a scrap of jazz in his whole nature. Now I could die dancing; I just eat it up; and Carlie can dance when he wants to, as good as anybody who isn't a natural-born jazz hound; but he don't often want to. When he does he never tries any fancy stuff, never does more than five or six steps, never cuts loose and improvises anything.

"Who do you think I am—one of these here now limber Russians?" he says when I scold him about being such a dead one.

We've had some very snappy back chat now and then on this subject, but it never led to anything violent, because Carlie and I are too old friends to get really sore when one or the other of us is peevish. Peeve and let peeve is our motto.

Carlie always liked Annie very well, considering how few fellows ever care for their lady friend's best girl friend; but he had no time for Gloria.

"She's hard as nails and a grabber," he said more than once. "What she wants she's going to get and pay as little as possible for it."

I do not stand for any fellow knocking my girl friends, and when Carlie started that tune I'd simply say, "Can it, or it's out for you"; or maybe, "You are not my guardian, Carlie." To which he would reply rudely, "You need one."

Now this last I contend wasn't true, for though I admit I am flighty and short-sighted as to my best interests, I have been capable enough to get along pretty well these twenty-one years, and keep my Aunt Mattie in order too. I've lived with her ever since ma died, and she is a good scout, but extravagant. She will buy fancy silk stockings when she needs good heavy shoes, and a string of beads when she ought to get a woolen scarf. But she says life is too drear, anyway, and these little things are all that keep her going. Certainly nobody could be jollier than Aunt Mat, no matter what happens, so sometimes I think she is right. I get my dressy streak from her; not quite so pronounced, for her idea of a perfect costume is green velvet and a cloth-of-gold hat with a purple ostrich plume. Everybody admits that my taste, though quite as luxurious as Aunt Mat's, is more refined; and Annie herself never buys a new dress without consulting me and being guided by me, too, which is more than most people are when they ask your advice. I've often seen that nobody really wants your opinion—only a confirmation of their own.

It seems years ago now, and I was only a mere child, you might say, because it was soon after my nineteenth birthday, and now I am almost twenty-one and can look back on it calmly, when I met Clarence Sinclair. Annie and I were having our vacation, and because we had a pull with Mr. Timmons, we both of us got away at the same time, though usually it is only one girl at a time allowed away from each department. We had saved up our money and determined to go to Atlantic City, and got a special rate at Mrs. McGargle's, an old friend of Aunt Mat's, who keeps an excellent boarding house, even if it is a good ways back from the ocean. We had made ourselves very chic black silk bathing suits, and Mr. Timmons was coming down to spend Sundays, and Carlie would if I had let him, but I was sort of tired of seeing that old solemn face and I told him not to come, that I had other plans. He thought I meant another beau, and he looked dark but determined.

"When you get tired of flying round with these Johnnies you know I'm always waiting," he said.

I let it go at that. I was too excited to get away to the shore to care about what anybody said. Aunt Mat wanted to lend me all her clothes, and not to hurt her feelings I took her orange voile and her pistache taffeta, but I had no intention of taking them out of my trunk. I took her turquoise imitation-silk sweater, though, meaning to wear it most every day, for it suited me exactly, with a white skirt

and blouse and a little white hat I'd trimmed myself with a rosette like one I saw in a swell shop on the Avenue.

The first morning we got there I put on all this rig, and Annie was dressed just like me, only with a rose-colored sweater, and we started down to the beach. We had never been there before, and it was a beautiful day, and the air was so clear and we were feeling so good it seemed as if there couldn't be two people any happier than us.

Presently we came to a great wide sort of roadway made of wood, and people walking and riding up and down in wicker chairs pushed by colored boys, and just beyond was the sea, blue and sparkling and frothy, like it was as happy as we were.

"This must be the Boardwalk," says Annie. "I'm going to ask somebody if it isn't." She turned right around, without noticing who she was speaking to, and says to a fellow right at our elbow, "Is this the Boardwalk, mister?"

It is not like Annie to do such a thing, but the air and the ocean and all the classy people sort of excited her, she said afterward; but, anyway, the man she spoke to sort of grinned and raised his hat, and he says, "Yes, this is the famous Boardwalk. My father owns it and I make you welcome to it. Go right ahead and have a good time."

Some fresh! But by this time Annie was herself again.

"Oh, I knew your father owned it; that's why I asked you," she says, serious. "Our family was sore as the dickens when my Uncle Bill sold it to him."

At that the young fellow smiled more than ever.

"Check," he said. "I guess you know your way around. My sense of humor leads me astray sometimes."

I was gazing at him all this time, and though he was talking at Annie, he was giving me the particular once. He was the best-looking kid you ever saw, with the most twinkling brown eyes. And class written all over him, dressed just perfect for the seashore, white pants and a blue serge coat, white buck shoes, one of those dull-finish silk shirts with a jade stripe in it, jade links and a jade pin in his tie, which was Persian, with jade tone predominating. He had a stick, too, and a handkerchief with a jade border peeped out of his pocket. My goodness, as he stood there in the sunlight he certainly did resemble a million dollars!

"Now, little lady," he went on to Annie, "don't get sore on me. I'm here all by my lonely, and I would be proud if you'd let me walk along with you and your friend and point out some of the leading sights in our metropolis."

"Much obliged," says Annie, "but we don't need a guide." And we walked on.

"I blame myself," says Annie. "I ought to've looked at him before I spoke."

"He was awful good-looking," I says.

I was just dying to turn round to see if he was looking after us, but of course I wouldn't do it.

"He was awful fresh," says Annie, and put a period after the last word. So I said no more.

We went along, rubbering at the people and the shops and the ocean, and sniffing the nice bright sunshiny atmosphere, and having a perfectly wonderful time; but somehow I could not help thinking of that fellow and wondering if we would see him again.

We mouched around all morning, Annie and I, and got more exhilarated every minute, which is one kind of a jag Mr. Volstead has no objections to, so far as I've heard, and after lunch we went back again and took our bathing suits and had a swim. Oh, it was swell! We got called by a life guard for venturing out too far, but what cared we?

"Next to dancing, I love swimming," I says to Annie.

"That's because your hair's naturally curly," she says. "Now me, I'll come out of here looking like a twine dish mop in its sadder moments."

But she didn't mind really. She's got nice thick hair and though it is straight, she does it up very snappy.

Well, as we went back to the boarding house from the beach, sunburnt and all tired with that elegant outdoors feeling that's so awful healthy and nothing like city tiredness, Annie says, "Me for hitting the hay with no hesitation after supper."

"Aw, Annie," I says, "we can sleep when we're at home. Let's go out and see a picture anyway. I don't wanta waste my time down here sleeping."

We were still having this back and forth when we got up to the house, and as supper was ready, we went right to the dining room, and what do you think? The first person we laid eyes on was the fellow Annie had spoken to on the Boardwalk. There he was, eating veal chops and creamed potatoes as natural as anything, and Mrs. McGargle introduced us.

"Miss Flamm and Miss Henzey," she says, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Clarence Sinclair, who's just come."

Of course, there was no use pretending we hadn't seen him before, and his eyes was twinkling nineteen to the dozen, so we laughed and set down and he passed the catchup and we begun to talk.

"I am not so fond of the Clarence part of my name," he says right off, "so my friends call me Zippy, which is not dignified, maybe, but is considered to be descriptive."

Like I told you before, I was only nineteen at the time, and didn't know the world as I do now. It is no use denying it, I fell for Clarence hard. Annie, too, considered him a fascinating talker, and not difficult to look at. She even said she thought he looked a little like Richard Barthelmess, who is her favorite actor on account of being kind to his mother, as well as the sad, noble parts he plays.

"What are you going to do this evening?" asks Clarence pretty soon.

"We were just having a disagreement about that," says Annie. "Bee here wants to gad out again. Me, I'm as sleepy as old Morphine himself."

"I don't get that bit about the dope," says Clarence, puzzled.

"Morphine was the god of slumber, worshiped by the ancient Romans," explains Annie kindly.

"Well, well, I never knew that," says Clarence. "Miss Flamm, I can see that talking to you is going to improve my mind a lot."

I guess you know Annie purred at that.

"Now look here," he goes on, "don't spend your young lives in slumber. You come along out with me and we'll go to a picture, and then to some place where we can get a bite to eat and have a dance."

The upshot of it was that we went, and we had a swell evening. Clarence was the kind of fellow who knows how to take care of ladies he's out with—gets you in first at crowded places and finds good seats by a sort of instinct and has a nice table and an order going before another guy can get his hat checked. Some men are like that, and some certainly are not. Clarence never fumbles—if you get what I mean.

And oh, sweet poppa, when we get to the supper-and-dance place! Annie being fully engaged with some chicken à la King and a Waldorf salad, we—him and I—drift out to South Sea Moon with every saxophone moaning its most enticing. Some dancer! No matter what else he did not

No Matter What Else He Did Not Do, Clarence Certainly Could Uncoil a Mean Ankle

do, Clarence certainly could uncoil a mean ankle. Why, dancing with Clarence was eating candy and listening to music and smelling flowers and looking at the moon coming up over the sea all in one, and then some! Easy—he was a patent rocking-chair! And he made up new steps as we went along, without ever knowing it, his feet was that instinctive.

I've got to hand it to myself that I was no poor partner for him. Right whatever he was doing, I was doing it, too, with the same ease and pep. I've got the sweet feminine trick of following my partner down to a science, and anybody I ever danced with will tell you no less. Pretty soon most everybody had cleared off the floor and was watching us, and giving us a hand, and I could hear people whispering that we was the exhibition dancers hired by the management. It was a proud moment for little Bee, I can tell you.

And all this time he was giving me a line which was good. I'll say it was, even now. He said he'd followed Annie and me all morning and watched us go back to the boarding house for lunch. And when we left for the beach he sifts in there and engages board and moves right in, though he was staying at one of the big beach-front hotels, room and bath, and every luxury. And the reason he did all this was—guess. It was me!

"Just that one glance into your blue eyes got me going, girlie," he says, more than once. "I had to meet you or bust the town wide open."

By the time that dance was over he had me, as Annie would say, thrilled to the heart. Honest, I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels; but I tried to preserve the appearance of coolness, for though I may have been young and somewhat green at that time, I'd seen plenty of fellows before with a good line to which I had listened unmoved. I just answered him as I would anybody, saying "Yes, I don't think," and "Interesting if true," and "Well, well, think of that," and "Be careful, you'll get me all fussed up," light little repartee like that, just to let him know I was right there and not taking it serious. But underneath I was fluttered—yes, I was. There was something about Clarence ——

For the rest of the time we stayed in Atlantic City you can maybe imagine who was my most devoted. He was nice to Annie too, but with a difference. He made no secret of the fact that he was crazy about me, and I certainly liked him too. It was sudden and swift.

When Mr. Timmons came down we made a perfect quartet, more so because this left Clarence and me free to dance with each other all the time. To be polite, he'd have to ask Annie and me alternate before, and he was always telling me he grudged the time.

"Annie's a good dancer," he says, "but you've got wings on your toes."

I found out gradual that he worked in a big hotel on Broadway and made good money. Something else I found out I didn't like so well. He was a born gambler—dice, cards, races, anything you could risk a piece of change on, there was Clarence, risking. Mostly he won, for he was lucky, and it was on a big roll that he'd made at Belmont Park that he was having this splurge at Atlantic City. Splurge he did. Nothing came too high or was too good for Clarence. Annie and me certainly had a swell time, and he would listen to no suggestion that we do anything cheap now and then. Rolling chairs everywhere, the best food at the best places, everything had to be A 1 for Clarence. It was fun for us, and seeing that he was determined to do it, we let him, only we wouldn't accept any souvenirs. He was all for buying us Oriental rugs and clocks and jewelry and silk umbrellas and lace doilies and kimonos in those elegant shops along the Boardwalk, but we said nothing doing and stood fast.

"We're not gold diggers," I says to him. "We're poor working girls."

He used to get a little foamy about it now and then, but if there's one thing Annie and I always agreed on perfect it was that a girl who takes a lot of stuff off a fellow she's not engaged to is a grafter, and a cheap grafter at that. She's crooked, and I care not how she camouflages it.

When Annie and me felt the strong urge for something we couldn't afford, we either saved up till we'd got enough to make a first payment and eased it along by installments, or else we did without, and that way we were independent and could look anyone in the eye. Nobody will ever see our names in print as being sued by some fellow for the return of a marquise diamond ring or a sable coat. We do not crave that kind of publicity.

Clarence had one attribute common to most people who like to gamble—he made up his mind awful quick, and mostly on hunches. He gave himself a lot of credit for it, though I never could see why.

"Only the dead ones and the goofs have to stand around and think things over," he'd say. "I didn't get my name of Zippy by knotting the brow and blocking up traffic till I'd decided which breakfast food I like. Look at the way I fell for you, Bee. One glance and I knew I'd got to meet you. If I was some fellows I might be standing there yet, getting fallen arches trying to make up my mind what to do about the little blue-eyed beauty with the comeback friend."

"All right if you feel that way and don't guess wrong," I told him.

"Here's Your Raincoat and Rubbers and an Umbrella," and You Could Have Knocked Me Down With a Feather

For why should I try to mold his character any different, even if I could, I asked myself, and got the negative. I kind of liked his snappy stuff, so different from Carlie Watson, who is as slow as he is big.

By the time Clarence had to go back to the city, a couple of days before we went, he was pressing me to say that we would keep company steady; but I felt that was rushing things too much and I wouldn't give him any satisfaction. Still I'd about made up my mind to give Carlie the go-by for keeps, and when I got back I did it.

Carlie was a good sport, I'll tell the world. He looked queer enough, and sort of sick; but he said, "All right, Bee, you know your own mind. I suppose this new fellow's the reason you wouldn't let me come down to see you while you were on your vacation."

I let him think so, as otherwise I'd have had to explain, for Carlie is the sort of fellow that looks you in the eye and gets the truth out of you; and though I had nothing to conceal about Clarence, yet I felt there was no need of making a chart of our meeting and et cetera.

"Until you are actually married, however," went on Carlie firmly, "I shall not give up hope."

I didn't feel so good after he'd left. Carlie is such a steady, responsible fellow, honestly, when the door closed after him I couldn't help wondering if my foot had slipped or not. I was going to miss seeing the big bonehead, I knew it, lumbering round after me like a faithful Newfoundland, and on rainy days he was always at the employes' entrance of Kinkead's with my umbrella and raincoat and rubbers.

But I didn't miss him as much as I thought, because Clarence kept right on making my life a whirl of excitement. Any time he was off he was showing me a good time, always merry and bright, and always out for excitement. I danced so much I had to buy a pair of slippers every two weeks, and my stockings began to be a real problem to me. But I didn't care. Dancing with Clarence was too good to spoil with any carping cares about holes in stockings.

It wasn't so very long before we were known in most of the dancing places on Broadway, and we had more than one offer to become professionals. But Clarence scorned the idea, and so did I. "It would take all the joy out of it if we had to do it," he said.

With Clarence laying himself out to please me, and showing me such a grand time, and being regarded as almost a professional dancer, I must confess I got the swelled head that winter. I put on a lot of dog when I was talking to the other girls, all except Annie, who just laughed at me. But Gloria had rubbed it into me more than once that Carlie was a hearse and that I couldn't get anything better, so you can believe I let her see that Clarence was far beyond any suitor she'd ever have in speed and style.

And what do you think? She tried to get him away from me! She did her best, and she was an awful good dancer, and once or twice when we all went out in a crowd, Timmons and Annie, and Gloria and her beau, Mr. Collins—he wasn't a real beau; not serious, I mean—and me and Zippy, she would always be begging Zippy to teach her some of the steps he pulled, and occasionally he would humor her. And she was always handing him carloads of sweet stuff, praising his dancing and his neckties, and his looks and everything, so that it was really funny. I let her rave, for I have always said, and I mean it, that if a fellow has no more gray matter than to fall for this flattery thing, he's no use to me. And Clarence used to laugh at her behind her back, and tell me what she said when she was dancing with him. And I laughed too, for it seemed perfectly ridiculous to me to think of her getting him away from me, devoted as he was.

As Christmas approached he was talking diamond ring and a kitchenette apartment to me, very serious. We'd dance through life together, he kept saying romantically.

"Unless one of you gets rheumatism," remarked Aunt Mat, to whom I reported this remark. She was all stiffened up with it herself and inclined to be blue over my marrying and leaving her.

Aunt Mat was a problem. She didn't want to come live with us after we were married, and she really couldn't make enough sewing, with her hands all stiffened up, to keep her in comfort. With my wages and what she earned we got along all right; but what with rents going up so, and food prices soaring, she couldn't manage by herself and she hated to leave the little flat that she'd lived in so long.

"She can get a lodger, can't she?" says Clarence. "And, anyway, I'll be able to help her out, Bee, whenever she needs anything."

"He will not," says Aunt Mat when I told her this. "My self-respect's got no rheumatism, if my hands have. Of course I'll get a lodger."

But I knew she hated the thought of a stranger coming in among all her bits of furniture she cherished so, and she was dreading missing me. It broke me all up to watch her, for I knew her every thought as well as if she'd written them on a slate.

On the other hand, here was Clarence urging me to marry him, begging and praying and teasing and coaxing like a madman. And Annie and Mr. Timmons were going to get married at Christmas, and Annie would leave Kinkead's, which would be a dreary desert without her. Oh, I was all up in the air with so many things pulling at me from every direction.

Clarence finally was very short with me. He was trying to make me say I'd do as he wanted one night when we was out, and he kept at me and at me until my nerves gave way.

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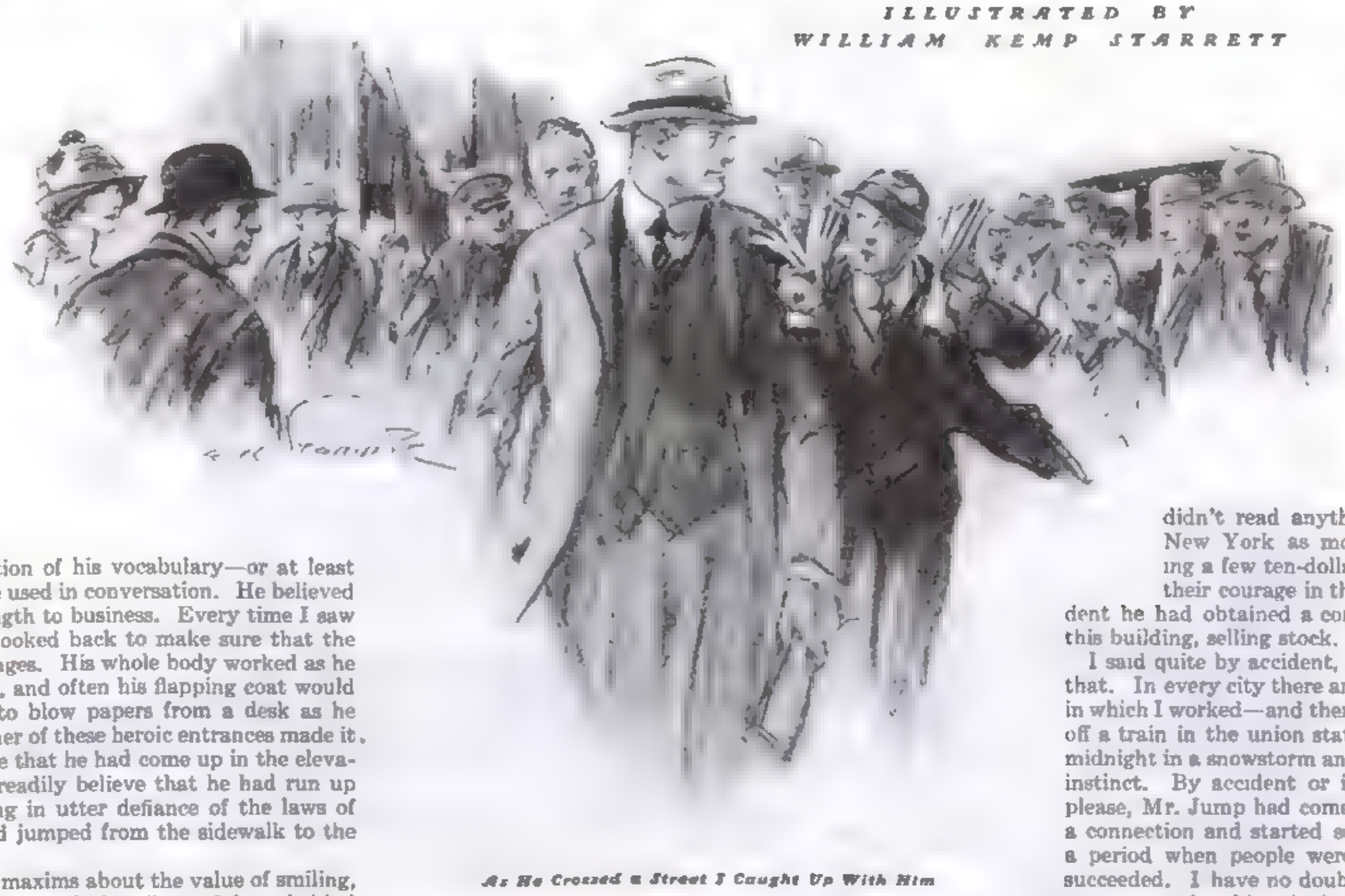
THE APOSTLE OF PEP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT



As He Crossed a Street I Caught Up With Him

ONE of the most interesting men I served during my long career as bookkeeper in that New York office building which seemed to have some supernatural power for drawing the freaks, frauds, paranoiacs and all the lunatic fringe of business was Mr. Jump.

It was a cruel trick of fate to give him such an appropriate name. Mr. Jump was the great apostle of hustle, pep, vim, vigor, zip; and half a dozen similar words made up a considerable portion of his vocabulary—or at least that part of it which he used in conversation. He believed in applying brute strength to business. Every time I saw him enter the door I looked back to make sure that the door was still on its hinges. His whole body worked as he strode across the office, and often his flapping coat would create enough breeze to blow papers from a desk as he whizzed by. The manner of these heroic entrances made it seem highly improbable that he had come up in the elevator. One could more readily believe that he had run up the face of the building in utter defiance of the laws of gravity, or that he had jumped from the sidewalk to the eleventh floor.

He had a number of maxims about the value of smiling, so he wore a peculiar mechanical smile, and from behind that mask he would bark out cheery greetings to everyone, usually making them jump with astonishment. One scarcely expects a cheery greeting from a person in full pursuit of a mortal enemy, or else running for his life. That Mr. Jump was doing either one or the other was obvious—until you became accustomed to him; and some of his office force never could get used to him. He was a large man, with big feet and hands, a large square face, small, intense eyes, long, slender legs and enormous shoulders.

Dictating by Main Strength

IT IS my experience that three to ten minutes a day devoted to intelligent exercises will keep me in the best of physical condition; but Mr. Jump boasted that he devoted an hour and a half a day to calisthenics, and I do not doubt that he did. He was fairly bursting with physical energy. In spite of this, however, he did not know how to coördinate mind and body so that his strong body would come to his aid in the work of a sales manager. He ran on raw nerves all the time and boasted of it, referring to himself as a high-pressure man. One moment of idleness annoyed him.

His morning bouts with his stenographer often so convulsed me with laughter that I wanted to lie down on the floor and howl to my heart's content. He would rush into his office and grab his mail as though it were trying to wriggle out of his viselike grip. Then his thumb would crash down on the buzzer. In the next room Miss Cohan's head would jerk back as though she had been hit on the chin. She would make wild grabs for pencils, notebooks and other impedimenta, then scurry into his office and the door would close. The rest of it I got by wireless over the transom.

He would begin dictating before she could possibly have seated herself. The sentences came sharp and staccato, like a pneumatic hammer at work. Over the transom it sounded like "Clickety-click—tr-r-r-r-r—click—click—click." Then he would stop very suddenly in the middle of a sentence and say "Strike all that out."

What happened was that he started dictating a reply before he had read all the letter; now he had come to a paragraph which put a different face to the matter, so he began over again. Each letter, or some part of it, was dictated two or three times.

These performances were also highly athletic. Mr. Jump would bounce out of his chair and do a Marathon around his enormous mahogany table while dictating. But he allowed no intervals of silence or inaction, so he was pleased with himself—yes, pleased is a very mild word.

At the end of such a session Miss Cohan would stagger out with her hair in disarray. Of course it was easy to understand what had happened—in her struggles to keep up with him she had nervously tugged at her hair. But seeing her go in so neat, then hearing all that noise, next seeing her exit in such disarray, my sense of the ludicrous always pictured the scene as a boxing match. If Mr. Jump could have mailed himself with his letters and read them they would have been strong, but robbed of his physical energy they were colorless.

It is my observation of men in general that the less there is to them the more certainly they will be dramatizing themselves as historical personages. Mr. Jump was his own version of Theodore Roosevelt. He had pictures of Theodore Roosevelt on the walls of his office, but I doubt if he had ever read a life of the President—the fact is he didn't read anything. He had come to New York as most persons do, clutching a few ten-dollar bills in one hand and their courage in the other. Quite by accident he had obtained a connection with a firm in this building, selling stock.

I said quite by accident, but I am not so sure of that. In every city there are buildings like the one in which I worked—and there are men who can drop off a train in the union station of a strange city at midnight in a snowstorm and go to that building by instinct. By accident or instinct, whichever you please, Mr. Jump had come to this building, made a connection and started selling stock. That was a period when people were buying stock, and he succeeded. I have no doubt that his vast physical energy was then his principal asset. Without knowing the details I venture the guess that he was in hot pursuit of prospects from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight seven days a week.

As a result of his success he was engaged as sales manager to place an issue of stock for an industrial concern manufacturing a mechanical specialty. Their business growth called for about $250,000 more capital; but Mr. Jump liked big figures, so he induced them to make the issue $1,000,000. Having no general knowledge of the world, he visualized the inhabitants of the earth as all precisely alike except for slight differences in complexion and language. It had never occurred to him that there were millions of people who had never heard of the machine to which this specialty might be attached, and I am sure that he couldn't imagine that there are other millions who wouldn't give five cents a gross for the machines even after seeing them demonstrated. In other words, he took it for granted that what pleased the people of Keokuk, Iowa, would be sure to delight a priest in Tibet or a Cossack in Siberia.

The Arrogance of Ignorance

THERE was an international market for these machines and he was preparing the way to go after it by raising adequate capital for the company. With all the arrogant assurance of his ignorance he saw himself as the great prophet, the great force that had awakened sleeping men to a gigantic opportunity, and I must say for him that if his facts had been right he would have been a wonder. But he was so ignorant I doubt if he even knew how easy it is nowadays to get the facts about even the most remote parts of the world. He probably thought a consular agent was some sort of menial who fanned the ambassador while that wily person practiced black art in the form of diplomacy and put something over on the king.

So we were engaged in marketing $1,000,000 worth of stock for a company that needed $250,000 of capital and would be in severe difficulties if it did not realize Mr. Jump's ambitions for an international market which would profitably employ that $750,000 of excess capital.

Mr. Jump began his career as sales manager by recruiting all the salesmen he could get hold of. They were scarce at the time, because, as I said, the public was buying stocks, and few men who could sell were looking for connections.

Salesmen are an alien and mysterious breed to me, because, as I long ago realized, I am a bookkeeper by nature as well as by profession; but I have observed thousands of them in action and drawn a few conclusions. I once heard a geologist say that after all the scientific knowledge humans possess has been applied, it still remains true that "oil is where you find it"; and I would make the same observation about salesmanship. I have seen all sorts of

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A Widow is Legitimate Game for the High-Pressure Man

The World Struggle for Oil

THE DUTCH COALITION

By Isaac F. Marcosson

AT A SEMICIRCULAR desk on the fifth floor of a modern office building in St. Helen's Court, Great St. Helen's, just off Bishopsgate, in the financial district of London, which is known as the City, sits a stocky man of about sixty with close-cropped gray hair, alert black eyes, whose swarthy face strongly suggests the Oriental. His manner is aggressive, dynamic. At his left hangs a huge map of the world with red markings on nearly every country, and indicated steamship lines that traverse the Seven Seas.

Both the desk and the map are typical of the individual who dominates them. He can reach out for everything on the table where he works, while the map is the biography of a simular achievement which circles the globe. He is Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, master mind of the Royal Dutch oil combination, and as such is the most powerful single force in the petroleum business.

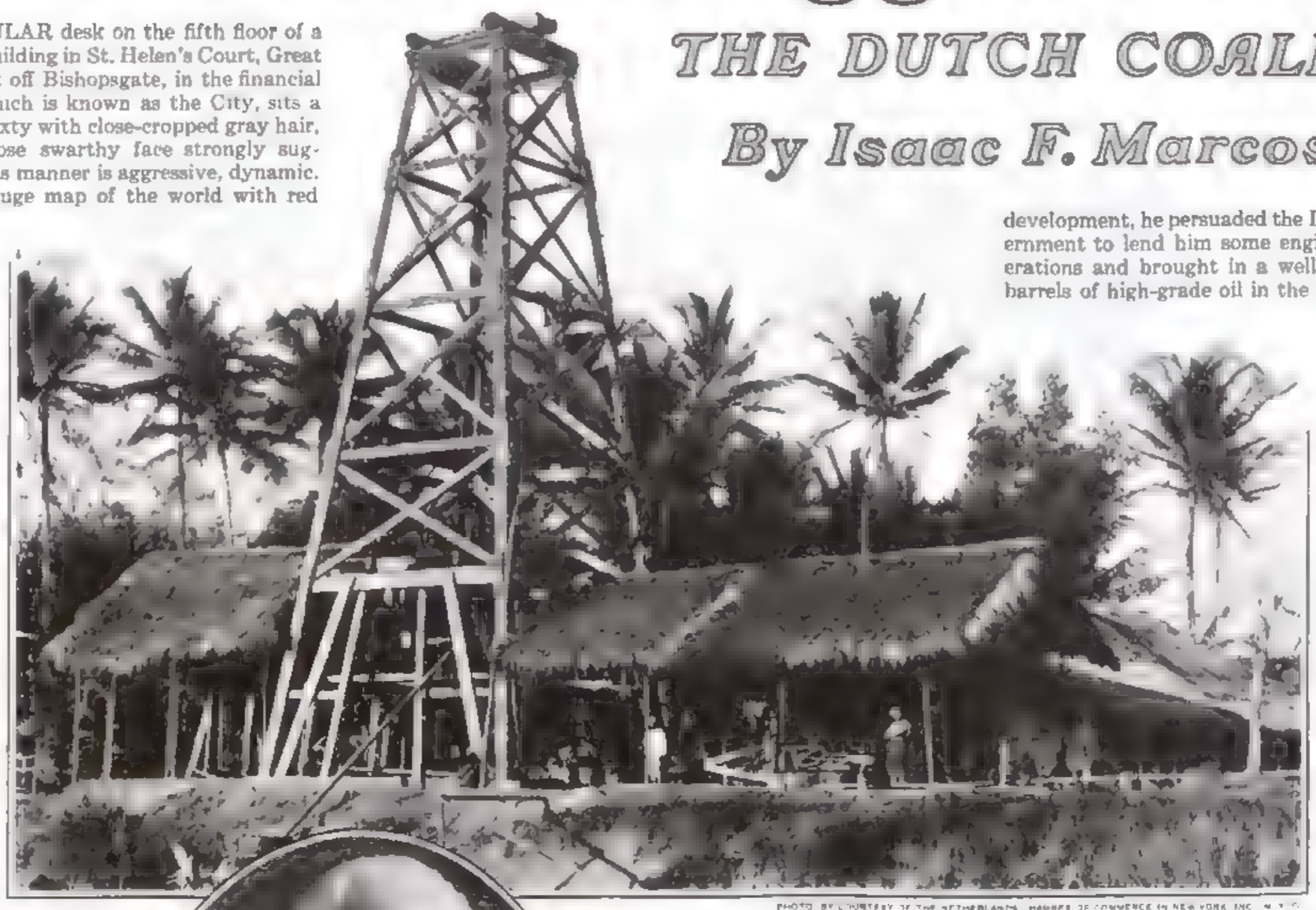

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE NETHERLANDS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK, INC., N. Y. C.

Drilling for Oil in Java

Deterding has been called the Napoleon of Oil, the Rockefeller of Europe and various other names, some of them not altogether fit to print; but by any name this Bismarck of business remains the human mainspring of a commercial conquest not matched perhaps in any other activity. The story of Deterding is the story of the Royal Dutch, and this narrative in turn is the record of the building up of a monster consolidation of producing, refining and transportation interests that controls one-twelfth of the world oil industry.

Significant as is the British oil advance which has marked out 70 per cent of all recoverable oil areas for the Union Jack, it is not in some respects so vital a phase of the world struggle for oil as the Dutch offensive. The reason is that the Dutch have tied up the British as partners and thus operate under two flags. Deterding, for example, is still a subject of the Queen of Holland, though he has a British title. He not only uses it for all it is worth but has the backing of his majesty's government wherever he penetrates. When it is bad business to invoke British exclusion of any interloper in his oil domain he can put up the Dutch bars. This procedure is a hint of the resource of the man whose rise to power and fortune is a real romance of self-made success.

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Henri W. Deterding

Dutch Enterprise in the East

THE first fact that stands out in the appraisal of the Dutch oil empire is that one of the smallest countries has one of the strongest grips on the industry. This, however, should cause no surprise to those who know the overseas history, past and present, of the tiny kingdom of canals and dikes.

Like those Dutch fleets of other days that vied with the Portuguese and the British for the stewardship of the seas, the Dutch trade vision encompasses all lands. Holland's money is invested in American, British, French, and at one time Russian securities, while the international financial prestige of Amsterdam ranks with that of Berlin and Vienna in the great days before the World War. Rotterdam, as most people are aware, has always been the rival of Hamburg and Bremen as a world port.

The keenness of the Dutch business mind is proverbial. It led Canning to indite his famous epigram which reads:

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

By the time you reach the end of this article you will probably believe that the couplet was inspired by a Dutch oil deal.

Just as England's insularity was the means to her might, so has Holland's peculiar geographical situation made it absolutely necessary for her to regard the world as her field of expansion. Like Switzerland, Holland is the nation of peace. Hence The Hague as the seat of the International Tribunal. Bang up against Germany and Belgium, the Dutch, with a toy country, had to look to the sea as their ally, and ally it has been. They had to have colonies, and because of them they became conspicuous as factors in oil.

It was in the sixteenth century that the Dutch, having thrown off the yoke of Spain, and still smarting under Hispanic intimidation in various quarters, sought to solve the riddle of the sea route to the East with its fabled spice and treasure. This they did through the daring of Cornelis Houtman, who landed in Sumatra, where he broke out the Dutch flag and annexed the first of what is now known as the Dutch East Indies. They also comprise Java, part of Borneo, Western New Guinea and various smaller islands. Though these territories are rich in natural resources, none has proved quite so valuable as petroleum. Sumatra was not only the beginning of the Dutch colonial structure but it was also the place where Holland first dipped her hands, so to speak, into oil in a big way.

Unaware of the rich potentialities underground, the Dutch dedicated their first exploitation of the East Indies to tobacco and coffee. In the late '80's a tobacco planter named De Ruyter Zylken discovered some oil seepages near his estate in the Langkat District of Sumatra and obtained a concession for the area from the reigning sultan. Lacking capital for development, he persuaded the Dutch East Indian Government to lend him some engineers, who started operations and brought in a well which produced fifty barrels of high-grade oil in the first three days. Later on it produced 300 barrels a day. There were no storage or transportation facilities, so a government road was built from the well to tidewater which was about five miles away. In the meantime the well, to use the technical phraseology, flowed open. From this well sprang the vast Royal Dutch enterprise, as you shall shortly see.

Meanwhile oil was discovered in Java and in Borneo. A few companies were organized for production and refining in a small way. The East Indies Government woke up to the commercial possibilities of oil and sent a man to the United States to study production methods.

On his return he tried to get the authorities to drill as a government proposition, but failed. This man now started on his own and located a well in Java.

A Big-Visioned Colonial

WHEN the twentieth century dawned the oil business in the Dutch Indies was on a par with the industry in Pennsylvania in the first part of the '60's. The presence of petroleum was known, production was scattered, and no coördinated attempt had been made to operate on a large scale. The time had come, however, when a new era was to begin. The first of the significant personalities appeared on the scene.

For some years a big-visioned colonial named J. B. August Kessler, who was half Dutch and half German, had

Filling Cans With Kerosene at a Java Refinery

been studying the oil possibilities of the East Indies. He was director of the firm of Fiedman van Kerchem, which traded in Dutch East India products, with headquarters at Batavia. In the course of his work he had to spend a good deal of time traveling back and forth between Holland and her colonies

Convinced of the world's future need of oil, and satisfied that Sumatra, Borneo and Java had a sufficient store, he organized at The Hague in 1890 a company with the following pronunciation-proof name: *Koninklijke Nederlandsche Maatschappij Tot Exploatatie Van Petroleumbronnen in Nederlandsch Indie.* Translated into English, this avalanche of words means Royal Dutch Company for the Working of Petroleum Wells in Dutch East Indies. It is more commonly referred to as Royal Dutch. The initial capitalization was 1,300,000 gulden, or about $520,000.

The company acquired the original De Ruyter Zylken Sumatra concession for what then amounted to $150,000. This was the first transaction of the Royal Dutch, which today owns, controls or is affiliated with exactly 125 different companies throughout the world whose total capitalization is nearly $1,000,000,000.

Although the actual relationship between the Royal Dutch and the British Government has never been clearly defined, one thing is certain: From the start, and ever since, the parent company has been Dutch-controlled. An interesting revelation is that the Dutch royal family, which is the thriftiest titled line in the world, has always owned a big block of stock. One of the first stipulations was that the control of preference shares must not pass out of Dutch hands. The company's immense pull with the British Government comes from its well-known association with the Shell interests, of which we shall soon treat.

Soon after the incorporation, Kessler was made managing director of the company, and what came to be known as the Kessler policy began. It was summed up in the one word "absorption." Kessler saw various struggling small interests trying to produce, refine and transport oil in a retail way. He was a wholesaler by instinct, so he began to annex those companies and at the same time lease new concessions in Sumatra, and later on in Java. To carry on the exploration work meant penetration into jungle country infested with hostile tribesmen. More than once the well drillers were attacked and native workmen killed.

Greatest of All is Deterding

THE first two years of the Royal Dutch were more or less precarious. Considerable sums were spent on refineries and pipe lines. This meant new capital, and profits were meager. Kessler, however, was undaunted. He saw immense possibilities for oil consumption in the Dutch Indian population of 50,000,000, while not so very far away lay the great domain of China, with her 400,000,000 people He kept on increasing output so that by the beginning of the third year of the company's life the monthly output of case oil had increased from 3000 to 110,000 cases. This oil had to be sold. The sales wizard was in waiting.

Kessler had begun to look about for a worthy associate and soon he found him. One day at Batavia, where the main colonial office of the Royal Dutch had been established, an acquaintance said to him, "There is a bright young Dutchman at Penang named Deterding who has a big future. You ought to know him."

Kessler sent for the young man in question and found that he was an assistant manager for the Netherlands Trading Company Curiously enough, Deterding had also been studying oil. As a junior clerk he had sold kerosene lamps across the counter and he believed with Kessler that oil was the one big bet throughout the whole Far East. Kessler engaged him as inspector. The year was 1892. At once Deterding displayed an almost uncanny instinct for oil. He seemed to know just where to put down a well or set up an installation. Before long he was an important person in the sales department.

A Great Refining Plant and Camp of the Asiatic Petroleum Company at Balick Papan, Dutch Borneo

Since Deterding is such a conspicuous figure in the drama of Dutch oil let us, at this point, disclose his antecedents. He is the son of an obscure Amsterdam sea captain. For five generations his hardy forbears sailed the seas. When his father told him that he was expected to follow the family calling he objected and said, "I want to go into business."

Shortly after leaving public school he became a messenger in an Amsterdam bank and worked his way to a chief clerkship. At twenty-two he realized that he was likely to be anchored at a desk for the rest of his life. He made a change that eventually brought about a revolution in the oil industry.

Then, as now, the Dutch Indies beckoned to the youth of Holland. If you will examine the careers of any one of the militant Dutch captains of capital—and there are not a few—you will find that with few exceptions they got their first training in the Dutch colonies. What the historic East India Company was to England in that bygone and spacious era, so is the huge Netherlands Trading Society the kindergarten of Dutch commerce today. In lieu of an organized similar institution for Americans, we have had to depend upon the country store, where men of the type of the elder Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, Russell Sage and Thomas F. Ryan got their business start. Out of that rigorous school of the Netherlands Trading Society came such commercial giants as C. J. K. Van Aalst, who is now managing director of the company; H. Colijn, head of the Batavia Oil Company and one of Holland's mightiest financial figures; the late J. T. Cremer, the Marshall Field of the Netherlands, and many others.

But the greatest of all is Deterding, who left the Amsterdam bank to make his fortune in the employ of the company in the East.

A Commercial River in Batavia, the Oil Capital of the Dutch East Indies

The fact that Kessler's attention was directed to him showed that he had made good in the new field. He began, as I have already pointed out, as a junior clerk. He was first stationed at an obscure post at Deli, where he had his first contact with selling oil in the form of kerosene. Subsequently he was transferred to various stations as his value to the company increased. He was at Penang when Kessler employed him as inspector.

As soon as Deterding proved his capacity as salesman he was asked to take charge of the whole sales organization of the Royal Dutch for the Far East, with headquarters at Singapore, where he established himself in 1896. Here he engaged in the first of the long series of bitter battles with his competitors. Chief among them was the Standard Oil Company. It was many years before the dissolution of the great American trust, and it not only dominated the oil situation in the United States but had reached out throughout the world. In no alien place was it so strongly intrenched as the Far East. It was selling oil in the Dutch Indies even before Kessler got under way, and the first business battles that tested the capacity of the young sales manager were with the Standard on the Dutch East Indian home field.

By way of introduction to the first Deterding-Standard fight it may be well for me to say that the Standard Oil Company was the pioneer in oil in China. Before its advent the natives dropped a wick in fish or some other kind of oil and lighted it. This was the lamp of the masses. The Standard came along and distributed millions of regular glass lamps free of charge in order to encourage the sale of kerosene. This is why the Standard is sometimes called the Light of Asia. It literally illumined the way to some degree of Chinese comfort and convenience.

Mei Fooy, the Light of Asia

SO DEEPLY did the Standard impress itself upon the Chinese life and mind that the native phrase for it, *Mei Fooy*, became a household word. Every street urchin knows it. Nor is it without magic.

When Miss Lucy Aldrich, the sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was captured by Chinese bandits in the spring of 1923 she began to call out "*Mei Fooy*," the only Chinese phrase she knew. She was the first of the prisoners to be released.

Deterding determined to break into the Chinese field. His first handicap was the fact that the Standard had a highly perfected organization with immense capital and a resolute policy. On the other hand, it had to transport oil a good many thousand miles because China was being supplied with the American product. Deterding had the one advantage which lay in the closer proximity to his field. Sumatra and Java were much nearer to Shanghai and Hong-Kong than Pennsylvania. Although he had the shorter haul, he lacked the agencies for transport. The oil tanker as we know it today then existed on a blue print.

Deterding was not deterred He set out to forge the first link in what was to become a vast chain of oil interests. He made his initial deal with the then Marcus Samuel, now Lord Bearsted, the British oil Crœsus and head of the Shell interests Henceforth Royal Dutch and Shell were to be linked in a common conquest of a considerable portion of the oil world.

With Samuel we come to the second dramatic figure in the Royal Dutch combination and it is well worth our while to pause for a moment and get the background. In human-interest details the story of the Samuel family is a fit mate to the picturesque biography of William Knox D'Arcy, founder of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and vies with that of Deterding.

The beginnings of no great fortune—and the Samuel wealth is near the top of the list in England—have been more obscure. In the early days of the nineteenth century an orthodox Jew,

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THE PRICELESS PEARL

III

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THAT evening Pearl had the satisfaction of writing Mr. Wood that Durland had stopped smoking. She gave the whole scene on the beach. Never before in all her life had she been amused at writing a letter; she had looked upon them as a duty to be paid to friendship. But to this man whom she had never seen she enjoyed writing. It was like patting Alfred—you could express your friendly emotion without fear of rousing any response whatsoever. Almost every day she had some progress to report—Mrs. Conway had consented to keep her jewelry in the safe in her bedroom provided for the purpose. At first she had positively refused, asserting that as she could never remember the combination her jewels remained locked up until an expert was sent down from town to open the safe; and that for her part she would as lief a thief had them, who might get some fun out of them, as that they stayed locked up in her safe for the rest of time. But Pearl very competently offered to make the combination and remember it, and come every morning and get them out at any hour Mrs. Conway chose. A rumor of burglaries in the neighborhood induced Edna to yield.

It Seemed as if She Had Remembered Every Syllable That Had Fallen From His Lips, and Loved to Repeat Them

Then before a week was over algebra became to Durland an illumined subject, a study of mystic beauty and romantic association. He not only mastered it in the proud determination to prove that men were no fools but he invented clever discussions to lengthen his brief hour into an hour and a half; while Antonia, wondering at his industry, kept insisting that it was time to go to the public beach.

All this Pearl wrote, day by day. But she could not write the thing which of all others she knew Mr. Wood wanted to hear—that Antonia was dressed like a nice little girl. The best she could say was that the child was not actually dirty. Nor could she say that she had gained Mrs. Conway's friendship. That lady remained aloof, a little malicious, always in the opposition, treating Pearl's triumphs as petty tyrannies over the children's free spirits, treating Pearl's failures as splendid triumphs in the field of human freedom.

When Pearl appealed to her with "I don't think Antonia ought to wear that torn dress to Olive's for tea, Mrs. Conway," Edna would smile and answer, "You know, Miss Exeter, I can't think those things a matter of life and death the way you do. I own I should be sorry if at eleven she thought of nothing but dress."

"Like Dolly," said Antonia.

That, Pearl discovered, was the secret of Antonia's dislike of neatness. She was afraid of being like Dolly—Dolly, who represented simply everything of which Antonia disapproved.

All this Pearl wrote to Anthony; long, long letters composed after the rest of the household were in bed. "It is long after midnight, and I should be in bed instead of writing ——"

She paused. The well-known illustrator who had done her picture for the cleaning-fluid firm had told her—and the illustrator was herself a beautiful woman, experienced in the ways of the world—that all love letters from unmarried girls ended with the words, "But it is after midnight, and I ought to be in bed instead," whether they were written at noon or at night.

Love letters! How absurd!

Letters which amuse the writer to write rarely fail to amuse the recipient to read. Pearl's letters, arriving as they did in bunches, amused him not only on account of their dashing style but on account of the contrast between this style and the pale demure little person he remembered. Anything written day by day gains a serial interest; and Anthony, without newspapers, waited for Pearl's letters as the great interest of life. He had never felt so intimate with his family as through her careful description of them. His sister, though a fairly regular correspondent, had to perfection the art of covering the paper with sentences which by the time they reached her correspondent meant nothing. "I did so wonder whether the preserved ginger I ordered for you had caught your steamer or if the man had mistaken the line—he seemed so stupid ——" Pages like this, when he wanted to hear of the contemporary life of the children.

Yet this time the first sentence of her letter interested him:

She arrived the day before yesterday—your priceless pearl—Antonia's idea of Helen of Troy. But do you think Helen would have made a comfortable sort of governess? This young woman is entirely untrained—turns handsprings on the beach and goes shouting about the tennis courts in a loud Western voice that I do hope the children won't learn to copy. Dolly, who is, as you know, the most sensitively refined being that was ever made, is quite shocked by her. The two younger ones like her well enough, but I can't imagine her ever having any control over them. I always think one must be a little disciplined oneself in order to exercise control over others. I must confess, Anthony, that I should pack your selection off tomorrow if I had not given you my word to keep her. Cora quite agrees with me that Miss Exeter would do better on the variety stage than as a governess. I don't think there is any news. Durland has entirely given up smoking, as I always said he would—entirely of his own accord. You don't believe me, but a mother has a sort of psychic understanding of her children.

How could he help being on the other side? Yet the letter gave him something to think about. Helen of Troy—that pale, thin girl! Well, he should never understand women's estimates of other women's looks. He laughed aloud over the note about Durland's smoking, Edna and her psychic understanding!

But thinking of psychic things—and far away in the folds of that bare Mexican valley Anthony had time to think—something psychic came from Miss Exeter's letters which he had not felt in her personality. He could not call it exactly conceit, but it was like a conviction of beauty. He did not know how to describe it, but it made him think of an essay by a novelist which he had read, when or where he could not remember—was it by Stevenson?—in which the writer had spoken of the uncontrollable way in which heroines whom you constantly described as lovely kept turning plain and uninteresting on your hands; and the other way round—how heroines, with just a few words of friendly description, suddenly walked through your pages as tremendous beauties, with no assistance from you. Clara Middleton, in the Egoist, had been cited as one of the latter class. Well, it seemed to him that this girl was like that. He had seen her—a nice-looking young woman, but her letters were the letters of a beauty. Probably it was the profound subconscious egotism of the woman coming out. The point was that she was getting away with it. He wrote and asked Durland to send him a photograph of her. But it did not need much diplomacy on the part of Pearl to prevent its ever being dispatched.

As a matter of fact, she did not dread discovery very much. It seemed to her it would be nothing more than an awkward moment—after all, he already knew her better than he had ever known Augusta—only before he came back she must have worked all the desired miracles. Far from dreading his return, she looked forward to it with veiled excitement—great fun, like taking off your masks at a fancy ball.

She had been with the Conway family almost a month when she witnessed the first trial of strength between the hostile factions—Dolly against Antonia. There was only one spare room in the cottage since the governess had come. Dolly announced at luncheon, very casually, that she had invited Allen Williams to spend the following Sunday with them. Antonia broke out at once with the passionate sense of defeat that betrays the young. She had invited her best, indeed her only, friend Olive, who was to be abandoned by her family, for the coming Sunday.

"You said I could ask her, mother. I did ask her—you let me ask her. I asked her first—before Dolly asked Allen—you said I could"—over and over again; but Dolly's flashing silence was more impressive. Pearl knew that it was not so much a question of justice as of trial by torture. Mrs. Conway would yield to whichever of her children could inflict the most pain upon her, and that, of course, was Dolly. Dolly did not reiterate her position like Antonia. Now and then she dropped a frigid sentence that revealed her argument. Her mother had always told her she might ask anyone she liked for week ends. She had asked Allen and he had accepted. As for Olive, she lived in Southampton—why shouldn't she stay in her own house? It was just an excuse for little girls to sit up

talking all night and steal food out of the pantry and get the whole household upset.

This was shrewd. The last time Olive had come to stay it had resulted in the loss of a cook. Mrs. Conway remembered this as Dolly spoke. Her position was painful. She had promised Antonia she could have her friend this Sunday, when Olive's parents were away. But then on the other hand she had also encouraged Dolly to ask anyone she liked to the house. Yet she disliked young Williams and feared Dolly's growing devotion to him. Somebody had already said to her that it was a pity for Dolly to make herself so conspicuous with him—he was no good, that young man. But part of her tragedy as a mother was that she sympathized with her children when thwarted in something in which she knew they ought to be thwarted. She knew now that Dolly's hold on young Williams' interest was of the slightest; she knew that the girl had obtained this promise of a week-end visit with difficulty perhaps even it was mere convenience—he wanted to go to some party, or to see some other woman. Mrs. Conway knew that if she decided in favor of Antonia, as perhaps strict justice would demand, there never would be any other week end for Williams. Dolly would lose him; and though this was exactly what she desired, she could not be so cruel as to bring it about. So she decided in favor of her elder daughter, and managed as usual to anger both of them.

"I'm afraid, my dear," she said to Antonia, as if she were being particularly impartial, "that this is one of those terrible occasions on which you are called upon to be unselfish and noble and all that. I own I don't care for this young man who says bur-r-rud and wor-ruld, and seems to me to be quite the dullest person I ever met; but Dolly is older than you, you know, and must be allowed to have her playmates first.

"When you are a big girl and want to have beautiful young morons to stay ——"

"I hope I shan't ride roughshod over other people's rights," said Antonia with snapping eyes.

"I'm sorry my friends must be insulted, mother, just because I have even—to invite them to your house. Believe me, if I had a house of my own I would not trouble you either with my friends or myself."

Tears rose to Mrs. Conway's eyes. She was so deeply hurt she could not even pretend that she wasn't; so hurt that she spoke naturally to the governess when for a second after luncheon, owing to the withdrawal in opposite directions of her two daughters, she found herself alone with the interloper.

"Young people are so cruel," she said. "What more could I do for Dolly? I sacrifice poor little Antonia, I make the house hers and she tells me practically she only stays with me because she has to."

As Pearl went upstairs Dolly called her into her room—the first time she had ever done such a thing. But after all the woman with all her faults had the virtue of not being a member of the family.

"You see what I mean, Miss Exeter," she said, looking up from polishing her nails with a feverish rapidity. "Everything in this house is done for Antonia—or would be if I did not fight for my rights. Nobody likes to make a scene, but to ask a man like Mr. Williams—you don't know, but women—older women—married women—like Mrs. Temple—so silly—it just bores Allen; but he feels he ought to go there, and when he said he would come here instead, fancy my having to put him off because Antonia wanted that fat Olive to come, when Olive lives here anyhow."

Pearl's limpid gray eyes gazed at her sympathetically. It was her nature to be sympathetic, and presently Dolly was telling her how she had first met Allen, how he had danced and how wonderfully their steps went together. It seemed as if she had remembered every syllable that had ever fallen from his lips, and loved to repeat them, though they were of a conspicuously commonplace character. Then she confided a secret—he had asked himself. She would never have dared to ask him.

"Dared!" said Pearl, every inch the feminist.

"Oh, well," Dolly retreated rapidly, "this house is so full of uninteresting children like Antonia and Durland—under your feet all day long; but when Allen said himself, telling how he didn't want to go to the Temples, 'Why don't you ask me?' ——"

Her voice softened over the remembered tones; of course she had asked him.

Pearl's heart sank at this news. She wondered if she were vain to attach a dread significance to his initiative. She remembered that peculiar fierce stare from those pale eyes. Well, she wouldn't speak to him—that was all there was to that.

Presently she left Dolly and went to knock on Antonia's door, which was suspiciously shut; usually Antonia lived and dressed open to corridors.

Yes, as Pearl feared, Antonia was lying on her bed, crumpled as to clothes and damp about the cheeks. Miss Exeter could see now, she said; she was treated like a stepchild. Her mother didn't love her as she loved Dolly, and how could anyone love Dolly?—that's what she couldn't understand.

Pearl had not thought it worth while to try to argue Antonia's case with Dolly, but the child was so clear-minded she did try to put Dolly's side of the case to her. Antonia admitted it all, but impatiently.

"And why is he willing to come," she said—"a man like him? He's just making a convenience of Dolly, or something. He doesn't think anything about her at all."

It was exactly Pearl's own impression. Then why was he coming?

He came on Friday afternoon by the fast train, and Dolly in her new pink hat and her white motoring coat—just back from the cleaner and smelling a little bit of gasoline, but so much more becoming than her gray one—went to meet him. She and Allen and Mrs. Conway were all dining out that evening, and Pearl had organized a picnic for herself and Antonia and Durland, far up the beach, with the moon and a fire of driftwood and a great deal of excellent food. They did not see the house guest that evening.

The next morning at half past nine Pearl was obliged to go to the garage to find Antonia; she was studying the oiling system of the green car. There was nothing unfriendly in her attitude to study; she was perfectly willing to learn, if she could only manage to remember that lesson time had come.

They had lessons on the piazza. Pearl, looking out over the dazzling sea and thinking how pleasant a swim was going to be, had said "How do you spell 'separate,' Antonia?" and Antonia, twining her bare toes about the calf of the other leg, had got as far as "Well, I know it's an *e* where you expect an *a* or just the other way," when Williams, bending his head slightly under the curtains, stepped from the dining room upon the piazza.

He looked extremely polished and soaped. He had on white trousers, a gray coat, a blue tie. Antonia, who had never seen him so near before, stared at him, forgetting even to say good morning. He bowed rather formally to the governess, but to Antonia he said, "Where were you last evening? I was watching for you and you didn't appear."

He sat down and drew her toward him with an immaculate brown hand.

Pearl had never seen Antonia embarrassed before. The child kept glancing up at Williams as if fascinated, and glancing quickly away again as if dazzled. Then she turned both knees inward, seemed to dig her toes into the boards and answered in a low, husky voice that they had been out on a picnic.

"I think you might have asked me," said Williams.

He spoke in that tone of false comedy—as if anything you said to a child must be ridiculous—that was peculiarly annoying to Pearl.

Antonia bent her head and muttered that she had not thought he would have enjoyed it.

"I should have enjoyed it," he said, and drew Antonia closer, so that over her head he could give Pearl a hard, significant look.

Pearl rose to her feet. This was a situation she understood thoroughly. She was not going to lose another job on account of a man—a boy rather, younger than herself. In spite of Williams' protests and teasing efforts to retain the child, she swept her up to her bedroom to finish her lessons. But she no longer had Antonia's full attention.

When asked again to spell "separate," Antonia answered, "He is handsome, isn't he?"

(Continued on Page 84)

"I Think You Might Have Asked Me," Said Williams. He Spoke in That Tone of False Comedy

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

They Stared at the Vision Framed in the Shadowy Doorway: a Slight, Straight Figure in a White Nightdress

XLI

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

NO OTHER single event in the tragic history of the Sherborne homestead had quite the galvanizing effect of the accident to Io, which statement leads one by indirection to the surprising discovery that to the community at large Rattling Run Fields had no more tragic a record than any one of a dozen other farms in the three counties. In the Spartan rural mind it takes one or more murders to make a tragedy.

But there was something so gripping to the most untrained imaginations in Io's leap from the forty-foot cliff into the quarry pool that the spectacular startled these people, who took deep waters for granted and through immersion remained unconscious of the whirlpools of daily life, into making of her act a nine-day wonder, and of herself an object of interest and solicitude. Excursions of those who were merely curious to the works to view the scene of the catastrophe became a nuisance, and the pilgrimages of kindlier persons to the house itself a revelation.

The occupants of the buggies and cars which negotiated the rough road to Rattling Run Fields did not knock at the front door or leave cards to inquire; they lined up their vehicles by the wayside and waited patiently until someone happened to come out to them. At first it was Tom, wondering what they wanted; and then Drake or the judge who issued from the house to satisfy the silent appeal for news. The judge felt a glow of gratification at the thought that out of the infinite complexities which went to make up Io Sherborne, all that these neighborly folk seemed now able to remember was her unforgetable smile.

Drake, astonished at the range of her casual acquaintance, and watching its crystallization overnight into friendship, felt a swelling of the heart, an increase of his love of Io and of gratitude toward the undiscovered world in which they lived. His gray eyes turned dark as he faced neighbors and strangers to make his frank statements: Io's life was not in danger. Evidently there had been a dislocation, for she had no control over her body from the waist down. The doctors did not despair of restoring her completely, but it would take time. A famous specialist was on his way to the farm.

Upon first being summoned, Eunice hastened, white-lipped but unshaken, to Io's bedside and did all that it was possible to do for her comfort. Fortunately, there was no physical pain to combat, only the mental torment which might come at any moment as a reaction to one who had been all her life straight and swift as the arrow which was her symbol. Awaiting that moment, Eunice was outwardly calm; inwardly, however, remembering their last interview, she was a prey to an agonizing fear. She asked no questions of Io, but at the first opportunity drew Colter aside.

"Robert," she said, "tell me exactly what happened. Don't be afraid."

Colter's eyes opened slowly and unusually wide.

"Afraid?" he repeated. "What do you mean?" Without waiting for her answer, he called Drake and the judge. "Listen, you three people," he said. "Anyone else in Io's place would be dead today, mashed up with the rock that fell with her. No one else could have thought quickly enough and had the nerve to do what she did. She jumped, and she fell clear and in the deepest water there was to fall in, and—and I'm in love with her."

He flushed with unreasonable anger and embarrassment, turned and left them abruptly.

Fully advised by the colleagues who called him in consultation, the specialist brought with him an assistant and all appliances necessary for a thorough examination. The X ray disclosing nothing specific, he agreed with the diagnosis already made, advised quiet awaiting of developments, and suggested that Io be moved forthwith to the city, where she could remain indefinitely under his surveillance. At being informed of this recommendation, she gave Eunice and Drake a look which neither of them could misread or ignore.

It was scarcely necessary for her to supplement her look by adding aloud, "I won't leave Rattling Run Fields for anyone or anything."

The specialist heard her; he smiled, looked around the room and then through the windows, first toward the sombrous ravine of Rattling Run, and then out over the garden and the orchard to the high bank of the long line of woods.

"Is this," he asked with a flick of his hand, "Rattling Run Fields?"

Drake answered "Yes" in a full voice, and Io nodded, her eyes directed pleadingly at the physician and still giving an impression of rebellion held merely in abeyance.

"My dear child," he responded, "I don't blame you; and just your wanting anything as badly as you want to remain here is an encouraging symptom. Stay, by all means. I'll make it my business to drive down for Sunday lunch once in a while."

Thus it transpired that the homestead gradually settled down to a new routine. Eunice remained in attendance for three weeks and then returned to town. Nora was installed as sole nurse, and found the burden light. The family physician came in from time to time, watchful for the first signs of curvature or any other radical development.

Drake visited Io regularly three times a day in much the same spirit as he visited his plants and trees. His faith never wavered; and watching him through long, understanding silences, Io was comforted, remembering what she had said to Tom in regard to the fig-tree venture: "If Drake plants them they will grow."

It was Colter, however, who did most to lighten Nora's duties. Individualistic to the last, he had abandoned his casual residence at Rattling Run Fields on the very day he had made open confession of his love for Io. He took definite possession of Three Roads Farm, got out his riding togs, bought himself an excellent saddle horse, had dinner promptly at twelve, and immediately thereafter mounted to ride the ten miles which separated him from Io. He stayed with her for three hours of every afternoon.

He had asked no one's permission for this extraordinary procedure and there was none to say him nay; partly through sympathy and largely because of a general feeling that any interference, however well intended, would lead directly to the murder so far lacking in the annals of Rattling Run Fields. When he arrived for the first time Nora lingered in the room, uncertain what to do. She was so thoroughly ignored that she soon knew herself to be less than the least of the unoccupied chairs and learned to be her own furniture mover. Even Eunice bowed to the inevitable and made her visits in the mornings.

None but a bold man or a fool would have undertaken to spend three hours a day with a bedridden girl in whom he wished to awaken love; but Colter had the faith which transcends courage and an insight which was uncanny He watched Io's moods with a keenness that bordered on the feral, and, alone among those who attended her, acquired the power to make her sleep almost at will. But it was when she was gay and eager for companionship that the depths of his nature and the variety of his resources came into play.

He told her of his lonely childhood spent with governesses and tutors, of his boyhood under the guardianship of an uncle and a trust company, the only father and mother he could remember, and of his discovery that freedom cannot be handed over even with a large checking account. What had helped him most, what had brought him to Rattling Run Fields, and held him there, was something said to him by Drake, and to Drake by the judge many years ago, as far back as boarding-school days.

That foundation laid, he took to reading to her, or writing her a poem, or making her write one, filling in the alternate riming lines with a facility which aroused either her gasping admiration or peals of mirth. At such times Drake would come in, his eyes shining, and demand a reading; while Tom and Nora, dropping whatever they might be doing, would fill the door and their ears. This proved the favorite of all games; but there was many another which ran it close, and finally there were hours of talk and silence.

One day—the first of snow—she said to him, "Bob, why do you do all this for me? Just because you were there when it happened?"

"I'm glad you asked that," he answered, swinging in his chair and leaning toward her. "I do it because I love you with all my heart and soul."

"But, Bob," she stammered, "what—what's the use?"

Suddenly the courage which had never yet faltered began to break visibly in her face; her eyes became suffused and her mouth contorted.

"Don't!" she cried, flinging her arms around his neck and burying her head against his shoulder. "Don't look!"

He held her quivering body tightly.

"Of course I won't look," he murmured; "but why shouldn't I? You don't understand, Io. I love you, crying or laughing, every least bit of you."

"Half of me is dead," she sobbed. "Why play it isn't true? I can never marry you."

"In the spring, on the first day of June. Are you listening?"

She shook her head in affirmation, and then violently in denial.

"No! No! Please, Bob, I can't stand it. You're hurting me."

"In the spring, on the first day of June," he repeated evenly, "you and I are going to be married. Now, darling, don't let's talk about that any more; just get accustomed to thinking about it. Tell me instead, do you love me a little?"

She threw back her head and held her tear-stained face openly before his eyes.

"I do," she said gravely. "I love you a great, great deal. I shall always love you, and never marry you—while I'm like this."

"Kiss me," he begged.

She studied his face for a long moment, then closed her eyes, touched her lips to his and threw herself back on the pillows.

XLII

IT WAS part of the wisdom of Colter that he could wait for the lift of spring to start the sap of the world about its business before he made a second attempt to shake Io's determination. Neither the snows of winter nor the mud of March succeeded in making him miss a day, but during three months he never attempted to take Io in his arms or to kiss her. The very fact that he never stooped to the casual good-by salutes she had granted to others made her wonder whether he knew that in touching his lips so lightly she had given, though infinitesimally, something of herself never before surrendered. She began to wish that he would kiss her again.

As this desire grew she became supersensitive to all that was going on about her, within and without the room. She felt not only the poignant ache of the nameless longings which bud with crocus and pussy willow, but divined the growing purpose behind Colter's waiting eyes. A lump came into her throat when she looked at him, and a weakness into her heart and arms. Afraid to put herself to the test, and knowing that an attack on her fortitude could be forestalled in only one way, she wrote him a letter and gave it to Drake for delivery.

"Dearest," she wrote, "this letter has no date. It is for you to read whenever you are lonely. Let these written words be my own voice in the silence, my hand in the dark. I put myself in these words. I need you, my own dear. Every night I take your heart in my hands and hold it close—close against my heart. This letter is for every day 'Good morning,' and for every night 'Sweet dreams.' It is as if I came to you when you call 'Io.' I come to you across the yellow daisies and touch your arm, and say 'Yes, Bob.' But, Bob, my own dear, it's the only way I can come to you, or you to me."

Colter was handed the note in the great living room. When he turned from reading it to rush to Io, Drake barred his way.

"Bob," he said, "I'm for you; you know I'm for you; but when it comes to a choice between standing by you or by Io there is no choice. Whatever she says goes. What's more, you've got to give her her chance in the way she asks for it. You simply can't do anything else. There's just one thing I can tell you out of fairness to yourself, and you may think it's a miserable straw. She's demanded a string of doctors, one after the other, and the first of them is on his way. If anything happens you'll get the news as fast as I can bring it."

Six days later, long after nightfall, Drake hammered on the door at Three Roads Farm, and jumped back in surprise when it was flung open almost immediately. His face

Continued on Page 94

"I Have Been Thinking About You," She Continued, "Every Hour. Worrying About You. I Was Right to Worry, Because I Have Hurt You Terribly"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 12, 1924

Government Credit to Germany

IN OCTOBER a delegation of grain merchants laid before the President a proposal to sell Germany fifty million bushels of wheat on credit. The same idea has been advanced by wheat growers and millers. Politicians whose jobs are threatened by agrarian unrest or who regard themselves as the special protectors of farm interests have for some time been working in the same direction. It seems certain that a bill to this effect will be introduced in Congress. Possibly by the time these lines are read Congress may have enacted legislative authorization for such extension of credits. The general scheme seems to be to have the War Finance Corporation purchase drafts on wheat shipments to Germany up to fifty million bushels, without recourse on the shipper. Germany would fund the obligation over a term of years or pay in a lump sum at some distant date. The figure of fifty million seems to have arisen from the current idea that the profits of the Grain Corporation were some fifty-eight million dollars, and these would in this manner be returned to the wheat growers, from whom it is alleged this amount of money was taken during the war.

On the part of both Germany and the United States relief and business are mingled in the proposed transaction. There are hungry people in Germany, and that country wants them fed. The people of this country want hunger relieved wherever it may exist in the world. Beyond the humanitarian consideration lie two business considerations on each side. These ought to be viewed with candor and without hypocrisy.

Germany always needs to import breadstuffs. Just now she finds particular difficulty in securing bills of foreign exchange to cover imports. The credits for wheat would help greatly. She would also like to buy cotton, copper and phosphates on credit. But wheat alone would help her out. Secondly, Germany desires to avoid further conflict between city and country, and fifty million bushels of import wheat would largely obviate putting unpopular governmental pressure on the peasants. These are strictly business considerations, but politically they are probably as potent in Germany as the humanitarian consideration.

On the part of the United States, we want to get fifty million bushels of wheat out of the country; and we want to raise the price of wheat. These are the plain motives of growers, millers and merchants of wheat. It is a move primarily in aid of the embarrassed wheat grower. The two business considerations are separate, though related. If the price of wheat is raised the wheat still in farmers' hands will fetch a higher price. If fifty million bushels of wheat are taken out of the country the carry-over will be reduced by that quantity and a condition created favorable to a higher price level next year.

It is therefore a relief proposition in several directions—relief to unfed Germans, relief to the overworked German fiscal system, relief to the underpaid American wheat grower, relief to the harassed grain trade.

Famine does not usually appear in a country directly after the harvest. What is the state of the food supply of Germany? The crops of 1923, according to provisional official estimates, were considerably better than in 1922. The crop of bread grains is reported a hundred million bushels more than in 1922, of coarse grains one hundred and seventy million bushels more than in 1922. The potato crop is some two hundred million bushels less than in that year. The sugar crop is reported as some two hundred thousand tons less than in 1922. The domestic bread supply is better than in 1922, and the increased quantities of coarse grains should provide more meat and milk. Statistically, the country is clearly better off than in 1922.

From the standpoint of distribution, however, the country is worse off. The currency has become almost worthless. The peasant wants to sell his produce for gold or a currency convertible into gold. He does not want to sell for paper money that shrinks in buying power while it is being counted. In Russia peasants are willing to practice barter, exchange products of the soil for goods. But the German peasant has a home well stocked with furnishings and a farm well equipped with implements. The diet of the peasant class is normal, possibly better than before the war. The German peasant does not feel a pressing need of barter. So he inclines to store his produce, waiting for stabilization, or feeds it, with the purpose of restoring his count of domesticated animals.

But, someone will interject, surely the German peasant will not withhold his produce when his brother in the city is starving? Quite surely he will, just as would the peasants in any country of Europe, more or less. The peasant does not visualize the situation. He is asked to give his produce practically without recompense. He does not understand why the city worker cannot pay, and in any event he regards the currency situation as the fault of a government controlled by urban socialists. There is bitterness, both political and social, between city and country, between peasants and trade-unions. There is also bitterness between the different German states. Why should reactionary East Prussia feed radical Saxony?

Why is this not the province of private relief organizations? Why should not the Germans of this country organize relief operations? The emergency is esteemed too large for private relief—just as the Russian relief was too large for private undertaking and the Government stepped in with financial support. Finally—and this must not be overlooked—private relief would not in the same way raise the price of wheat in this country.

In what form shall the wheat relief be sent over, as wheat or as flour? Here the interests of donor and recipient diverge. From the standpoint of our interest the grain should be sent over in the form of flour. This would provide employment for mills and workers. It would include also the use of containers, with all that means for wood, paper, cotton, printing, and so on. Equally important, it would mean keeping the mill feed at home. Mill feed is expensive here, and the four hundred thousand tons of mill feed contained in fifty million bushels of wheat would be a welcome addition to the farm supply. During the life of the United States Grain Corporation it was the rule to ship flour instead of wheat; the reasons that held then, hold now. Germany, however, from the point of view of her internal interests, also needs mill feed. Her milk supply is short, and the four hundred thousand tons of mill feed in fifty million bushels of wheat would represent a lot of milk for her children. From the purely distributive point of view, relief would be easier in the form of flour. But the German mills want employment also; so do their makers of containers. Of course Germany would accept the loan in the form of flour, but she would prefer wheat.

Who are the hungry classes in Germany? The peasants have no lack of food. The towns and cities hold the hungry. These are the members of the middle class, salaried workers, families living on small investments, industrial workers. Where there are income and employment, the buying power is low. Also, there is widespread unemployment. Fifty million bushels of wheat would furnish nearly a pound of flour per day for ten million Germans for eight months. But flour is not the food most needed. Milk and fats are much more needed than cereals. Our exports of pork fat could be easily expanded on short notice. Under government guaranty our milk-condensing plants could reëxpand to the large output of the war years. But one hears little suggestion in these directions. That is because most of the discussion of German relief proceeds not from a study of German need, but rather from the pressure of the demand to do something for the wheat grower.

Germany is the country of beer, the United States the country of no beer. If we wished to be strictly consistent we might make the condition that none of our grain should go into alcoholic beverages or be used to release any domestic grain in that direction. The German city worker not only wants more food, he wants more beer and better beer. From one point of view it may be none of our business; but in another way it would seem that any act of relief we may undertake should not operate in the direction of alcoholic beverages.

Despite the fact of hunger in Germany, is this not again a piece of government in business? The famine in Germany is not an act of God, it is man-made. Whenever we are long on a commodity, or the price is low, is the Government to be expected to dispose of the excess and raise the domestic price at the expense, finally, of the taxpayer? What degree of need abroad is to be held to justify such actions? Need in Europe and inability to buy may go on for years.

With all regard for humanitarian considerations, must not this kind of government relief be squarely scrutinized?

Saving by Borrowing

THAT American business approximates three hundred and fifty billion dollars a year; that ninety-five per cent of it is done on a credit basis; and that ninety per cent of the credit turnover is paid by check, are three interesting statements made by the secretary of the National Association of Credit Men.

We are living in an age of credit, or perhaps a more accurate delineation would be an age of debt. The firmly rooted aversion to debt in any form which prevailed a generation ago has almost completely evaporated. A mortgage once was regarded as a millstone, a menace, a veritable sword of Damocles suspended over the heads of a household. Today there are few homes which do not boast one or two. In fact, it is regarded as wise to keep a reasonable mortgage on your home as a means of expediting its sale if the necessity of selling ever arises.

Now that we all more or less buy on credit, there are few among us who can look the world in the eye like the hale miller of the Dee and assert that we owe no penny we cannot pay; but the percentage of thrifty people in the world is probably as large as ever, even if our methods of saving are different. It is, in fact, much easier to be thrifty now that the credit idea has been extended to investments. A large class can save only by assuming obligations. It is so easy nowadays to acquire a house or a bond or a share of stock on the time-payment basis that those who could never accumulate anything by the painful method of personal thrift are able automatically to lay something aside. It is significant that as the scope of credit has grown the operations of loan sharks have shriveled.

Credit is being overdone in many lines. Too large a part of the population is always too far in debt. But the credit system has put most of the luxuries of the rich within reach of everyone and has made life for the average family easier and fuller. Certainly also it has accelerated output and sales, and played no small part in the splendid onward march of American business.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE

By NEWMAN LEVY

IN A DINGY, gloomy-looking room on the first floor of the Criminal Courts Building in New York City is Part One of the Court of General Sessions, the busiest court in the world. Nearly every criminal case that occurs on Manhattan Island above the grade of misdemeanor, must, at some time in the course of its proceedings, pass through Part One. The court room is squalid and cheerless. Heavy iron bars help to shut out the light that tries to creep in through the windows.

It is any day in the year. The court is crowded with witnesses, talesmen, police officers, defendants, and a crowd of hangers-on, who appear to have no other occupation in life than to haunt, day after day, the courts in which criminal cases are tried. A seedy, nondescript collection of men. Who they are, or what they are, no one knows or cares.

His honor is seated on a high rostrum, absorbed in a perusal of the Law Journal, and apparently unconcerned with what is going on. An assistant district attorney is at a table within the railed inclosure, deeply engrossed in the contents of a note.

"Charles Hammond on bail!" calls the clerk.

Charles Hammond, a dapper little man, dressed in a fashionable overcoat trimmed with fur, steps jauntily up to the rail. He is accompanied by his lawyer, a prominent and, incidentally, expensive member of the legal profession. The spectators look at Hammond with some interest. They know from long experience that he must be of the aristocracy of crime. It is common gossip that his lawyer will not appear in court for less than a thousand dollars.

"You are charged with the crime of forgery in the first degree," says the clerk. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replies the lawyer in liquid tones, "and the defendant asks for ten days' time to withdraw his plea and make such motions as are necessary."

The judge looks up. "Ten days," he murmurs absently, and resumes reading.

Charles Hammond and his lawyer sweep out of the room, shedding an aura of dignity and impressiveness over the majesty of the law.

The Proletariat of Crime

IN ONE corner of the court room is a wire cage, and in it are standing about half a dozen men—dirty, unshaven, bedraggled derelicts. They are the Prison Calendar; the proletariat of crime; poor devils who lack the means or the friends to procure their release on bail. Some of them may have presented a decent appearance when they were first arrested, but three or four days' confinement in the Tombs has removed every outward suggestion of respectability, and they stand there in the cage, a sorry, disreputable lot.

"Prison pleadings," calls the clerk. "Vincenzo di Lorenzo to the bar!"

Vincenzo emerges from the cage, assisted to the rail by a melancholy-looking court officer.

"You are charged," drones the clerk, "with the crime of assault in the second degree. Can you afford to retain counsel or do you wish the court to assign counsel to you?"

Di Lorenzo mutters something to the court officer.

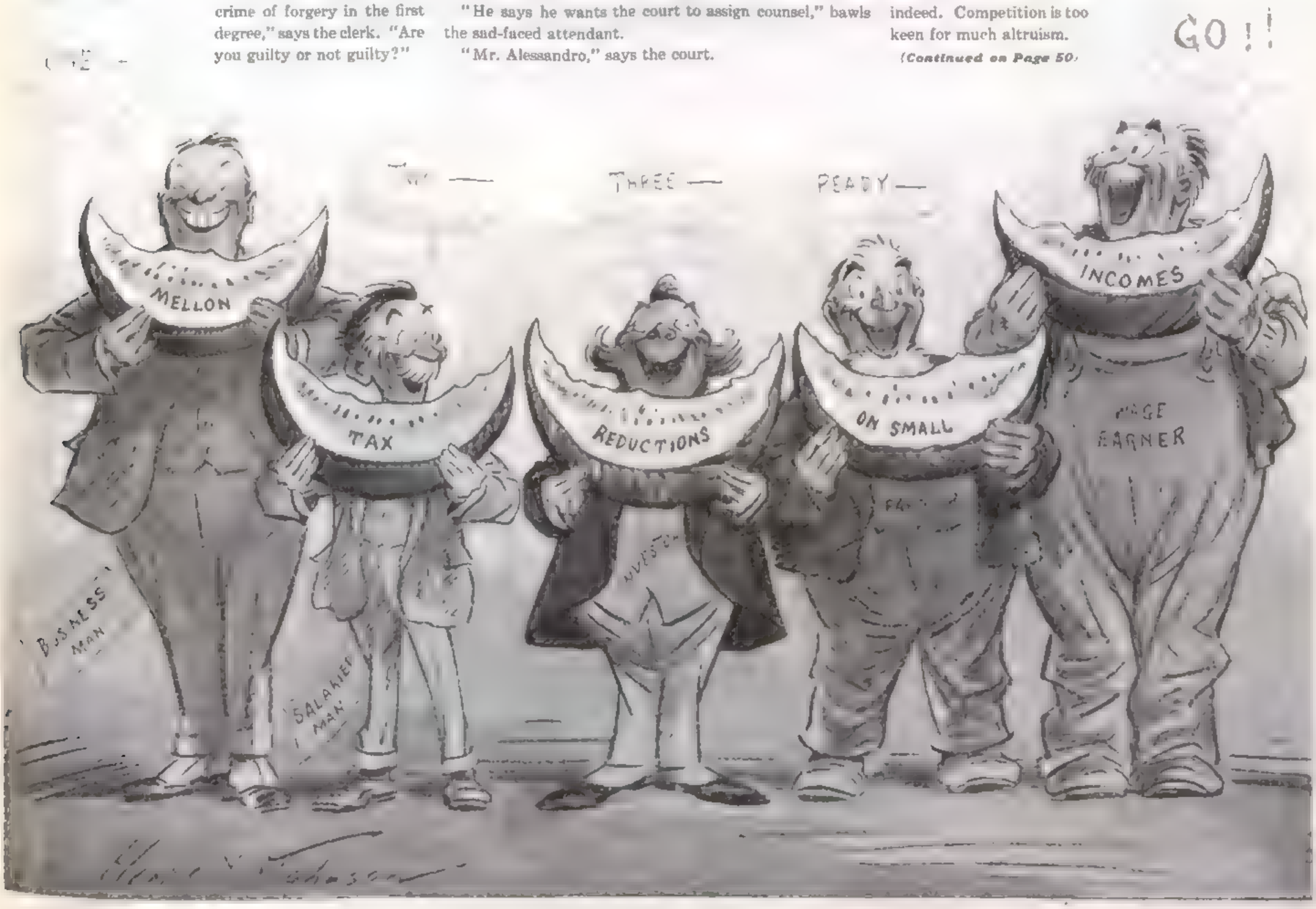
"He says he wants the court to assign counsel," bawls the sad-faced attendant.

"Mr. Alessandro," says the court.

Mr. Alessandro is seated in the front bench on the left side of the court room. For years he has been a figure about the building, and no one remembers a time when he did not need a shave. He steps out from his seat, takes the green copy of the indictment from the assistant district attorney and follows Di Lorenzo into the vacant jury box, where they engage in a whispered conversation, presumably about the case.

The assignment of counsel by the court to defend indigent prisoners is a queer practice and requires some explanation. Every man charged with the commission of crime, under our laws, is entitled to be represented by counsel. In many instances he can afford to, and does employ a competent lawyer to defend him. But in a vast number of cases he has no means wherewith to pay a lawyer, so the judge who presides in Part One of the Court of General Sessions designates some member of the bar to appear for him. Theoretically the system is an excellent one. An attorney is an officer of the court, and the assignment by the court is a command that must be obeyed. Unfortunately, however, the law makes no provision for the compensation of assigned counsel. Except in murder cases, where the law allows five hundred dollars, the services of an assigned counsel must be rendered gratis. Very few lawyers who have a good practice care to sacrifice the time required to defend properly an assigned case. In law, of all the so-called learned professions, is a sense of social obligation perhaps least developed. The lawyer who will devote his time and professional skill without pay to a case, from a passion for justice and desire to assist the oppressed, is a rare bird indeed. Competition is too keen for much altruism.

(Continued on Page 50)



ALL SET

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Valuation

PLUMED knight,
Desert chief, passionate lover,
Soldier blazing with decorations,
Irish tender blarneyer—
You are none of these,
Yet I shall marry you.
You are more than any of these,
Only eligible man in town!
—May Williams Ward.

Stamping Out the Pedestrian Menace

OUR country is already well supplied with menaces, heaven knows; the radical journals, with their platform of a change of menace weekly, fill our normal demand nicely. It is, therefore, with some reluctance that I call attention to the pedestrian menace.

Yet I feel it is my duty to do so; it is an alarming fact that, according to census figures, the total number of pedestrians in the United States has increased from 91,972,266 in 1910 to 105,710,620 in 1920, or approximately 14,000,000. The most determined efforts of motorists, motor bicyclists and ambulance drivers have been ineffective in checking this increase; as soon as one pedestrian has been mashed against a hydrant a dozen more appear, as if from nowhere.

Some protection has been afforded the motorist, it is true, by the equipment of his car with fenders, which sweep the pedestrian into the gutter and thus preserve the car's paint from being scratched with umbrellas, spectacles, and so on. But this device, although it is a boon to the motorist and although it certainly is more humane than the scythe-wheeled chariots of the Greeks, is only a palliative; it does not attack the cause.

More protection is needed; and that protection should be drastic and thoroughgoing regulation. Let me suggest some model legislation:

All pedestrians to be licensed, and to wear their license plates prominently displayed front and rear. Any pedestrian who has been in two accidents to have his license revoked and to be allowed on the streets one hour weekly, for exercise, under the guard of a policeman.

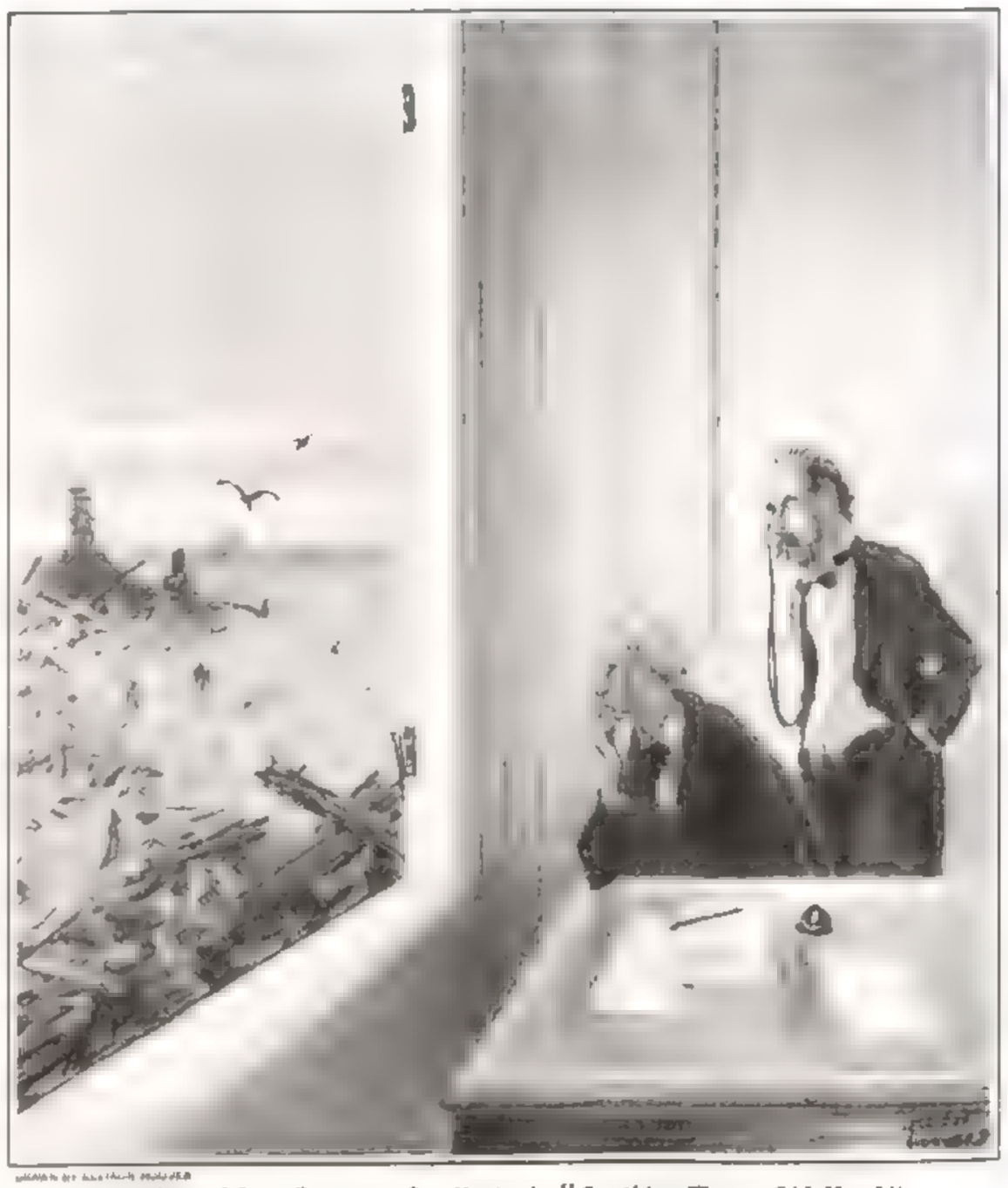
Any pedestrian found walking in the roadway to be sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Automobiles are not allowed on the sidewalk; why should pedestrians be allowed on the street?

All pedestrians to be equipped with horns, headlights and tail lights.

Any pedestrian who gets in front of a car to indicate by hand signals which way he is going to jump. If he is not a good jumper he may continue to use the present customary hand signal—that is, throwing up both hands.

A system of rewards or bounties to be instituted to stamp out wild and lawless pedestrians. This method has already proved effective in ridding large areas of coyotes, jack rabbits and sewer rats. I do not approve myself of holding regular pedestrian hunts, as I feel that a pack of killer taxis might easily get out of hand and prove an annoyance to legitimate traffic. It is not to be denied, however, that the idea of an organized pedestrian shikar in Columbus Circle has its charms. Yet I would suggest rather that every driver set up for himself the slogan: Get a pedestrian a week.

Some such program as I have outlined would make the streets far safer for the motorist, and would greatly reduce the wear and tear on one's brake linings. *—Morris Bishop.*

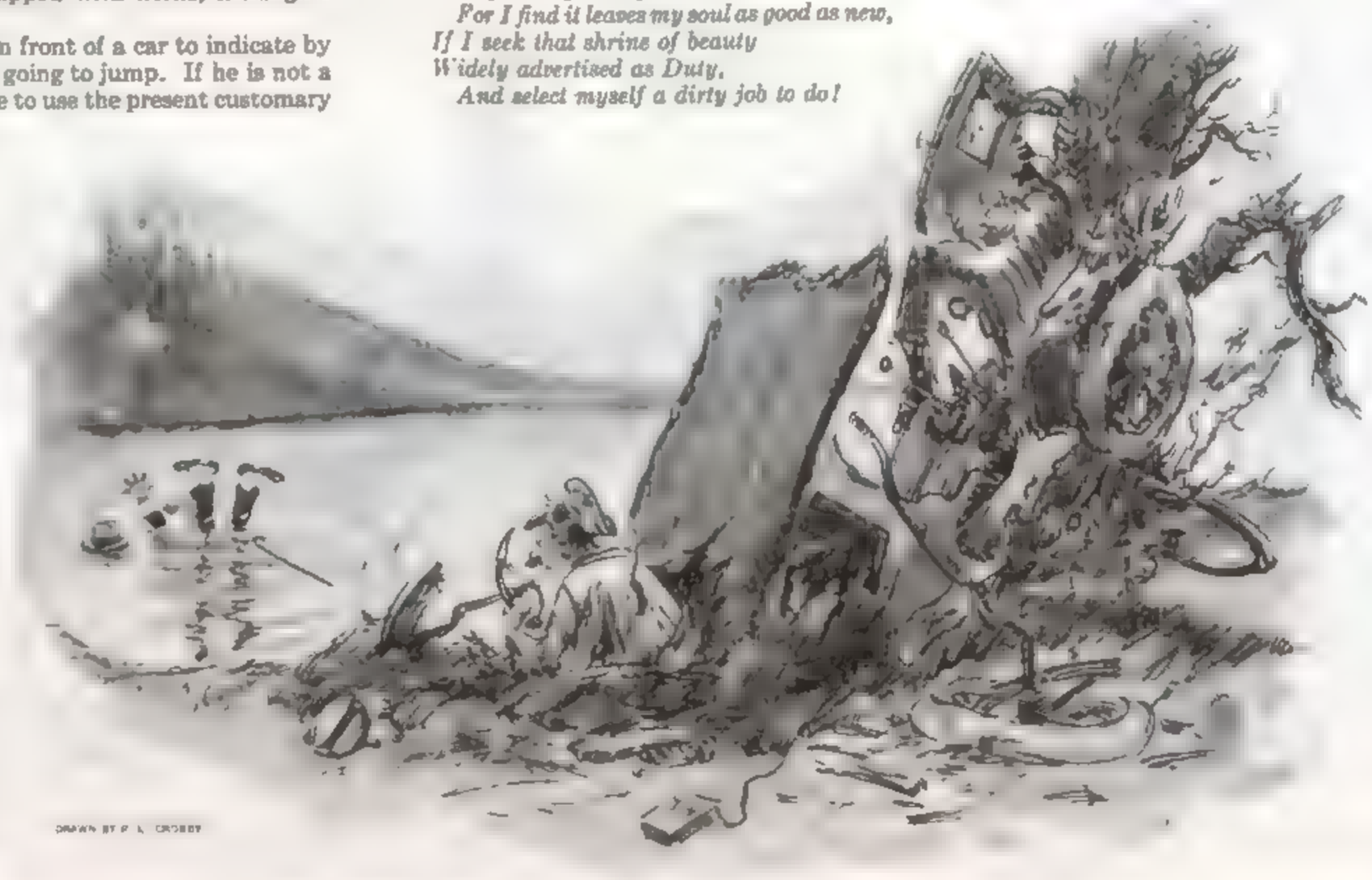


The Second Last European Intellectual: "Anything Wrong, Old Man?"
The Last European Intellectual: "Er—No. But I'm Worried About the Soul of America"

Balanced?

WHENEVER I've been happy
In a fashion slightly snappy,
And I realize a pang of conscience prods,
In order to relieve me
Of compunctions that aggrieve me,
I make oblation to my little gods;
And my system of contrition
Is to pick my own punition,
For I find it leaves my soul as good as new,
If I seek that shrine of beauty
Widely advertised as Duty,
And select myself a dirty job to do!
After all my maddest revels
I attack domestic devils,
I clean the ice box till it's spick and span;
Or I resolutely scrub
Underneath the bathroom tub,
Though I know 'twill ne'er be seen by mortal man.
I acquire a headache, bending
O'er a seam that has no ending,
Oh, I castigate myself time after time!
And I search subconscious byways
Finding certain secret sly ways
To make my retribution fit my crime.

So the self that's Puritanic
Strives to pay for pranks Satanic
And oftentimes the balance sheet is clear,
While again, a slight digression
From the pathway of discretion,
And I find myself most sadly in arrear.
Should you question if quite lately
I have squandered profligately,
On advice of counsel I'd refuse to say;
You must draw your own conclusion
From the end of this effusion—
I'm entertaining my in-laws today!
—Maud Kennen Waddock.



Taxi Driver: "Ten to One That Bird'll Try to Get Out o' Payin' for This!"

Comment of a Country Editor

POSSIBLY Adams Jinks is our most unpopular citizen. Mr. Jinks, who has been president of the Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank for thirty years, and who is its largest stockholder, is generally believed to be cold-blooded, parsimonious and relentless in the matter of exacting the ultimate farthing from the poor and oppressed. He is often spoken of as a skinflint. Nevertheless, he has exerted a fine influence on his community, and his bank has been its most helpful institution. The fact that Adams declined to loan money to anybody who seemed to lack character has been a tremendous force for the upbuilding of character. Every community needs two or three cold-blooded, hard-headed citizens who regard the care of money as a trust.

Though there is nothing in his conversation to foster such suspicion, it is suspected that Brockmore Holbird, who recently moved here from Chicago, is not a captain of industry.

Bradford Jinks generally is regarded as a total loss. Mr. Jinks not only does nothing useful or important, but he does it in a manner particularly annoying and offensive to our people. There is more to Brad than is generally supposed. He is the best judge of esoteric values in this town. Possibly he is the best judge of esoteric values in the state.

The little lady who was here last week in the interest of the Woman's Party left a good impression. She made a good selling talk for her organization, but neglected to reveal its deeper significance. It may be permissible to do so here. A Woman's Party means that someone wants to run a political organization and is willing to spend money for the privilege.

In a final effort to appease the people, Press Oliver has had his house repainted a different color for the fourth time since it was built, nine years ago. Mr. Oliver's gesture to concord is a futile one. The rule is that no man may make a will, build or

(Continued on Page 89)

NEVER BE WITHOUT SOUP IN YOUR PANTRY

A whole meal in one soup!

A waiter skilled am I—
My duty to supply
With food that's real
At every meal—
On Campbell's I rely!

Soup for health—
every day!

When we say that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a meal in itself we mean more than that it is hearty food. We mean also that it has the variety of foods so desirable for a healthful and appetizing meal. The iron of the green vegetables, the valuable mineral salts, the invigoration of beef, the solid nourishment of cereals, the tastiness of fresh herbs and delicate seasoning. Your appetite is delightfully satisfied and you have eaten exactly the kind of meal that is splendid for your health. Enjoy it today!

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

THE DESPERATE GAME OF FRENCH LEADERSHIP

By Philip Gibbs

MANY critics of France in England and elsewhere, watching the downfall of Germany and the hopeless conditions in Europe, due, as they think, to French obstinacy in thwarting a businesslike and fair settlement, have made bitter attacks against Poincaré and all those who agree with him, on the ground that he is a pig-headed militarist, utterly unreasonable, and probably inspired by corrupt and sinister motives.

I am not one of those who think so. I think he is reasonable; so logical in his line of reasoning that it is difficult to find a flaw in his arguments, and a most honest and patriotic man. The enormous difficulty of finding any way out of the quagmire in which Europe is now floundering is not that France is unreasonable but reasonable, not illogical but logical—within fixed and narrow limits.

The minds of the French people are entirely obsessed by their problem of national security. All financial questions between themselves and Germany or in relation to their war debts are subordinate to that question of life or death.

What French man or woman dare think otherwise? They believe in their hearts and souls that when Germany recovers she will fight France with enormous odds in her favor because Great Britain, as they also believe, will remain neutral in that next struggle, if nothing worse. They are aware of their dwindling population and dismayed by the gravity of that future weakness. The birth rate in Germany stands high. Last year there were seven German babies born to one French baby. That is an appalling fact for France. These clear-headed Frenchmen know that they must weaken, disintegrate and paralyze the progress of Germany now—or never—in order to maintain their supremacy in Europe and avert their national downfall. They are naturally indifferent to the decay of European markets while this fear is in their hearts. They think, on good evidence, that there is no way of removing German hatred, even by absolute surrender of all French claims. It is, they think, inescapable and incurable. What, then, can they do but pursue their present policy of demanding more than Germany can ever pay, preventing her from paying it by holding her industrial machine as a pledge, and ringing her round with armed forces under the control of French policy and finance?

Is there anything unreasonable in that? Looking at it exclusively from the French angle of thought, I find it immensely and terribly reasonable. So it is with their financial argument. By the accident, or fatal law, of geography, Northern France was the battlefield of all the Allies who were fighting in the same cause. French cathedrals, churches, towns, villages and fields were destroyed in the struggle for liberty against the German menace of world domination. Is France to bear the costs of that rebuilding even though Germany will be ruined if she pays? Is it better or more just for France to be ruined? That will happen if she is not paid. If Germany cannot produce enough money to pay for that reconstruction and, in addition, the sums necessary to France which are claimed as loans from England and America, is France to impoverish herself still further by paying debts which were incurred for the one and only purpose of winning a victory which saved the national liberties and honor of her Allies? I find nothing unreasonable in that. It is difficult to counter such arguments when spoken by a Frenchman with passionate sincerity and remembrance of his nation's agony in war.

Cold French Logic

IT IS no use telling him that German hatred could have been disarmed by generous and chivalrous forgiveness. He does not believe it. He regards that as the weak and sloppy sentimentalism of silly old women who do not understand German mentality and brutality. It is hard indeed to make anyone believe it, though I confess that I still think that for a little while after the Armistice the whole of Germany would have reacted to a fine gesture of chivalry from French democracy. The French scoff at such an idea, and I cannot blame them. Nor is it any use telling them that the security of France would be less endangered by the demobilization of Europe and a reasonable revision of the Treaty of Versailles than by a policy of force and repression which is causing a new tide of hate to beat up against France from the Rhine to the Danube. They say: "Wild beasts must be kept in a cage. We cannot tame them by smiles and buns. The only way in which we can ever reduce our army, which is the only security of France, is by a renewal of that broken pledge made by Wilson on behalf of the United States, and by Lloyd George on behalf of England, and repudiated by both peoples, who now forget it."

Is that unreasonable? I find it reasonable, and hard to deny. And yet I do deny all those arguments and all that cold logic of French thought, because, if there is no alternative, they will, in the long run, I am convinced, lead to a tragedy in which France and all of us will be engulfed. French policy, for all its logic, is the most desperate game ever played by one nation, except that played by Germany in 1914.

French leadership for the past year—indeed for the past four years—has been a consistent and successful effort to impose her will upon Europe. Owing to her own military power, reënforced by alliances with other states whose standing armies are controlled by French diplomacy, by financial support or political interests, as in the case of Belgium and Poland, no other country has been able to alter her decisions, to make her swerve a hairbreadth from her line of action, or to challenge her dictatorship. In a series of controversies with English prime ministers, French leadership won the argument every time by polite, dignified and deliberate obstruction. Mr. Lloyd George realized in his nimble, untrammeled mind that all his calculations of Germany's capacity to pay and all his fine promises of "rich fruits" of victory to British electors were less solid than pie crust. Over and over again he tried to modify the rigid clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, or at least to interpret them generously, in order that Germany might get a breathing space for recovery and Europe a better chance of industrial revival. All his persuasive eloquence in Allied conferences broke against the rocklike rigidity of French diplomacy dictated by their foreign office. They regarded any concession to Germany as treachery to France. They refused to allow it. When one of their premiers—M. Briand—was willing to make a compact with Lloyd George, easing Germany's conditions of payment in return for heavy reductions of the French debt to England, and a pledge of military support in case of a German war of aggression, he was instantly repudiated and unseated by the National Bloc. They regarded the concessions to Germany as a betrayal of French interests, and the offer of military support—limited to ten years—as a farcical absurdity.

Lloyd George's last effort at the Genoa Conference, immensely patient, almost desperate in its plea for a general settlement of all these problems, was thwarted at the outset by the French refusal to discuss any scheme of demobilization in Europe, although the Russian delegates offered to demobilize the Red Army if Poland and other states would do the same. The conference was smashed finally by French resistance to any plan which would restore Russia as an economic factor in Europe or relieve Germany, for a time, of her crushing burdens, under which, even then, she was threatened by bankruptcy.

Looking Into the Future

OVER and over again France exercised her majority of votes in the Reparations Commission by a cold refusal of German pleas, and the British representative's vote against further acts of severity, such as the seizing of Frankfort, was overruled and ignored. What in England was regarded as fair play to Germany was regarded as weakness, if nothing worse, to a dishonest and fraudulent debtor.

When the crisis was reached, in January of 1923, by Germany's default, the French Government ignored all warnings, and with unflinching courage seized the Ruhr as their greatest pledge. In the face of passive resistance by German workers to French orders, backed by bayonets, machine guns, tanks and aëroplanes, they proceeded to impose their will by imprisonments, wholesale expulsions, fines, penalties, and seizure of property and paper money, with scientific elaboration in methods of coercion. The declaration of British jurists that the occupation of the Ruhr was illegal and a violation of the Treaty of Versailles was treated with contempt by the French Government—as it deserved to be after Mr. Bonar Law's blessing on that adventure and the acquiescence of Mr. Baldwin's cabinet for so long a time.

France proved to all the world, with a nerve unshaken and unshakable, that her power and purposes were not to be challenged, modified or thwarted by any nation or group of nations. She has a supreme army, a dominating will power, a passionate conviction of the justice of her acts and claims.

The French Government, or at least the French Foreign Office and War Office, who dictate to the French Government, are perfectly aware of the dangers which encompass them and bear down upon them as the future approaches.

They know, with grave disquietude, that the French population is dwindling while German population is increasing.

They know that in less than fifty years France will be unable to raise an army within her own frontiers large enough to defend them.

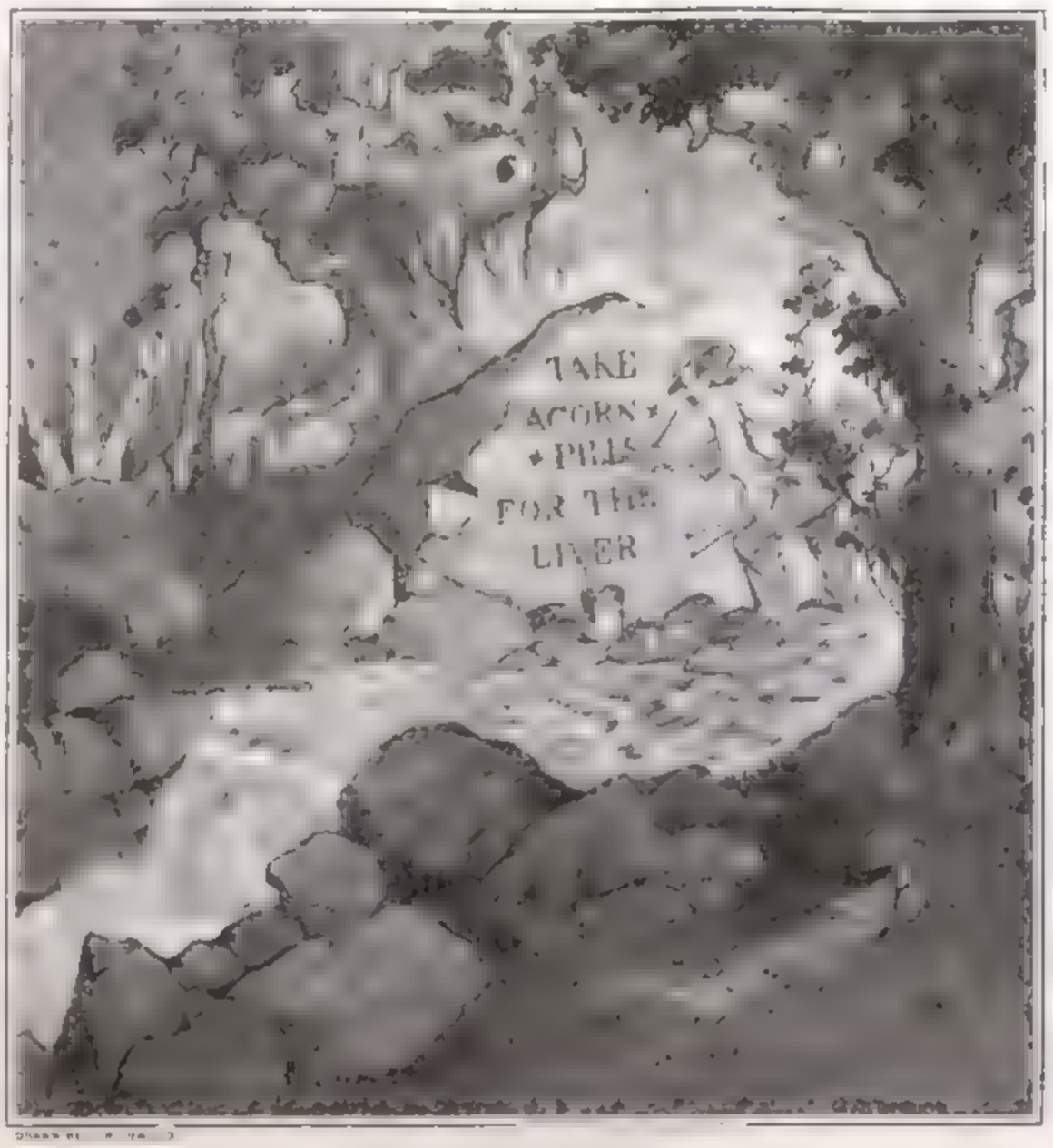
They are making other arrangements to make up for that deficiency. In Africa they are raising, training and arming legions of colored troops who in case of need will be transported into the fields of France.

To safeguard these transports they are increasing the number and power of their submarines, so that even a British fleet could not intercept them.

The French Government is accurately informed of the tide of hate flowing strongly against them in Central Europe and enveloping countries like Sweden and Holland and Spain, who were neutral in the last war, or like Italy, their allies in the last war.

They know that their policy of coercion against Germany with its destructive results on the industrial welfare of Europe is alienating the sympathy of Great Britain and her dominions, hard hit by the loss of markets, shocked in their hypocritical way—so it is thought in France by the

(Continued on Page 32)



Lines to a Waterfall

For the Children

You can get this regular $2 toy grocery store with a few Libby Milk labels. Read the special offer below. Clip the coupon now. If your grocer doesn't have Libby's Milk send us his name and we'll make arrangements for you

A rice pudding that children will eat for health because they like it. The recipe—from Mary Miles West, authority on child feeding—is given below

—a finer rice pudding (*Mary Miles West's recipe*)
—a Libby toy grocery store (*the realest thing you ever saw*)

Frankly, we want you to try Libby's Milk in your cooking. We know that once you *do* try it and see what greater richness, what finer flavor it gives, you, like thousands of other women, will want it regularly.

For Libby's Milk is milk from selected herds in the most famous dairy sections of the country. And, more than that, it is this finest of milk with nothing added but with more than half the water removed.

It is pure cow's milk made *double rich*, so rich that there are 7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can!

See what richness Libby's Milk gives to this pudding

In their joy of using this richer milk, of getting greater richness with economy, hundreds of good cooks have sent us their favorite recipes.

Here is one we're sure every mother will want. It came from Mary Miles West, an authority of such note that her articles on the care and feeding of children have been nationally distributed by the Government.

To make a finer rice pudding, one that children will eat for health because they like it, Mrs. West says:

> Mix together 2 cups Libby's Milk and 2 cups cold water. Then add 3 level tablespoons rice, 4 rounded tablespoons sugar, and 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Stir, pour into a well-buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven for three hours or until the rice is very soft.

How to get the toy grocery store

Another surprise that you may easily have for your children is the Libby Toy Grocery. You can get it with labels from Libby Milk cans—the realest toy store you ever saw, 17 inches wide, 13 inches tall, with shelves, a counter and 12 miniature Libby cans in actual colors. Strongly constructed, this wonderful toy will provide many days of educational fun for the children.

We will send it to any address in the U. S. for 25 cents in stamps and either 12 labels from 16-oz. cans of Libby's Milk or 24 labels from 6-oz. cans

Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer now. Try it tonight—in Mrs. West's rice pudding or in some favorite recipe of your own. You'll see its value at once. In no time you can have this wonderful toy for your children. Clip the coupon now.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
501 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

for Cooking Coffee Baking

Libby's MILK

The milk that good cooks use

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 ounce can

This offer is void in cities and states, if any, having local regulations forbidding exchange of premiums for labels.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
501 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
I am enclosing 25c in stamps and
☐ 12 labels from 16-ounce cans of Libby's Milk
☐ 24 labels from 6-ounce cans of Libby's Milk
Please send the Libby Toy Grocery Store to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

THE APOSTLE OF PEP

(Continued from Page 17)

persons succeed and all sorts of persons fail. I have seen sales managers help their forces and I have seen them hinder, but the rarest sales manager of all is the one who has sense enough neither to help nor hinder a man who is making good.

We had several of the unaccountable successes in this organization and they showed it by their returns, even in the early days when it was a strange company of raw recruits. One of these men was a sleepy-looking individual whose hair always needed trimming, just as his shoes always needed polishing and his trousers pressing. He was clean, however, in spite of his careless attire. His mind worked slowly, and before he answered a question you had a moment of uncertainty during which you expected him to say he didn't know. He was very shy about approaching people, but he had that uncanny and mysterious quality which makes people talk. They would talk to him on first acquaintance, and I have no doubt this helped materially in his selling. In the office—as little time as he spent there—he seemed always to know how the girls were getting on with their sweethearts, whose mother was ill and how someone's brother was making out at college.

In talking to a prospect he was certain to encounter a question that he couldn't answer, and instead of bluffing he would drawl: "I don't know about that, Mr. Smith, but I'll try to find out. If you'll let me use the telephone I'll ask someone and see if anybody knows about that."

Usually the question was one he ought to have been able to answer instantly, but he would tug and pull at the telephone until he got the answer. By that time his prospect was under obligation to this quiet, unassuming, somewhat stupid but kindly fellow, and I have always guessed that it must have seemed like offending a friend to refuse what he offered. Anyway, he sold more stock than anyone else; and there were others who appeared to the naked eye equally impossible, but who nevertheless performed their function.

Persons like the sleepy-looking salesman I have described—his name was Wilson—put Mr. Jump's teeth on edge. The mere thought of their existence made him squirm with discomfort. He used to screw up his face and grit out "That Wilson!" Into the two words he put enough distilled poison to slay a regiment. About the only times I recall seeing Mr. Jump inactive were when he stood staring at Wilson's back, enjoying a silent moment of high-pressure hatred.

On the Jump for Mr. Jump

Once he said to me, after one of these five seconds of concentration on Wilson, "That hardens my arteries." And he pointed at Wilson's back with his thumb. He often referred to Wilson as just "that."

The principal reason for Mr. Jump's dislike of Wilson was his unimpressive way of straggling into the office and waiting to be barked at before speaking.

Mr. Jump would have to ask him "Did you see Whooziz?"

Then Wilson would drawl "Yes, sir."

"Well, well, well, did you sell him?" The words sputtered out.

"Yes, sir."

"How much? Wake up, man!"

"Ten thousand."

"Shares or dollars? Come to life!"

"Dollars."

"Very good, Wilson; that's very good."

"Yes, sir." And Wilson would edge out like a boy trying to escape a spanking.

What Mr. Jump wanted was a salesman who would drop out of an airplane onto the flagpole of the building, swing down from a rope and crash through the window with his eyes popping out while he yelled: "I sold him, Mr. Jump! Ten thousand dollars! I broke into his office! He said he wouldn't see me, but I said to him 'Do you dare to tell me that you refuse to see a representative of the International Amalgamated, sent by that peerless, dauntless, intrepid apostle of conservative, safe and double-your-money finance, John Henry Jump?' And when I said that to him he fell on the floor, weeping. But I forgave him. I sat down on his chest and helped him make out the check."

That was what Mr. Jump wanted, and you must admit that it is a trifle hard to get. He wanted action. However, he usually got it. Stenographers rattled papers, office boys ran around in circles carrying blotters when he appeared, and even I have been stampeded into grabbing a blank sheet of paper and making rows of sevens until he disappeared. But Wilson remained impassive and that is how he happened finally to lose his job.

Mr. Jump's passion for activity was the most exaggerated I have ever encountered, and in this connection I must recount an amusing incident that it led to. He seldom carried much money in his pocket—in fact he liked to be waited upon as much as possible—and one day as he rushed by me he yelled "Grab some money and follow me!"

One could never tell how important the situation might be, so I jerked open the tin cash box and took all the money in it, dashing after him without waiting for my hat.

In spite of my hurry he was in an elevator and gone. Fortunately another elevator came instantly and I reached the lobby in time to see him disappear in the crowd on the sidewalk. There was no chance for me to overtake him by walking, so I ran. Presently I saw his head above the scores of other heads and I made for him, pushing people roughly aside and attracting no end of attention, though at the time I was unconscious of it.

The Animated Collar Ads

As he crossed a street I caught up with him, and on the curbstone I was handing him the money when the crowd that I had just bowled aside came up with us with a terrible and menacing clamor. They wouldn't let either of us escape and we were turned over to a policeman—quite properly, I think. Mr. Jump was able to satisfy the officers at the station and then went on to lunch. It was lunch money that he wanted.

For days I shriveled with embarrassment when I contemplated the figure I must have made, bareheaded and in my office coat, with about $2000 in currency clutched in both hands and running like a wild man. The wonder is that a policeman didn't shoot me and investigate afterward.

Mr. Jump made a menial out of everybody who served him, no matter how adroitly they tried to evade the relation. He would summon his lawyer and ask questions.

At the end of an hour he would bark "Now how much do I owe you?"

The lawyer, who was a kindly, lovable old man, would blush. He was painfully embarrassed, because the situation resembled selling legal advice by the yard or the hour or the pound. Still, he didn't know what to do with such a man, so he would set his price and Mr. Jump would summon me to make out the check at once. Then Mr. Jump would sign it with such vigor that I wonder the pen point withstood the pressure, and present it with a gesture which dismissed the lawyer from the royal presence. There could be only one appropriate way to receive a check offered in such a manner, and that would be kneeling.

Gradually Mr. Jump was getting in touch with the sort of salesmen who pleased him, and still more gradually he was weeding out from his force the men who did not please him. I must tell you about the salesmen who pleased him, because they are, in my humble opinion, among the world's greatest artists. That they are the most consummate rascals does not in my estimation take away anything from the art they show in their rascality. There are a great many of these young men in New York and I am informed that the craft is fairly well represented in cities all over the country. They are always dressed in the very best taste as well as style. They are manicured, massaged, decorated with gold pencils, gold pocket knives, gold fountain pens, gold wrist watches, gold cuff links, studs, buttons and I know not what all. They usually carry sticks. In a general way they follow the collar advertisements. Also I have often thought, when looking at them, that if no one else is deeply impressed by that column in the theater programs entitled What the Gentleman Will Wear, the author of it has at least the unswerving loyalty of the gentry whose experience with Mr. Jump was so pleasant.

I must not give you the impression that these young men are foppish, for they are not. I said they dressed in good taste and they do. If they are always up to the minute in style, they know what to do with style, and I should say that they do not overdo it. Their dress, however, is only a small part of their art. Their real greatness lies in their ability to size up a victim at first sight and from that instant to give a correct imitation of precisely the sort of person he is looking for. These young men ooze wealth. They live in the best hotels or the best apartment houses or on the best streets, and not infrequently in very good clubs. They know men of wealth. I do not mean that they are always pretending either. Quite often they have astonishing acquaintances.

But at the time they make their connection with a firm they are in need of a very small advance, just a mere trifle, perhaps only $500 would see them over the emergency. This is then scaled down to what they can get. But to them $500 is mere lunch money. Also they have groups of prospects out of town. They must have expense money to get to these persons. They always attack the green sales manager, because the veterans know them. There are old war horses sitting behind mahogany desks in New York who can pick these men out on the streets or in a Subway jam. They can spot one of them by the way his coat fits in the back.

But Mr. Jump didn't know them. It was amusing to see how quickly they galvanized into men of great physical strength as soon as they met him. One actually read Mr. Jump's mind so quickly that he closed a successful interview by saying, "Well, I must dash over to the gym now. Man has to do some handball to keep fit for the rush of business these days." Mr. Jump beamed.

Some of these men actually do make a few sales. Others never make any. It depends upon their technic. It used to amuse me to meet one of them sauntering down the hall from the elevator, enjoying the luxury of his cigarette until he would reach the door. There he would hesitate a moment to get set, then push the door violently and rush in with his best imitation of Mr. Jump. Many men study their employers' idiosyncrasies in order to accommodate themselves to the requirements, but the great art of these fake salesmen is that they can begin from the first moment they see the victim.

Weak on Analysis

Mr. Jump was not a particularly difficult subject, but I have seen them as religious young men, as students who hope to be lawyers, as young men who could introduce a girl into society, as passionate Democrats, as fanatical Republicans, and in all sorts of rôles. Remember also that their connection with a firm is a matter of days, usually, or weeks at the most, and that they are playing other rôles—perhaps four or five of them—at the same time. Personally, I think they are remarkable. And somehow they are able to show references and credentials, though often the first impression is so good that no credentials are asked for.

Just as Mr. Jump visioned an international business for the manufacturing plant, so he visioned a national organization for himself, and these young men quickly introduced him to the idea of branches in other cities and states. Usually they have to work hard for such plums, but Mr. Jump must have seemed almost too good to be true.

Gradually our overhead climbed until we no longer had a reasonable cost of distribution for this stock. Moreover, our volume of business ceased to increase and then began to decline. But I must say that this was not entirely Mr. Jump's fault; the great wave of stock buying was declining. But he had thought from the first that his own energy and genius accounted for every jot of success, and he began to fidget and call for more and more statements, comparing this week with last week and last month with the same month of the preceding year. He could never understand why the business rose and fell, though every business I have ever heard of does just that.

In selling stock, Monday is usually the worst day and sales rise gradually until Friday or Saturday. Moreover, the first week of a month is better than the last week. But Mr. Jump knew only one thing about analyzing figures: the percentage of increase must go right along at a steady pace. If your sales increased 30 per cent in March compared with February, then they must increase 30 per cent for April over March. It didn't occur to him that if any firm on earth could do that long enough it would absorb about all the money there is in the world. So he was always annoyed by the figures even when the business was at its best. Moreover, he could understand nothing about those psychological forces which make certain lines of business very good for a time and then dull for no apparent reason. The only weapon he had to use against that obstacle was an additional half hour of calisthenics.

Speaking of the psychological forces reminds me of a conversation I once had with a Tammany captain who was regarded as a sort of wizard.

"Life is like a great wheel that goes round and round," he said, "and I watch that wheel for hand holds. I can't turn the wheel and I can't stop it. I don't even know what makes it turn, but I sure can watch it. When the opportunity comes I catch hold and ride up with it. I guess to a man on the sidelines who hasn't been watching the wheel it looks like I've got a pretty good machine, and he's probably fool enough to think I'm running it when three-quarters of the time I'm afraid to touch it."

Mr. Jump had blindly caught hold of the wheel at a good time and ridden up with it. Now he was on the way down.

Egotism in Business

Before I conclude the story of Mr. Jump I beg indulgence to make one general observation on salesmen in order to correct a very general misapprehension. It is my conviction that most of the salesmen believe in what they are selling. Whenever I have seen newspaper articles denouncing bad stock issues and the men who sell them, there was the assumption that the salesmen knew the facts. I think that usually they do not, and in the most flagrant cases of dishonesty on the part of the promoters I have often found that the salesmen had also bought stock and were taking part of their commissions in stock. I mention this by way of warning to those who would be convinced that a stock was reliable because the salesman was also a buyer.

As the progress of Mr. Jump's business became less and less satisfactory he would often refer to the despised Wilson.

"Well, anyway, I'm glad I got rid of that idiot," he would say, and the frequence with which he made this remark told volumes about his regret.

But I have never known a manager who had the strength to admit error and take back someone whose value had been proved after his departure. I would not have expected anything so reasonable from Mr. Jump, but I say in justice to the man that much abler, fairer, saner men seem equally incapable of forgiving the insult unwittingly flung at them by anyone who proves irreplaceable after he is gone.

What a vast amount of egotism boils and bubbles through business! And what silly things it makes us do! Every human in that office would have felt a little nearer to Mr. Jump if he had brought Wilson back, but to Mr. Jump that would have been an occasion for hanging his head in shame and he wouldn't have been able to look us in the face. So Mr. Wilson never came back.

Mr. Jump pushed and pulled at his sales force, called branch offices on the long-distance telephone, ran round and round his mahogany desk while Miss Cohan took his dictation, stood before the board of directors and shouted that he would "put this thing over or know the reason why." Poor fellow! Perhaps no one could have put it over, but Mr. Jump couldn't even know the reason why. The cost of trying to sell that excess $750,000 worth of stock gradually ate the heart out of the $250,000 which was sold fairly early. The manufacturing firm was crippled so that years would be required before it could again pay satisfactory dividends; and one day our little squirrel cage in that highly entertaining building was empty.

Mr. Jump had so many affairs that I can scarcely remember any of them, but no part of the failure did he charge to himself. His pride was as high as ever and his confidence unscarred. He marched forth to

(Continued on Page 32)

V-63

CADILLAC

Such a signal reputation have the years woven round its name that prospective owners know in advance that the new Cadillac will be all they have hoped for in a motor car.

Expect Great Things

V-63

(Continued from Page 30)

another position as sales manager for another issue of industrial stock. He was a man of such tremendous physical strength that it seemed he could do anything, and I readily understand how a board of directors must have been impressed when he appeared before them. He is one of that astonishing type that will march through life from one fiasco to another, buoyed up to the last by an egotism too tough for the slings and arrows of this world.

There must be a place for such men; they mean well, and within the very limited light of what passes for their minds they do the best they know how. Mr. Jump was an honest man in the ordinary meaning of that word. But the world must learn to judge men by their capacity to do the thing desired of them at the time. Mr. Jump's superb confidence was directly associated with his brawn and good health. It was not based upon capacity in any realm of mental achievement. He was in no sense a manager of anything. I think I have rarely seen a man who needed a manager more than he did.

Across the hall from Mr. Jump's suite of offices was the large single room occupied by Godwin Gamble, and next to that another single office, on the door of which was painted the name, J. J. Fairchild. These two men's activities were mysteries to me for several weeks, and only very slowly did I happen upon the information, bit by bit, which enabled me to understand the nature of their businesses.

Crabbing a Stock Issue

They were among the very few consciously and deliberately dishonest men I met in business. My suspicions were aroused by the peculiar behavior of Mr. Fairchild's callers from the time his doorway first attracted my attention; but Mr. Gamble presented a much more difficult case to fathom, because he had almost no visitors. His mail, however, was heavy, and I judged from the appearance of large Manila envelopes which came daily by registered mail that he received considerable currency in this way.

Mr. Fairchild's visitors frequently walked by his door if they encountered anyone in the hallway. They would return to his door when the coast was clear and slip in with furtive looks along the hallway, showing clearly that they did not wish to be observed. Mr. Jump furnished my first clew to the Fairchild establishment when he told me that if ever I saw any of our employes in conversation with the man I was to report the fact at once. This made it possible to ask questions and he informed me that Fairchild bought lists of stockholders from employes who were in a position to obtain them without the knowledge of their employers.

Mr. Fairchild was a nervous, stoop-shouldered, slender little man who had a habit of bending back the fingers of first one hand and then the other until the joints popped. His eyes were shrewd and small, but had rather a jolly twinkle in them. He was, perhaps, fifty-five years of age, and without being vigorous was agile. There was a machine for printing circulars in his office, and he operated it himself, addressed the envelopes on another machine, and frequently sent away nearly a sackful of mail in the evening. All this work he performed with his own hands—aided, of course, by much automatic machinery—and I think he enjoyed puttering with it while his scheming mind was at work.

His circulars always announced small lots of various stocks and bonds for sale, usually below any other prices which came to my attention. Though all the prices were low, there would nearly always be one price far below the others, and in time I learned that the lowest price indicated the company whose list of stockholders he was using that day. Incidentally, this would always be a company whose stock was then being sold to the public—that is to say, it would be either an entirely new company or a new issue of stock, usually by a comparatively new company. Therefore, most of the stockholders had just made the acquaintance of the company through the salesmen offering its securities. They had bought stock, but probably still felt a little uncertain about it, and quite properly regarded the purchase as a speculative venture.

If they had bought the stock at from ninety to par—as is usually the case—you can imagine their feelings on receiving a circular informing them that Mr. Fairchild had some to offer at sixty. This would, of course, tend to indicate that sixty was its present market value. His offer to sell did not inspire a desire to buy in spite of the low price. On the contrary, it brought offers to sell at the price he named. Many of the stockholders probably paid little attention to the circular, but some would be fired with a keen desire to get rid of their holdings at once before the quotation could go still lower. Mr. Fairchild bought as much as he wished from these people. His operating capital was not large, but one can readily see that on the margins of profit he obtained it would not have to be. He was creating a market for the stock at an arbitrary figure fixed by himself.

Perhaps he could depress the price from sixty to fifty-five and thus buy in several small lots of shares to fill the orders of any who happened to stand firm on their original faith in the company and offer to buy at sixty. At any rate, he filled his orders and those who went to buy obtained what he had offered. The effect of his circulars upon the efforts of earnest men struggling with the task of financing industry must, however, have been very damaging. What hours of explanation must have been forced upon the companies he thus attacked! For surely scores of stockholders took those circulars to the salesmen from whom they bought and asked the meaning of the low quotation. Mr. Fairchild's operations were very much like those of the bad boy who steals an armful of brass fixtures which it will cost $100 to replace and sells them to the junk dealer for a few cents a pound.

Mr. Gamble was distinctly outside the law, much farther out than Mr. Fairchild. He was originally a high-pressure salesman, one of the type often heard about but seldom met, for the simple and sufficient reason that there are not many of them. About the only escape from a real high-pressure salesman is to take ignominiously to your heels. Once engaged in conversation, there is scarcely any other escape. They do not speak of closing a deal, but of the push over. That ought to be enough to identify the breed. They seldom operate on a commission lower than 25 per cent, but they prefer 50—and often get it. They will sell anything, promise anything, and are absolutely without conscience in the matter of selling to persons whose losses will be tragically disastrous. An aged maid in a hotel who has been putting aside her tips to save money for a decent burial, or a widow with children who is struggling with the problem of how to invest her deceased husband's life insurance so that she may feed her little ones is legitimate game for the high-pressure man. These men are absolutely without morals and I have never heard of one who suffered from remorse. Having been one himself, Mr. Gamble knew how to pick them. Moreover, he had arranged the sort of proposition that would be attractive to them, for the commissions, as I afterward learned, were 50 per cent.

Mr. Gamble first attracted my interest because it was obvious that he had a large mail-order business of some kind, and no accounting system. I did not know what sort of business he had at first, because, like Mr. Fairchild, he did not announce it on the door. Only the name appeared there, and that was principally for the convenience of the mail carrier.

So much has been done in recent years toward simplifying accounting systems that I was consumed with curiosity to know just how this dynamic neighbor kept his books. Finding no better way, I boldly invaded his office and explained my mission. He looked at me very piercingly for a few seconds, then, without smiling, stepped to a high desk in front of which was an old-fashioned three-legged stool and threw open several large books partly filled with stock certificates. A stub for each certificate contained all the information his accounting system afforded. This merely added to the mystery. While in the office I observed large numbers of newspapers from various remote parts of the United States, containing advertisements of oil companies, all in very large type, and many of them adorned with the same picture of an oil well gushing currency instead of oil.

Where Striking Oil Meant Ruin

Mr. Gamble's salesmen were never in New York unless for a pleasure trip. They followed oil booms. Mr. Gamble kept in touch with the news and knew where there were oil booms. Whenever one appeared he at once entered that field, obtained several small holdings and began organizing his own type of oil companies. He had several for each field, never one big one. He kept in communication with his sales forces by mail and telegraph, directed their activities, furnished their publicity and collected his toll. The manner in which he received me clearly indicated that he had been investigated, and I later learned that he was usually being investigated. It was during the investigation which took place while we were in neighboring offices that I learned much more about his operations.

Instead of acquiring properties of considerable extent in various parts of a new field, as the larger oil companies do, Mr. Gamble preferred little plots of five or ten acres, perhaps two or three of them. Each of these was made the basis of a separate company. He did not promise extensive development, but held out the alluring possibility of getting one well and at once selling to a large company. This can, of course, be done. In fact, some of the largest fortunes made in new oil fields result from a small group of men drilling one oil well and then selling it. In this way they receive and divide their profits at once without further risk, leaving to experienced men the intricate business of marketing the oil and drilling additional wells. While other companies would be offering $1,000,000 or more in stock, and perhaps assuring stockholders that they would soon be doing an international business, Mr. Gamble offered only about $50,000 worth of stock in one company to drill one well. A good well might be worth $1,000,000, and if sold at once the profit on one share of stock in it would be enormous. But the joker in Mr. Gamble's proposition was that he paid no attention to the capitalization of his company when stock was being sold. If he could sell $250,000 worth of stock in a company capitalized at $50,000 he did so. Stock was sold as long as it found a ready market. All money received above the cost of one well was profit to him; therefore he could pay 50 per cent commission to salesmen.

The great danger which confronted him, under these circumstances, was bringing in an oil well. If ever oil was struck, the stockholders would, of course, rush forward for an accounting. If he had sold $150,000 worth of stock in a company capitalized at $45,000, that fact would then be disclosed and he would be in trouble.

But there are many ways to keep from striking oil. In the first place the odds are very heavily against success for any wildcat well in new territory. But Mr. Gamble did not dare depend upon percentage alone. With each drilling crew was one confidential man whose duty it was to see that the job was handled in such a way that no oil would ever be produced even if oil should be there. A full explanation of how this is done would call for boresome technicalities; therefore, suffice it to say that the matter of drilling in a well, or handling it in such a way that the oil will flow, calls for experience and skill. Except under unusual circumstances of terrific gas pressure behind the oil, it is possible, as I learned, to drill right through the oil without bringing it to the surface except in the form of indications—that is, small quantities. There is also the danger that such a well may begin flowing even after it has been abandoned.

So here was Mr. Gamble, operating wherever the oil fever was upon the populace and carrying with him day and night the gnawing dread that he might bring in an oil well and go to the penitentiary.

As soon as a well could be drilled to the required depth and abandoned, with due notice to the stockholders, that company was dead; but another held out equally alluring possibilities. When a company was dead all records of it except a carefully guarded list of stockholders for future mailing lists were destroyed. An accounting system was precisely what Mr. Gamble did not need. It would have been of too much service to any investigator who happened to be on his trail. As long as he had none his own records could not testify against him and it remained necessary for living witnesses to be brought in sufficient numbers to prove that amounts of stock in excess of the capitalization of one of his companies had been sold.

This was difficult for many obvious reasons, including the fact that after a well was abandoned he gave notice that the stock no longer had any value. Doubtless many of these certificates were then destroyed or very quickly lost. As nearly as I can judge, it would require a new set of laws in most states to catch Mr. Gamble, and doubtless he would simplify that matter by letting those states alone. There are plenty of such states, or seemed to be when I last knew him. At any rate, nothing had ever come of the numerous investigations.

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 28)

refusal to abate one jot in the sacred claims of French justice.

That is regrettable. But France, knowing the risks, is taking them by strengthening her hold on Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Poland, and encouraging their military efficiency. She is preparing to enter into industrial and political agreements with Russia which will prevent, or at least postpone, any military alliance between that country and Germany.

Meanwhile, anticipating every move on the board, the French Government under Poincaré is sure of checkmating Germany in whatever way the game proceeds. Whatever she offers in the way of reparations will be refused, but certain indemnities will be collected by private arrangements with German industrialists, forced to their knees by pressure of circumstance, and more loyal to their own interests than to German unity.

A Rhineland republic will be established either by French support of Separatist groups or, failing that, by the more certain pressure of economic laws following the breakdown of the Berlin Government and its surrender to Bavaria. Spasmodic riots, Communist risings—not very serious, but weakening to Germany—a spreading hunger and decay, even the militarist revival in Bavaria, all play into the hands of France by postponing the recovery of the German people and by dividing them in purpose and policy. With the French *regie* firmly established over the Rhineland railways and that chaos beyond, France will be safe for some years to come even though Poincaré may say, like Louis XV, "*Après moi le déluge!*" After me, Armageddon.

It is not fantastic from the angle of French thought, not wildly unreasonable, this scheme of things. If I were a Frenchman, thinking along the lines of French logic, I should be devilishly tempted to back that policy. But as I am not a Frenchman I see more clearly, perhaps, the enormous danger of it, its desperate hazards, and, as I must add, its essential immorality.

It is a policy of pessimism and not of hope, of reaction to the worst code of international rivalry and not of progress to a new code of international law. It is based on the old traditions of brute force, and in my judgment is not a sound scheme.

France cannot stand alone and untouched in a world hostile to her arguments. She cannot defy for very long the outcry of a Europe threatened by ruin so that France may be safe. She must not rely too much on the loyalty of allies like Belgians and Czecho-Slovakians, whose trade is being undermined by the breakdown of Germany. She cannot count heavily on the fighting quality of her colored legions. Even Poincaré cannot rely on the unfailing support of the French people, becoming rather anxious, rather afraid of the future, rather restless because they are not getting money or security of the kind wanted from his leadership, but rather the certain promise of future war when all the hatred that is being heaped up against them will break bounds, and Europe will be in flames again.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

The Good MAXWELL

Maxwell has now accomplished results in eliminating vibration in a four-cylinder engine, which are little short of startling.

The device which produces this unprecedented smoothness and steadiness, and which gives the good Maxwell yet another tremendous superiority, is exclusive to Maxwell.

It is simplicity itself. Instead of the engine being bolted rigidly to the chassis frame, in the usual way, an ingeniously designed free mounting literally floats the front end of the engine in the frame.

Maxwell, with a short, stiff, heavy crankshaft, and light reciprocating parts, had already done as much to eliminate vibration as can be done in the engine itself.

Now, this floating engine mounting prevents the chassis frame from tuning in at some point of what engineers call the vibratory period.

The result is that those in the car feel no vibration—only the smooth, steady pull of the engine's power—with an entire absence of the rumble which until now has been typical of closed cars.

A ride in the good Maxwell of today will literally astonish you—for you will find it hard to believe that there are not more than four cylinders under the hood.

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Watch This Column

It Was Pitiful Beyond Words

I appeal to you, Good Samaritans, and to my friends and acquaintances throughout the world to send me money and clothing, old and new, for the stricken people of Germany. I have already distributed, partly in person, great amounts of goods sent by friends, and could you have seen the glad light in the eyes of those gaunt, illy-clad folks over there, as I saw it, you would have wept in sympathy.

Possibly many of you haven't forgotten the war, and maybe some hatred still lingers in your hearts, yet it is an American trait to forget and forgive, to soften and sympathize, when real distress steps over the threshold. There is no other nation in the world so quick to respond to a call for help.

Can you imagine going back to your old home town and finding your old acquaintances starving—the prominent families who used to awe and rule and look down on you, going frequently without anything to eat and so utterly bereft of pride that they begged you for a dollar or a dime or anything you would give? That's what happened to me last summer, when times were not one-tenth so bad as they are today.

The fact that these folks were enemies of America, in deed if not in heart—that they were misled by a fool Kaiser, thirsty for power and compelled to become a part of his war machine, all slipped from my mind and the desire to help became uppermost. Yet, I am an American who profoundly respects all American beliefs and institutions.

Will *you* help? Will you send me any kind of help you can afford—food, clothing, hats, shoes, money? All the employes of Universal are contributing, and weekly we are sending cases of supplies to Germany. We all feel that it is incumbent upon us in the name of Humanity.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

BEATRICE AND THE EPICH

(Continued from Page 16)

"Leave me alone," I said, sudden and bitter. "I won't be hurried and hustled and bullied into anything I'm not sure about. I won't!"

He drew away from me like I'd bit him, and he gave me the meanest look, and he said, low and quick, "There's something back of this you don't tell me. If you loved me you'd want to marry me. You're holding something back. Bee, is there some other fellow, or have you got a past or anything?"

I was as mad as he was, or madder, at that.

"You've got a grand little imagination," I said, "but this time it's off the track. I'm surprised at you to insinuate such a thing, Clarence."

He caught hold of my wrist and he looked at me hard.

"But you don't deny it," he says in deadly earnest.

"I don't need to," I says, quite as murderous, and with that I pulled away from him, and I got up and walked out and took my mad money out of my purse, which I had never needed before in all my acquaintance with Clarence, and my carrying of which was a joke between us, and I paid my own car fare home, boiling all the way.

Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? With the way he'd been rushing me, I wonder where he thought I'd 've had any time for any other fellow, when I spent my working day at Kinkead's and had to have at least four hours' sleep. And as for having a past—now that was some idea! I was hot and cold with rage by turns remembering it.

I spilled it all to Aunt Mat before I got my hat off, and though she was kind of pleased to have me fall out with Clarence, she tried to be fair.

"A jealous man'll say anything, dearie," she says.

"Not to me, he won't," I says. "No, sir, and a couple of no, sirs."

And I meant it. All the same, when Clarence came and waited for me next evening, and begged my pardon with tears in his eyes and plead with me to forgive him, that he didn't know what he was saying, I was chump enough to do it. Yes, I surely did like Clarence. Any other fellow that would have pulled anything so rough I'd 've canned for keeps. It was that fatal fascination of his.

Our row and our making up didn't get us any nearer setting a date to get married, for it didn't touch our real problem, which was Aunt Mat. And Clarence was sore at me—concealed, mostly, but I felt it—because I wouldn't just dump Aunt Mat and let her patch up her way of living the best she could. I was sorry, but I couldn't have it on my conscience that I'd bought my happiness with hers. Oh, it was a terrible time—I was so mixed in my feelings, and so nervous and so upset. And Annie and Mr. Timmons were getting married and she leaving Kinkead's, and what would I do without her?

Clarence and I were going to stand up with them, and I had a new blue georgette for the occasion. Gloria was to be at the ceremony, and her beau—not Mr. Collins, but another—and a few other friends, and as Annie hadn't any folks, we were going to have it at our little flat, Aunt Mat's and mine, and Aunt Mat was getting up a supper afterward that was likely to bankrupt us and ruin the digestions of everybody who was present.

All the girls who knew Annie had clubbed together and gave her a shower, kitchen and dining room and lingerie, and Kinkead's gave her two hundred dollars for faithful service, and everything was thrilling and rushed.

Couple days before the wedding Mr. Timmons comes to me and he says, "I want to see you alone." We sneaked around out of Annie's sight and he says, "My half-brother from the West has come on to see us married and he wants to give Annie a present of a fur coat, and he wants it to be a surprise. He's real well off, you know, and open-handed as the day. Now the hitch is selecting it, and I thought maybe you'd go with him, because Annie trusts your taste, and you're about her size. Could you do it, Bee?"

"Could I? Believe me," I says, "I'm the best little fur-coat selecter in the city, and I know exactly what she wants, for we've talked about it a million times more."

"Well, now listen," says Mr. Timmons. "I give you an hour off this afternoon, from four to five. You pin on a red carnation and go over to the station and stand by the information desk, and my half-brother'll meet you there, wearing a red carnation also. I can't have him come here and introduce you, because Annie'll smell a mice. You don't mind, do you? Horace is a real nice fellow, fat and jolly. His name's not Timmons, by the way; it's Baer."

"I think it's fun," I says. "Annie'll have a fit."

It was done as we planned, and at four o'clock I was there at the station, and Horace Baer comes up to me, and he is fat and jolly like Mr. Timmons says, and older than Mr. Timmons, and good-hearted, I can see at a glance, and a nifty dresser—fur-lined overcoat, light gray fedora, diamond horseshoe, yellow gloves and gold-headed cane.

We got along like a house afire. We was old friends in two minutes, and hopped into a taxi and off to a swell fur store.

"Shall we get ermine or sable?" he says as we went in.

"Quit your kidding," I tells him. "Annie's goin' to live in the suburbs and do her own housework. She wants something warm she can wear down to the grocery store if necessary, and good enough for going to card parties and teas in the afternoons besides. Muskrat's her wish."

"Maybe I better get her two," says Mr. Baer. Yes, and he meant it.

I says, "Get her another one five years from now and you'll be a true friend."

We picked out a good, conservative coat, one that would be in style for several seasons, and I tried it on and it was O. K. It was just what Annie wanted, and I knew it, and it wasn't dub, even if it wasn't the latest shout from Paris. Mr. Baer pulls out a roll and pays. Then he kind of looks around and his eye lights on something and he says:

"Listen, girlie, my wife's been wanting one of those little white coats like that one over there. She's not much bigger than you, though a good bit older. Try it on for me, will you, and temme whatcha think. I could take it home to her for a Christmas gift."

I obliged, and it was a swell little coat, and I advised his buying it, and he did.

Then he says, looking wistful, and like a kind old Santa Claus without an ounce of guile in his entire nature, "Lemme get you a little scarf or muff or something just to show my appreciation, willya? It'd be a real pleasure."

I was going to stick to my rule and say nothing doing, but I could see he was going to be genuine hurt in his feelings if I refused, and anyway the Westerners are different from the Easterners; they don't think a present to a lady is a mortgage on her morals, collectible at call, and after he urged a little more, and I'd tried on several foxes and things, I let him buy me a cute little squirrel choker that I was crazy about the instant I saw it, and its cost was so small he let out a squeal of protest and wanted something better, but I maintained that I liked it best, and I honestly did. I was so tickled with it I put it on and wore it right out of the shop.

We carried the coats along, too, and as Mr. Baer had kept the taxi, he took me right back to the store, and then he went on to his hotel, saying that he would bring Annie's around to the ceremony the next evening. I had made no date with Clarence for this night, on account of how much I had to do in the flat to get it ready, and also some final stitches on Aunt Mat's emerald crêpe. I never got to bed until half past two in the morning, but everything was ready, and I was tired but contented.

The next day was another hectic rush, and I came home from the store at such a pace I reminded myself of nothing so much as a leaping kangaroo I had seen in the pictures. Aunt Mat and I scrabbled around getting into our dresses, setting the table and fixing the flowers and the food all simultaneous, and I was just putting her green rhinestone Spanish comb in her hair—she would wear it—when the bell rang.

"They're here," I says, and beat it to the door.

But it was not the wedding party nor none of the guests. It was a messenger boy with a wire. I had a funny feeling like something had happened even before I opened it—a cold shiver or something. It was short enough:

Will not be at the wedding.

CLARENCE.

That was all, every word. But somehow I knew that not only would he not be at the wedding but he would not be anywhere for me any more.

"Whatsa matter?" says Aunt Mat, coming in. "You're white as a glassa milk." She read the telegram. "The big bum!" she says. "The poor nitwit! Why didn't he let you know sooner? Whatsa matter with him, d'you think? D'you suppose he's sick?"

I collected my mind a little.

"Business prob'ly kept him," I says. "Anyway, Mr. Baer can stand up in his place."

"Well, it makes one less to eat," says Aunt Mat, looking at the silver lining. "I've been having my doubts whether there's enough shrimp salad to go round and not be skimped. I'd ought to've bought an extra pound of shrimps."

The bell rang again, and it was Annie and the lady she boards with, and right after them came Mr. Baer, lugging the fur coat for Annie in the box, which he at once shoved under the couch; and after that come some more of the guests, and Mr. Timmons and the minister, and presently the flat was so full you couldn't turn around in comfort.

I explained quick to Mr. Baer and Mr. Timmons about Clarence, and Mr. Baer said he would be pleased to substitute; so pretty soon we had the ceremony, and everything was lovely, Annie looking a picture in her white dress and silver turban, and everyone saying that I looked no less good in my blue, she carrying a big bunch of white chrysanthemums and me with pale pink ones, which made a nice color scheme. Aunt Mat cried all the time, but it only meant she was enjoying herself.

There was the usual laughter and merriment afterward, kissing the bride and so on, with Mr. Baer quite the life of the party, joking and kidding everybody and saying he was glad his wife couldn't see him amongst so many pretty girls, and all that, and we served the supper and there was plenty for all—salad, sandwiches, chicken patties and ice cream.

I had little or no time to think about Clarence, and I am told I appeared my usual self; but within I was cold as a stone, and so dazed I hardly knew what I was doing. While we were busy serving in the kitchen, Aunt Mat looked at me puzzled, with some dishes in her hands.

"I must have counted wrong," she says. "There's three plates over, not just one, which would be Clarence's. Ain't everybody here?"

Then it came to me that Gloria Dempsey and her young man hadn't come, neither. Funny—she hadn't said a word to me at the store, not batted so much as an eyelash to intimate that she wasn't coming. When I went back to the company with more salad I asked Annie if Gloria had said anything to her.

"Why, no," says Annie. "Isn't that queer? Intimate as we three have been, you'd 've thought she'd have let us know."

We said no more, because Mr. Baer was getting out the fur coat and giving it to Annie, and in the sensation that made there was no chance for intimate conversations.

After the supper and the fur coat was over, Annie came into my room and put on her traveling dress, which she had sent up to the flat in the morning, and it was dark brown duvetyn, with hat to match, and she put on the fur coat, and she and Mr. Timmons went off to catch the train with everybody calling good wishes and throwing confetti and pounds and pounds of rice and several old shoes, Aunt Mat leading the revel, for she does love a lively time.

After the wedded pair and the minister had gone, the other guests oozed away and left us to our solitude.

"My feet's about dead in these high heels," says Aunt Mat, sinking with a groan on the couch. "But we had a swell affair. Wait till I put on my carpet slippers and I'll take the broom and get the worst of this rice up tonight."

I took off my bridesmaid's dress and put on a bungalow apron and went to work too.

(Continued on Page 36)

On the floor is shown pattern No. 321—a very popular Oriental motif. In the 6x9 foot size it costs only $9.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Facsimile of the Gold Seal which is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug [illegible] every few yards of genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard.

A Colorful Rug Makes an Inviting Room—

This simple living room owes much of its charm to the rich warm tones of the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

These durable, popular floor-coverings possess every artistic quality the modern housewife demands. Whether she wishes a simple design or an elaborate one, she can find a Congoleum pattern and coloring that will suit her perfectly. There are soft blues or browns for living and dining rooms; delicate flower-like hues for bedrooms; and conventional blue and white and tan and cream effects for the kitchen, pantry and bathroom.

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And for practical service *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs have no equal. They are waterproof, mothproof and stain-proof—unharmed by dirt, ashes or spilled things—and so easy to care for. A damp mop cleans the firm, smooth surface in a twinkling. Think what a relief that is from the tiresome sweeping woven floor-coverings require.

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Congoleum Rugs are made all in one piece—entirely without seams. They lie flat on the floor without any kind of fastening, yet never curl or kick up at the edges or corners.

To appreciate *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs you must see the actual rugs. Your dealer will gladly show them to you. And you will be surprised at the amazingly low prices.

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Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	3	x 3	ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75				
9	x 12	ft.	18.00	3	x 6	ft.	2.50

The pattern illustrated is made in the five large sizes only. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with it.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

When you go to look at these rugs ask your dealer to show you also Gold Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard. The same sanitary, durable, flat-lying material for use where it is desired to cover the entire floor. *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard is also guaranteed by the Gold Seal pledge of absolute satisfaction or your money refunded.

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You sense the quiet dignity and perfect balance of Hanover Shoes, even before you try them on. When you wear them, your friends' admiring glances confirm your judgment. They'll find it hard to believe you paid only Five Dollars for Hanovers.

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This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

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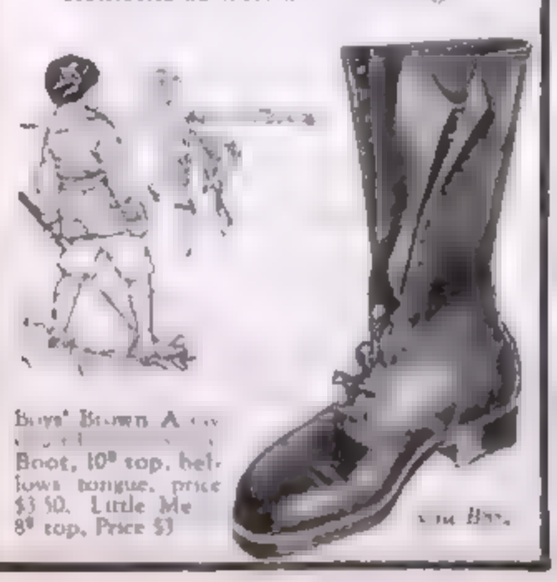
Wintry weather—

together with hard wear, puts a double strain on boys shoes. That's why Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially built to withstand the elements as well as hard usage.



Boys' Brown A[illegible] Boot, 10" top, bellows tongue, price $3.50. Little Me 8" top, Price $3

(Continued from Page 34)

Aunt Mat was chattering away, but my thoughts was all on Clarence. What had happened? Why had he sent that cruel telegram? And why, why did I feel that I would never see him no more? Was it that he could not bear the sight of Annie and Mr. Timmons getting married when our own wedding was so up in the air?

I knew well what a rash, impulsive boy he was, and I felt awful sorry for him, though a still small voice warned me that a man ought to be above doing things like that, no matter how much he is suffering; and how did he know but it might have disjointed the whole wedding party, for he was not aware of Mr. Timmons' half-brother, ready and willing to take his place.

But a woman forgives a man a whole lot when she thinks he did it because he is desperate through love of her, and I determined that at lunchtime the next day I would go and phone to Clarence and talk to him, and try to make it all right with him. I said to myself that I must make allowances for his temperament, and I planned to stop by Annie's ex-boarding house and ask her landlady if she knew a nice lodger for Aunt Mat, as she has sometimes applications she can't accommodate, and this would leave the way clear for me and Clarence to wed.

Well, I did all this—not!

I had got to the store and was arranging my counter, and Gloria came in, and I was just opening my mouth to say "Where was you last night, for goodness' sake?" when she opened her own mouth, and she gave a little put-on yawn, and she says, "I'm so sleepy this morning. Clarence and I went to Flowery Gardens last night and danced till nearly two o'clock."

She was looking right at me to see how I took it. My knees begun to quiver and it seemed to me I could never pump up my voice out of the hollow place in my chest. But somehow I did it.

"D'you like the Flowery Gardens?" I asks coolly. "Clarence has often teased me to go there, but I never would. I think it's an awful common joint."

Not a word about missing them at the wedding, you see, nor nothing. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

She got red's a beet and moved away, and she never spoke to me again all day, nor me to her. But I was all the more puzzled. There'd been dirty work at the crossroads, that was plain; but why—and who? Here I'd worked side by side with that girl for three years, and considered her a friend, and she'd rounded on me like this. But I couldn't get it; there didn't seem to be any reason back of it. But treachery is treachery, whether reasonable or not, and I could see that she considered she had put something big over on me in going out dancing with Clarence when he should have been standing by my side at Annie's wedding. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of asking her a question or nosing around to find out how she had done it, or why, or whether he was most to blame. And I didn't telephone to him, neither, nor write him a note. No, sir, I stuck my nose up in the air and went on with my work, which is what every woman with a breaking heart will do, in my opinion, if she's got any pride at all.

But oh, it was a hard long day, that day after Annie's wedding, and the days that followed were no easier. Soon's Annie got back from her wedding trip I went out to the little house in the suburban wilds where she was now living and poured it all forth to her, and had a good hard cry, letting myself go for the first time.

"I can never bear it at Kinkead's with you gone, and not speaking to Gloria," I wailed. "And to be thrown down cold by Clarence Sinclair, who was my very slave, Annie, and you know it, without rime nor reason, as you might say—what to make of it all I do not know, but I cannot, cannot bear it!"

Annie comforted me and said things about Clarence and Gloria that should have caused their respective ears to burst into flame.

"The time will yet come," she prophesied, "when you will meet them face to face and will get at the truth of this dastardly behavior, and laugh at them. You are too good for Clarence, Bee, and that's the truth; and it is well you found it out before you wedded him, for divorces are difficult and expensive, and separations are not so good for all parties concerned."

She took me out into her cute little kitchen, all blue and white and bride-and-groomy-looking, and she made me a strong cup of coffee, and took out some cake she'd baked, which was not bad, though a trifle too much flour in it. And she went right on talking.

"You got to seek new environments," she says. "You've got to get away from all the old associations—except Aunt Mat, I mean, of course. I think you better leave Kinkead's."

"But, Annie ——"

"Listen," she goes on. "There's a vacancy in Madame Prevous' Beauty Salons. Mr. Timmons' friend, Mr. Antoine, told him so, and said did I know of a handsome young girl they could teach and train. Now that's kind of in line with what you've been doing, and you can learn the business all the way through and lead a new life."

The upshot of it was Annie persuaded me to go and apply, though I was very dubious about it, hating to cut away from old shores even though what had been fair had turned to gall and wormwood. I didn't believe I'd have a chance, Madame Prevous' being the most exclusive place in the city, one of those quiet, calm, deep-carpeted places where the girls walk wavily about and speak in hushed voices and talk of beauty being every woman's necessity and her duty to her race and things like that. They specialize in facials and permanents, renovating elbows and reshaping eyebrows, and the cheapest thing you can have done to yourself is a two-dollar manicure. Tea is served to patrons every afternoon and scented cigarettes offered. The color scheme is pearl and amethyst—very soothing.

Mr. Antoine says to me right off, "Take off your hat," and I did; and he says, "The best I ever saw. Where did you have it done?"

I says, "Where did I have what done?"

"Your wave," he says.

"It's natural," I says, and he give a loud gasp.

He calls Mr. François, who cannot speak a word of English—to patrons.

"You're a favored child of Nature, and no mistake, Miss Henzey," says Mr. François. "You're hired right now for the permanent department, and if anybody asks you, that wave was made here at Madame Prevous' two weeks ago, and is the sort of work we do constant." And he named a sum as salary to begin which was a dollar more than I'd been getting at Kinkead's.

"And there'll be tips," he says. "These rich old hens will give you money just to look at your hair and imagine their dozen spears of dyed mattress stuffing is going to look the same." And he smiled very genial and kindly.

So there I am with my old ties severed in an instant, and a new life opening before me, as Annie predicted. And well enough that I landed so easy, for indeed I missed Clarence something too cruel to imagine. We'd been out every night almost ever since that fatal week at Atlantic City, and I was used to the best restaurants and the finest food and jazz in the city. Now—it was all gone. I never heard one word from him. I never saw him. Little snips of rumor came to me from time to time from the girls in Kinkead's that he and Gloria was going round together just as him and me had gone around, and that she was blowing about it all over the place, and telling everybody that it was because I was so upset over the throwdown he give me that I left Kinkead's. She did not spare details, all of which were false. Once in a while I was all for going to her and having it out with her, but Annie counsels me not to.

"The time will come when you will know all," she says, like a prophetess of old, ringing and firm; "but you'd never get it out of her in a mere word fest. No; wait until she is in your power, and in the meantime silent scorn is the thing for you—and maybe getting a new beau."

"Don't talk to me about beaus, new or old," I says. "I am done with men and their perfidy. Tongue can never tell how much this behavior of Clarence's has hurt me, and if I fall for such another false alarm I am a bigger simp than I look."

"All men are not Clarences," says Annie. "Look at Timmons. A better man never stepped in shoe leather."

"Well, you got the only one," I says, still cold and cynical, which I consider I had a perfect right to be.

"How are you getting along in your new job?" asks Annie, to get my mind off my trouble.

"I like it first rate, and if I do say so, I take to it very well. They let me give a shampoo and a water wave yesterday all by myself, and it come out lovely and the lady gave me a fifty-cent tip. Once I helped Flora she is our best girl at the permanents, and her regular help was busy elsewhere—and she said I've got good hands and must learn the permanent work. She says giving permanents is largely a question of hands. If you can wind the hair on the curlers, and put the tubes on light and quick without pulling, you'll make an expert operator. If you got heavy hands you'll never be any good. There's one thing puzzles me, though."

"What's that?" says Annie.

"Every lady having a permanent, when you get the heaters on, says one of two things. She says, 'Oh, I look just like Sis Hopkins,' or she says, 'Mercy, I'm a regular Medusa.' Now, I know all about Sis Hopkins from Aunt Mat, but who, for Pete's sake, is Medusa? None of the girls know, and we're always wondering. We wait for those two remarks regular, and we say, outside the booths, you know, 'She's a Sis Hopkins,' or 'a Medusa,' according as they call themselves. It's a stock joke."

"I can tell you," said Annie. "Medusa was one of those heathen goddesses, belonging to the Romans or the Picts or the Scots, and she did something mean to some other goddess who was smarter than she was, and the smart goddess turned Medusa's hair into a nest of rattlesnakes, all alive and squirming about, and she had to wear them ever after, and everybody could tell she was coming by the hissing and rattling. That's where that Medusa stuff comes from."

"Well, did you ever!" I says. "Once again, Annie, I do marvel at your cleverness. No wonder you and Timmons get along so well. Anybody that knows as much as you do finds it no trick at all to manage a husband."

Annie blushes and looks warm and happy.

"Bee," she says, "cleverness has nothing to do with managing a husband. Loving and trusting is the only sure way to do that, and Timmons and I, both of us, we love and trust each other."

She looked just like a beatitude as she said it, or some of these religious pictures. I give her a hug and a kiss.

"You old sweetie," I says. "I'm glad you're so happy."

She hugs me back hard.

"I wish you was happy too."

But I was not happy. I was just as unhappy as I could be. I worked as hard as I could all day, to keep my mind off myself, and be too tired to lie awake when I got home at night. But often I did lie awake, though, and sometimes I'd cry. I felt so forlorn. When I'd look into the closet and see my dancing slippers setting there all neglected and unworn, I'd burst right out and bawl; I could not help it. Aunt Mat was not much comfort, because she was divided between being bitter against Clarence for hurting me so and satisfaction that the match was off.

As for me, I could not understand it. How could anybody be loving and kind and attentive right along to one girl, and then turn right around and get another girl, and practically tell the first one to run along and roll her hoop? I knew how quick Clarence was to change and make up his mind entirely different to what he'd said he thought; but even so, that didn't quite explain it. No, it was a puzzle to me, and it kept laying on my mind heavy and hard and could not be dissolved away. If I hadn't been at Madame Prevous' amongst new and different people, I believe I would have had a complete breakdown of the nerves or something. I worried and pined so much.

Nobody, however sad and sore, could keep thinking steady of their sadness and soreness at Madame Prevous'. Mr. François, by the way, was Madame Prevous—that is, he owned the place and run it. My, he was smart! He could dye hair so artful, not in the hard dead dark colors that most people use, but soft and delicate and shiny and natural—it was wonderful! He wasn't French at all, but an Irishman named Grady; but he could talk French like a couple of natives, and be as funny as a crutch when he wanted to be.

And then there was Mr. Antoine—he made wigs and transformations, the very finest ones, and there was several girls who worked with him. And there was the permanent operators, Miss Flora, Miss Louise, Miss Genevieve and Miss Adelaide, with two-three others who could do a permanent at a pinch, though the Big Four, as we

(Continued on Page 39)

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(Continued from Page 36)

called them, was so skillful they could keep several customers going at one time with the aid of their helpers. And then there were the facials, the manicures and the elbow and hand specialists, and Mr. Egbert, who did nothing but eyebrows, and toiled like a horse all day long, he was so sought after. There were two appointment clerks who met everybody at the door and talked to people on the phone, and there was a telephone central and several maids who was just generally useful. Everybody wore either pearl or amethyst one-piece dresses, and it was pretty to see the girls walking round in the pearl and amethyst salons, all of a piece of it, and almost like a chorus on the stage. Mr. François didn't let the dresses get faded or old no, everything was fresh and smart every minute. The appointment clerks wore either pearl or amethyst taffetas, and so did the telephone central, because she sat out in full view. It was all very tricky and people used to come in there and just lap it up.

More than one lady would come panting in after a hard day's shopping and holler for Miss Margaret for a facial, and sink back into the gray chair with a sort of moan and look at Margaret, like a violet in her amethyst frock, and say, "I'm going to have my own sitting room done over like this. It's so-o restful." And then one of the maids would bring her a cup of hot tea, and she'd relax, and while Margaret was rubbing her face she would talk to her soft and respectful, and by the time she went out she'd be a new woman. Oh, François understood what they wanted all right.

Every girl in the place whose hair wasn't naturally wavy had it waved free of charge by one of the Big Four, as an ad. The blondes had theirs freshened a little, gold glints put into it; and the redheads, of which we had several, they looking so cute in pearl and amethyst, had theirs enriched with a little henna now and then. I wouldn't let them do a thing to my hair, because once you begin it, it's got to be done regular, and I couldn't be bothered, and though Mr. François used to look at me sharp now and then, I pretended not to see him.

When I told the girls what Annie had said about Medusa, they all laughed like anything, and I was much spoken of in the place as the one who had solved the dark mystery. They were pretty nice girls, most of them; better than Kinkead's. Girls who can do something real skillful with their hands are apt to have something in the bean as well, you'll notice. Prevous' girls were nobody's fools—right up to the minute and very skillful in handling people, which is about one-half of the beauty business anyway. They didn't tell fancy lies to customers and pretend they could make them perfectly beautiful with a permanent and a few facials, but they would be pleasant and entertaining—but not too gabby—and awful attentive. In a beauty salon a customer likes to think the attendant is just centered, heart and soul, on doing the best for her; and you know, once you practice it a while, you can act like doing this special treatment was the one thing in life you care for, and yet you can be thinking of how to make a new dress, or keeping a date, or what you said to some easy sheik that tried to pick you up in the Subway, and so on. Some of the girls can do it better than others. It's a gift at its best. But, as I say, it can be learnt too.

It was quite a while before I got the knack of wrapping the hair for a permanent, but I took the curlers home and practiced on Aunt Mat until she declared she wouldn't have any scalp left if I kept on. Then I was allowed to help with the waves for some of the girls in the place, and then I was made a regular helper, which was a real advance, and mostly I worked with Miss Adelaide. She and I got along fine, for she was one given to funny remarks and kindness, and never sharp and catty as now and then one of the girls would be; for human nature is human nature, and I always made allowances because after being sweet and solicitous to a lot of boob customers, even a perfect lady has got to let off steam somewhere, and mostly the helper gets it. It was Miss Adelaide who put me onto how to act attentive to a customer and keep thinking of your own affairs, leading a double life as it were; and so I tried it, and pretty soon I could say "Yes, madame," and "No, madame," and "Does that suit, madame?" and "I hope I am not hurting madame," and all the time I would be meditating on Clarence and Gloria and the happy past and the dull and drear present, with no beaus or dancing or anything. Some of the girls asked me to go out with them and their sweeties, saying he would get another fellow and we would have a good time; but I always said no, my heart was not in frivolity any more, because I was honestly afraid I might meet Clarence and Gloria dancing round somewhere, and I might bawl and make a boob of myself. All my diversion, you might say, was trying the curlers on Aunt Mat's hair, and going out to Annie's most every Sunday, for she was always glad to see me, and so was Mr. Timmons. But my wounded heart did not heal up much. Oh, I was terribly sad whenever I thought of it.

Then comes a rainy, nasty night, one of those quick black hard evening rains that catches New York every once in a while, and I was just coming out of Prevous', and saying to myself that I would be soaked to the skin, and wondering if I could grab a taxi, and would it not save bills for pressing my suit, and maybe a visit to the doctor's, too, when a man steps up beside me and says, "Here's your raincoat and rubbers and an umbrella," and you could have knocked me down with a feather; but believe me or not, it was Carlie Watson, looking as big as a mountain and much more comforting than a mountain at that moment.

"What you doing here?" I asks, putting on the rubbers and raincoat, him helping me.

"I saw your Aunt Mat and she was worried about you, so I come around," says Carlie, and he tucks my hand under his arm and holds the umbrella over me and we starts off.

"Oh, you came to please Aunt Mat," I says.

It was kind of nice to see old Carlie again and have him waiting for me, really it was, though I had not given him a thought for ages.

"Yeah, that's it," he says, and looks down at me and grins. "You know I always was crazy about Aunt Mat."

He took me home, and when I come in Aunt Mat says, "Well, are you all wet through?" as innocent as you please.

"You old fraud," I says, "sending Carlie Watson after me, and then pretending you don't know anything about anything. How do you get that way?"

"He happened to be passing just as I was coming in," she says, "and I thought he might as well be useful."

"I know you," I returns. "You think I'll take him back. But you are wrong. I am through with men forever."

"Carlie Watson ain't exactly a man," says Aunt Mat, thoughtful; "he is more like an institution."

At which piece of wit, coming from Aunt Mat, I am bound to say I gave a loud hearty laugh, the first one in months. She looked pleased, but said no more. I said no more, neither; but now and then, in a spell of bad weather, Carlie would appear and take me home, and we had nice comfortable unexciting talk about this and that and what not; but he did not allude to Clarence and his treatment of me, nor anything to indicate that he himself was still cherishing any fond interest in me. Once he asked me to supper and a picture, and as I knew Aunt Mat was going out with a lady friend, I consented, picking out a quiet restaurant, without an orchestra, and a small theater, where there was not the slightest chance of running into the two who had darkened my life.

That evening Carlie broke over and spoke to me about Clarence.

"It is ridiculous," he says, "for a girl like you, Bee, to grieve for a piece of nothing like Clarence. I do not believe you are really grieving, anyway. You are romantic and sentimental, and you let your feelings carry you on, without using your good common sense. There may not be any chance for me again, and I am not putting myself forward; but as a friend who has known you from childhood, I want to say you are worth a million of that little hunk of dancing cheese, and you owe it to yourself to take a brace and see things that way."

"I was not so good but that he threw me down cold without a word of explanation, after begging me on his bended knees to marry him, time after time, and went off with one of my girl friends who he knew was no more nor less than a soft-soap expert."

"I expect he found his own level," says Carlie. "You were much too good for him, and the way he treated you does not reflect on you, but on him—yes, and on her; for I believe in what the French say, in any bad mess, hunt the woman."

"He humiliated and shamed me something fierce by his acts," I says. "I feel that I can never hold my head up again. It was so entirely without cause, Carlie."

"You are not humiliated and shamed then, if it is without cause," says Carlie. "It is he who should be humiliated and shamed, and if I come across him I'll wring his little neck with one hand and mash his face to a pulp with the other." And he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"Yes, it would help things a lot to have a row like that pulled, and the cops come and you land maybe behind the bars, and everybody on the block talking."

"I would not care so much about being behind the bars if that poor fish was in the hospital, as he would be," says Carlie, simple and noble.

"If I only knew why he did it, Carlie if I only knew why he turned against me so," I says, going back to my main idea.

"You will probably find out some day, in the way you least expect it; and in the meantime, why give him the satisfaction of knowing that you grieve for him? I'll bet it tickles Gloria Dempsey half to death, too, when she hears that you won't go out anywhere, and are moping around with a long face, feeling desolate and abandoned."

Annie had said that to me before, but somehow I had not taken it. Of course, Gloria was tickled half to death, and me, poor simp, had never realized it.

I rallied my woman's pride, and I said to myself that Carlie was right, and that he was not so slow and stupid as he used to be by half.

"Right after the hairdressers' convention is over," I says to myself, "I will begin to make a social effort."

We were all working like mad toward the hairdressers' convention, you see, because there is the big competition and prizes of cash money for fine work offered; and the year before Flora had won the first prize of a thousand dollars, and three other girls at Prevous' had won smaller prizes, which was more than any other place in town could boast, so everybody was on the keeveeve to do it again or better. Not that I expected to compete, for I was too new and too green a hand, with so many experienced ones before me; but with everyone else trying new and quicker ways, I had the fever and was working like I was Flora herself.

The permanent competition takes place the last evening of the convention, in the big ballroom of a swell hotel, and the workers are put on a raised platform, with all the apparatus and everything, and the public surges about them, watching every move and making remarks which, if you listen to them, is liable to make you lose your nerve. There are always lots of women who come on the chance of getting a free permanent, done by the best operators in the city; but the judges select heads of hair that are pretty much alike in thickness and texture and length, else it wouldn't be fair, so lots of people are turned away disappointed. It is an awfully exciting affair, and those who compete are usually limp as a dish rag next day on account of the nerve strain and the tension and everything. It uses you up something fierce.

We had five entrants from Prevous', the Big Four and Miss Lily, one of the girls who is not so good, but who thinks she is, and wanted to try. There was about thirty operators entered in all, and it was some mess getting the apparatus over and seeing that the lights and the electric switches for the current and everything was all right. Mr. François and Mr. Antoine was nearly out of their heads, and François was so excited he forgot and talked English to a customer, which was a bad break, indeed, as it was Mrs. Waldemar Simpson, and she had been coming to him for years to get her hair dyed and always thought he knew nothing but French.

The night came at last and I was going over as a spectator, when lo and behold, Lily collapses and has hysterics and faints afterward and is taken home in an ambulance, and naturally she can't compete. Mr. François says Miss Helen must take her place, but Helen is a sort of nitwit and she cries out that she can't and she won't, that she'd be scared of her life, and maybe burn somebody's hair off, which remark gives Mr. François to pause. Then he picks on Miss Jennie, but only half-hearted, for he knew she was a broken reed in any emergency, if you get what I mean. And then he turns round to me, and he says, "You,

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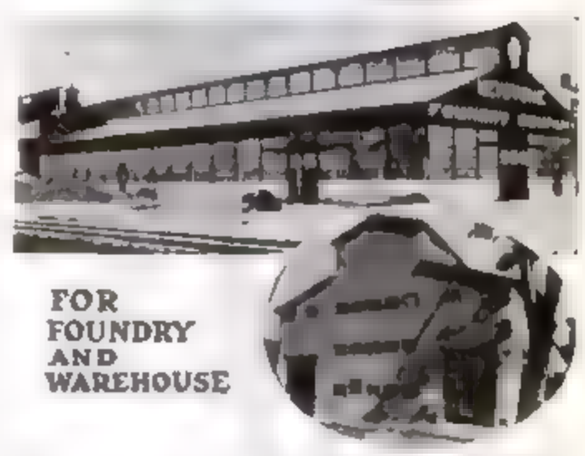

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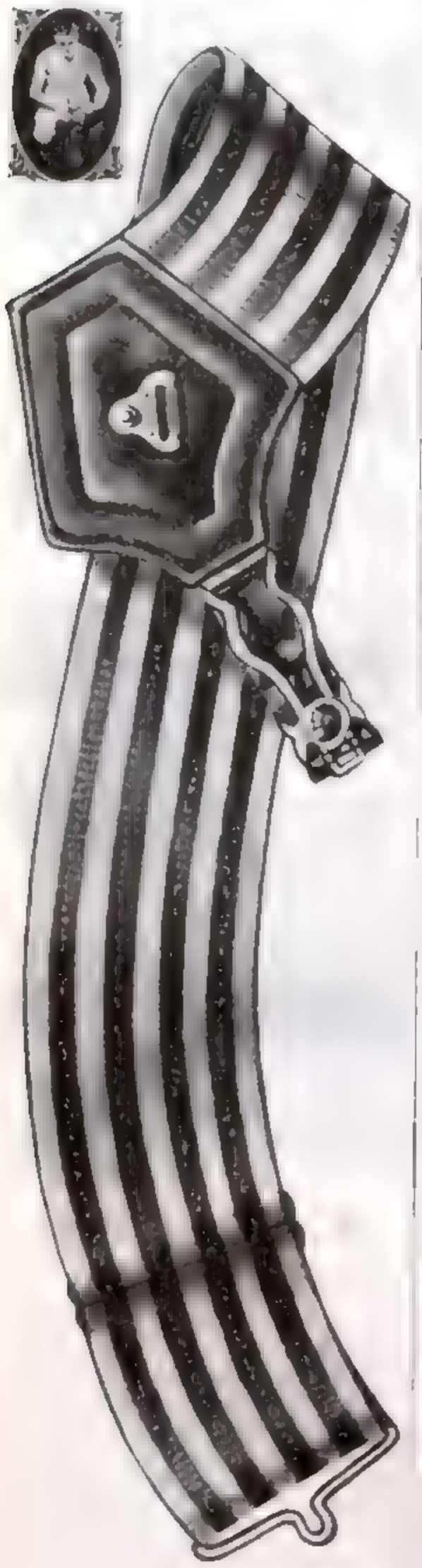

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you, Miss Bee—you'll have to take Lily's place."

"I can't, Mr. François," I says, but something inside of me gave a little jump for joy. It was my big chance to make good, and I knew it, and even if I had never done a head entirely by myself without any watching, I was as confident as if I'd been at it as many years as Flora.

"You've got to," he says, and I demurred no further, and he rushes off to fix it with the judges, they being pretty particular about any change rung in at the last minute.

The girls crowded round me and cheered me on.

"You're a good sport, kid," says Flora, and when Flora praises it means something. And Adelaide patted me on the back.

"Bet she wins the thousand dollars," she says, for a joke.

"Lay off kidding," I says to her; "I know I've not got a chance at the big money, but I'm going to do my best for the honor of the house."

"So are we all," says Flora, "and for the money too." Which was a very safe and sane remark, and very typical of Flora.

How little do we know what fate has in store for us, nor how grandly things work out! The guy that wrote that piece that Annie quotes about the mills of the gods grinding slow but very fine surely said a mouthful. Little did I think—but I am getting ahead of my story.

I went over to the competition along with the other girls, and we were all dressed in brand-new uniforms, looking very nifty, if I do say so. Nobody needed any rouge on account of being so excited. In the room where we waited was girls from other places—some from Toinette's, and a couple from Arturo's, and others from Blanche's, Jean's and Giselle's, and so on. None looked better than we, in my estimation, and we stood together and did not mix, only smiling and bowing in a polite ladylike way if spoken to.

It took such a long time to select the heads we were to work on that we were all as nervous as cats, hands and feet cold, and in the case of Adelaide, who has been in several competitions, but always gets stage fright, being nothing but a big kid at heart, teeth chattering. I stood around there wishing I had not been so fresh and wondering how in the dickens I was ever going to get through. Flora saw how I felt and she spoke to me.

"Go easy, Bee," she says. "Don't try to hurry and don't think of a thing in the world but the head you're working on."

Then we was called, and we marches out, with cheers and handclapping from the crowd, and the judges calls our names and assigns us our places. I tried to go forward easily, but it was pretty bad. And oh, then what did I see? Believe me or not, but as true as ducks quack, the head picked out for me to work on was none other than Gloria Dempsey's!

Yes, there she sat, flushed and determined and pleased with herself, as she always was when she thought she was going to get something for nothing. I like to've passed away looking at her, and then I observed that, as she was sitting facing out, with mostly her back to me, owing to all the lights and excitement, she had not noticed me at all, and did not know that I was to do her. My heart beat like a bass drum, and seemed to hop up and down in my throat so I almost choked. I recalled what Annie had said that some day I would meet her face to face, and little did I suppose it would be in this way. And then it flashed across me that Clarence would be somewhere round about, probably, watching her, and I asked myself was I going to let that pair of low-lifes make a monkey out of me any further than they had already done. And I answered myself, "No, I am not." And with that I became as cool as a cucumber, or even more so. Well enough that I did, for the judges was giving the word to start.

I went right to it like a veteran. My hands never faltered, not for an instant, though I had a very odd feeling, I'll say, when I touched Gloria Dempsey. She had good hair, I'll have to give her that much, not too thick to be a burden, and not too skimpy to be a problem, and a nice color, if you like black hair, which I don't.

After working like a wild woman for what seemed several weeks, I got her wrapped and tied and oiled and the heaters on, and adjusted with the pads and the cotton and everything. All the time I had been working on her I was thinking of how I would like to get the truth out of her, and as I adjusted the last heater and switched on the current, Annie's words of prophecy came back to me with their full force and I realized my time had come. I could fairly feel Annie—in thought, of course—egging me on and upholding me. Without her moral support I could never have done it But I gathered up my nerve and went to it.

"Do not move, madam," I says in my professional voice, low. Then I comes round where she could see me, and stoops toward her. "It is me, Bee Henzey, who is doing your hair, Gloria," I says, "and if you move you will pull it all out by the roots. Now you listen to me."

She turned white like she had seen a ghost, which she had, for was I not the ghost of her guilty conscience?—and I says, "I've got the current turned on and I can burn off every spear of hair on your head, leaving you bald as a rat if I have a mind to, and I will do it unless you tell me the truth. Listen," I says, coming at once to the point, for you only leave the current on eight minutes, and I had no idea of burning off her hair, though by her fear-stricken face I knew she thought I had. "Listen," I went on, "d'you know why Clarence acted so to me? Did you have any hand in it? For I suspect you."

She opened her mouth and spoke, faint.

"Oh, Bee, don't burn off my hair! Please don't, Bee, please don't! I'll tell you the truth. Honest, I will."

"Hurry up then," I says, "or the burning will begin." And I laid my fingers on the switch and looked menacing.

"Oh, Bee," she says, tears oozing out of her eyes, scared to death, "it was my fault. I was always so stuck on him, and he was sore because you wouldn't marry him right off and I kept hinting to him you had a good reason, and he was going past the fur store when you was helping Mr. Timmons' half-brother buy the coat for Annie, and he did not know who Mr. Timmons' half-brother was, and he asked me, and I told him he was your gentleman friend on from the West, and had been for a long time, and he was buying you the coat, and Clarence is so quick to jump to conclusions he believed it and—and ——"

There it was—as simple as that. Did you ever? I looked at the clock. Two minutes to go—but of course you leave the heaters on five minutes to cool down. I thought rapid and consecutive.

"Is Clarence here?" I asked her, she watching me and begging me not to burn her hair off, for the love of heaven not to burn her hair off, and so on.

"Yes," she moans. "Yes, he is here —— Oh, do not burn my hair off! He is standing away at the back by the door. I would not let him come up close, knowing how awful these contraptions make you look."

I gazed far over the madding crowd, which was pressing up around the stage, and sure enough I saw Clarence, dressy and dapper as of yore, and I waved to him to approach. He come worming his way through, and his eyes popping out when he saw it was me.

"Make your confession to him," I says to Gloria, deadly, "or your hair is done for."

She did it. She moaned it forth in little gasps that it was all a lie, that I was as straight a girl as ever lived, and that it was Mr. Timmons' half-brother buying a wedding-present coat for Annie in the fur store with me. And Clarence listened, and he knew it was true.

"And there you both are," I says, stern and low. "A fine fellow you are to believe such a yarn and a fine girl she is to have pinned it on the innocent." And then I saw that it was time to take off the heaters. "Sit still," I cautions Gloria; "your hair is not yet done."

So I went at it again and took off the heaters and snipped off the string and unwound her hair and worked like a whole purgatory full of demons, and she sat still as a mouse, tears running down her face, but otherwise all right. And after she'd had the wash and the drier and the combs and everything, I did up her hair in the new Parisian way, and when I'd poked in the last hairpin I turned round and reported, "Through."

And in spite of all that had elapsed, and all that had been said, and I feeling that I had lived many years in that one evening, behold I was ahead of a lot of the others, even Adelaide not yet being quite done.

The judges took my time and I stood there, looking down at Clarence, who had gone off a little way and was gaping at us both as if he could not believe what his ears had heard. Believe me, I was perfectly calm. The sight of him, which I had so dreaded, moved me no more than if he had been a perfect stranger. I felt as carefree as Eva Tanguay and, as Annie had predicted, I could have laughed right at him had that been the time or place for laughter.

It wasn't so long before all the competition was done and the judges begun examining our work. Gloria, realizing how folks was staring at her, had braced up and dried her eyes, powdered her nose and pulled her features into place. And really I was proud of the way her hair looked. It had chic, lots of chic, and her wave looked superb.

And what was my stunned and unbelieving surprise when my name was called not the first prize, no, that went again to Flora, and really she deserved it. But the third—a nice little two hundred and fifty—was for none other than Miss Bee Henzey, and when everybody cheered and clapped I hardly had the strength to go forward and take the money and make my thanks and bow. What a night!

When it was all over and the crowd had melted away and we girls was getting ready to go home and Mr. François had told us he was proud of us, and then some, I got my hat and coat on and went out to find Aunt Mat, who was to wait for me, when who should stand right in front of me but Clarence, looking like I never saw him look before, which was humble.

"Bee," he says, "forgive me, won't you? I was a crazy man. I saw you in the shop with that fat ruffian and it seemed like there was the answer to why you wouldn't marry me. And Gloria said it was so, and—oh, if I'd used an ounce of sense ——"

"That's it," I says; "you didn't use any sense, Clarence, nor any justice, nor any kindness, nor any of the love you always said you had such quantities of for me; you just used suspicion and hardness and meanness and"—I give it to him straight—"I don't ever intend to have anything more to do with you, and I don't want to see you again so long as I live, and that's that."

I turned right off from him and went out in the big hallway where Aunt Mat was waiting, and there was Carlie Watson waiting with her, and they were both of them lit up like candles with joy and pleasure over my getting the prize.

"Bee, you smart little thing," says Carlie, "You look all tired out. Let's go somewhere and get something to eat and I'll take you home afterwards in a taxi."

Fond he says it, and longing, and understanding, and I remembered what Annie had told me about loving and trusting, and all of a sudden, as I looked up at him, it seemed like I woke up and out of a long ugly dream and knew what Carlie was worth, which was everything to me. I put my hand on his big arm and slipped the other into Aunt Mat's.

"You know exactly what I need, Carlie," I says. "I expect you always did."

He gazed right down at me, surprised for an instant; then he took it all in, and he looked like an entire jubilee at full blast.

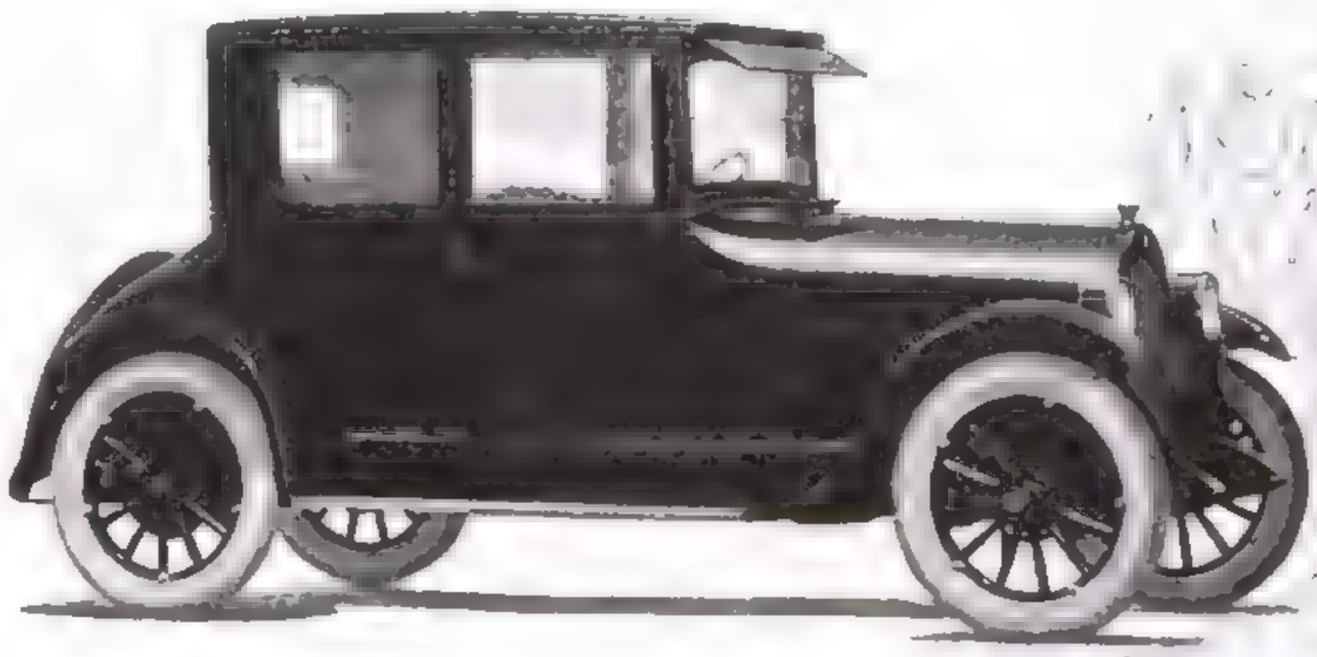
"D'you mean that, Bee?" he asks, unmindful of Aunt Mat, who was all ears.

"Yes, you old institution, I do," I says.

And when the reporters come round the next day to hear from us girls who had won prizes how we felt about it all, I give it out, along with my photograph, "The third-prize winner, Miss Beatrice Henzey, is engaged to be married to Mr. Carlie Watson, who owns a flourishing paint-and-varnish shop on the East Side."

And if that is not a good ending for an epich, what is?

A Fine Closed "Six" with Fisher Body at Open Car Cost



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MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUR NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 8

most powerful nation in the western half of the world—namely, the United States of America.

Nor are the peoples in Central and South America entirely without a list of specific grievances in the past on which they base some of their suspicions as to the future. Mexico has not yet forgotten the circumstances under which she lost the territory of Texas. The United States has been seen recently engaged in a military occupation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic. We have been observed in dispute with Colombia over the territory necessary to build a canal from ocean to ocean, finally assisting by recognition of the infant Republic of Panama in the separation of that territory from the parent state.

All these incidents, which have made on the mind of the average American little impression, have bulked large in the imagination of the Spanish-speaking peoples.

There is a fundamental kinship among all the peoples below the Rio Grande. Their minds are of Latin origin. Their temperaments are the same. They have a way of looking at things through the same spectacles just as Anglo-Saxon people find it easier to understand each other's logic and standards.

The culture of South America is today more French and Spanish than it is American. Great Britain and France have for generations been quarreling about one thing or another and not a few students lay the trouble largely to opposiiteness of temperament.

The diplomacy of the United States meets in Central and South America some of the very same tactics that Great Britain has met on the Continent of Europe; some of the same tendencies to deal in the sort of intrigue such as America herself encountered at the Paris Peace Conference.

President Monroe's Own Words

Latin-America is bound by racial ties and a common language. Most Americans forget that a continent of peoples thinking alike have sensibilities that are as easily touched by a relatively insignificant occurrence in the Dominican Republic as they are by the innocent dispatch of a naval mission to Brazil.

Too often we have been satisfied with the righteousness of our own position and have neglected to explain our purposes, leaving it to the test of time to prove the disinterestedness of our motives.

Whatever else may be said of the present Administration at Washington and its policies toward the Pan-American republics, one thing it has done—which, by the way, passed almost unnoticed in the United States—it has recognized the misunderstandings in Latin-America with respect to the Monroe Doctrine and given to the world the most comprehensive and at the same time incontrovertible interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine that has been made in a hundred years.

The document was in the form of an address by the Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, before the annual meeting of the American Bar Association in Minneapolis. Here and there in America it attracted editorial comment—the speech was published in the condensed form of a thousand words or more in a few large cities. But it meant more to Pan-American harmony than any utterance from the United States Government in generations. Mr. Hughes tackled the job very much as he used to penetrate a tangled case before the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision he rendered—about ten thousand words long—really was an opinion worthy of a disinterested jurist; for although Mr. Hughes is a Republican, he forgot partisanship and proved that President Wilson and Democratic statesmen had held the same view of the Monroe Doctrine as had the Republican Presidents and Secretaries of State.

Though volumes have been written about it, the Monroe Doctrine is a relatively brief and compact statement of national policy. It is worth reproducing here so as to call attention to its precision of phrase and to prove what it does not say. President Monroe, in his famous message to Congress in 1823, wrote:

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more intimately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. . . .

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

This was not a legislative pronouncement. It never has rested on congressional approval, though since being proclaimed it has been indorsed directly and indirectly by resolutions of Congress derived from it and specific reservations of the Senate to The Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, safeguarding the scope of the doctrine from being in any way superseded by new treaties or agreements with other powers.

Nor is the Monroe Doctrine a principle of international law subject to the will of other nations in the Western Hemisphere. Attempts have been made again and again to make it the basis for a league of American nations, but the United States has never looked with approval on them any more than it would view with favor submission of any purely domestic question to an outside tribunal for discussion.

For the doctrine is really a policy of self-defense. And the United States reserves to itself the sole right "of definition, interpretation and application." European powers have acquiesced in the doctrine, but at all times concerted action to maintain it has been avoided. That is why Secretary Hughes recently called attention to these three significant quotations made since the original doctrine was announced:

President Roosevelt: "It"—the Monroe Doctrine—"is in no wise intended as hostile to any nation in the Old World. Still less is it intended to give cover to any aggression by any New World power at the expense of any other."

President Woodrow Wilson: "The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It always has been maintained and always will be maintained upon her own responsibility."

Elihu Root, as Secretary of State: "Since the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration based upon the nation's right of self-protection, it cannot be transmuted into a joint or common declaration by American states or any number of them."

Mr. Hughes' Declaration

But Mr. Hughes himself now has gone still further. He says: "The declaration of our purpose to oppose what is inimical to our safety does not imply an attempt to establish a protectorate any more than a similar assertion by any one of the great southern republics of opposition to conduct on the part of any of the others endangering its security would aim at the establishment of a protectorate. I utterly disclaim as unwarranted the observations which occasionally have been made implying a claim on our part to superintend the affairs of our sister republics, to assert an overlordship, to consider the spread of our authority beyond our own domain as the aim of our policy and to make our power the test of right in this hemisphere. I oppose all such misconceived and unsound assertions or intimations. They do not express our national purpose; they belie our sincere friendship; they are false to the fundamental principles of our institutions and of our foreign policy, which has sought to reflect, with rare exceptions, the ideals of liberty; they menace us by stimulating a distrust which has no real foundation. They find no sanction whatever in the Monroe Doctrine. There is room in this hemisphere, without danger of collision, for the complete recognition of that doctrine and the independent sovereignty of the Latin-American republics. . . .

"I believe that the sentiment of the American people is practically unanimous that in the interest of our national safety we could not yield to any foreign power control of the Panama Canal or the approaches to it, or the obtaining of any position which would interfere with our right of protection or would menace the freedom of our communications. So far as the region of the Caribbean Sea is concerned, it may be said that if we had no Monroe Doctrine we should have to create one. And this is not to imply any limitation on the scope of the doctrine as originally proclaimed and as still maintained, but simply to indicate that new occasions require new applications of an old principle which remains completely effective.

"What has taken place of late years in the region of the Caribbean has given rise to much confusion of thought and misapprehension of purpose. As I have said, the Monroe Doctrine as a particular declaration in no way exhausts American right or policy; the United States has rights and obligations which that doctrine does not define. And in the unsettled condition of certain countries in the region of the Caribbean it has been necessary to assert those rights and obligations as well as the limited principles of the Monroe Doctrine."

Mr. Hughes' state paper came at an opportune moment. Since the European war the nations across the Atlantic have been too feeble to threaten the security of any American country. The theory of nonencroachment of Europe on this hemisphere which gave rise to the Monroe Doctrine originally has little basis in the present financial or political condition of the European powers. There has arisen instead the idea that the United States might abuse her position in this hemisphere. To meet such a possibility there have been some suggestions among Latin-American statesmen that a closer alliance between them and European nations might prove a moral bulwark against future aggression on the part of the United States.

A Flattering Flirtation

This has led to one of the most delicate phases of American diplomacy, about which relatively little has appeared in the press in the last few years. It has existed, nevertheless—the possibility that Latin-American nations which joined the League of Nations might invoke the authority or moral influence of the league in disputes with one another or with the United States and thus set up a rival colossus.

Secretary Hughes had not been in office ten minutes when he was handed cablegrams telling him of the near-war between Costa Rica and Panama over boundary questions, and the possibility that one of the countries might appeal to the League of Nations to settle the dispute. The late President Harding had committed himself in his inaugural address against American entrance into the league as constituted, and the very first question that had to be decided was whether a problem that might lead to trouble in the very shadow of the Panama Canal should be submitted to a tribunal in which the United States was not even a member. It might become a precedent. Mr. Hughes promptly intervened and by diplomacy brought the two countries together. He averted a war.

The United States acted not primarily because of a fear of the league's influence, but really because what happens in the Canal Zone is of immediate interest to us. No hostility toward the league was intended. The feeling was that disputes like this should be settled in the American family before being taken to other continents for discussion.

For three and a half years since, a game has been played from Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, across the Atlantic to Central and South America and back again. The league has courted the Pan-American republics, believing that they might have an influence on the future participation by the United States in the League of Nations. With all the subtlety of which the European diplomats are capable they have flattered and flirted with the countries of Latin-America, large and small. Such honors as the presidency of the

(Continued on Page 44)

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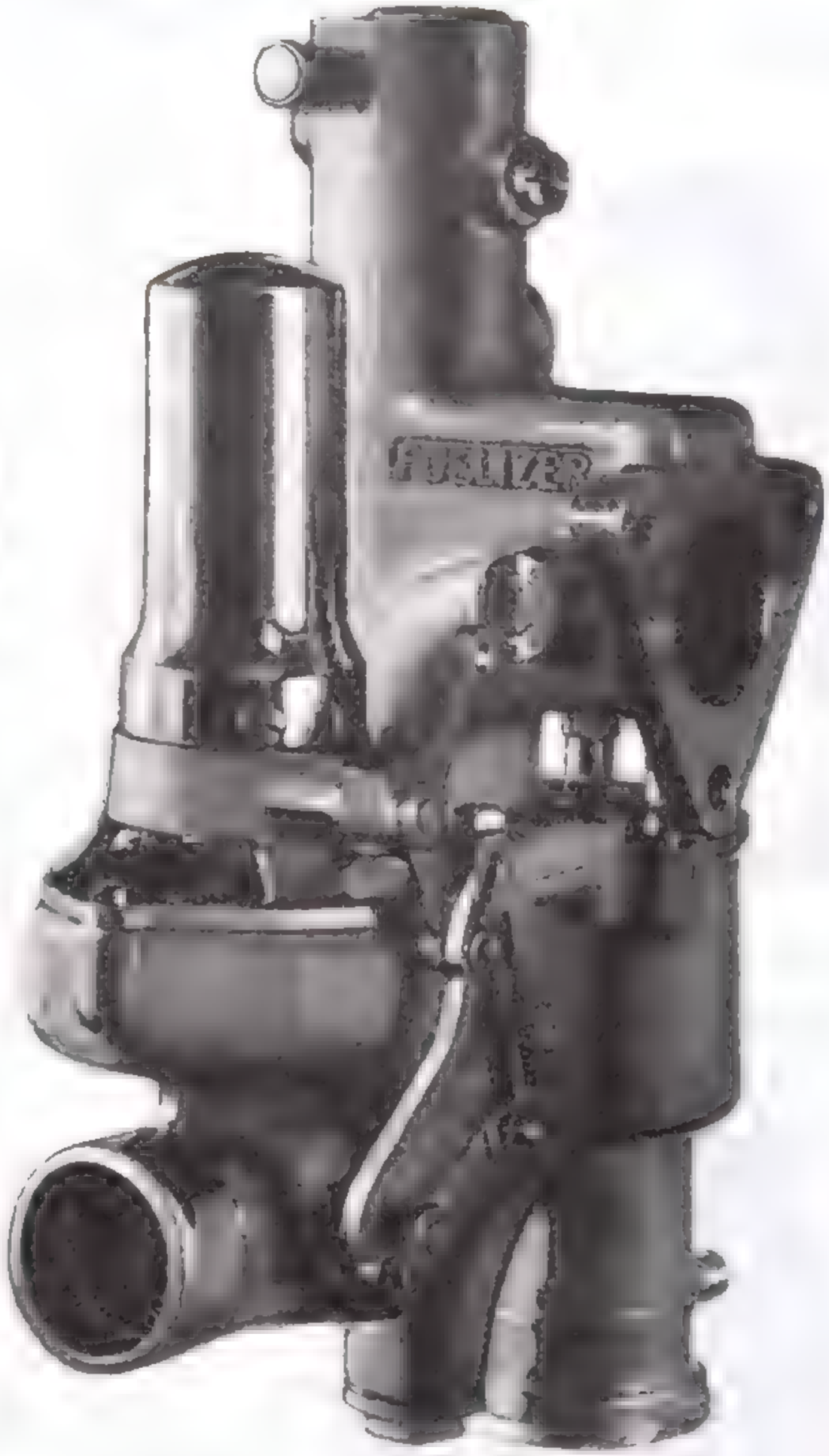

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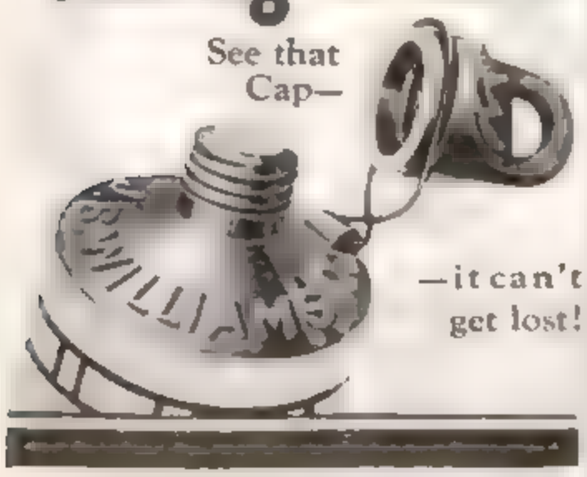

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(Continued from Page 42)

league's council and assembly have fallen on the shoulders of Latin-American statesmen with regularity.

Assessment of expenses to maintain the Geneva league has been reduced for those Latin-American countries which threatened withdrawal.

All this has been quietly observed by the Government at Washington. There was a time when some of the Latin-American countries thought they would win favor with President Harding by ignoring the League of Nations and absenting themselves from its meetings. Some had the idea that Mr. Harding would form a rival association of nations and that he would wish them to forsake the Geneva institution.

I had occasion to take up by letter this phase of American policy with Mr. Harding in the latter part of 1921, writing to the President in part as follows:

> While everybody understands that the Administration has no intention of entering the League of Nations as at present constituted, an idea seems to be broadcast to the effect that the United States would use its influence, directly or indirectly, to prevent the Geneva league from functioning effectively. I believe the impression got started when you first issued your call for a conference on limitation of armament and for a discussion of Far-Eastern questions. Even European newspapers are accepting the theory that the United States intends to set up a rival organization, or a more powerful one, so as to diminish the influence of the Geneva league.

To which Mr. Harding wrote the next day as follows:

> I think perhaps there is ground for feeling that there exists such an impression as you convey in your letter, but of course that feeling is without the slightest justification of any kind whatsoever.
>
> There are some of us who think it would be a most desirable thing for the League of Nations to thoroughly establish itself, even if it did no more than effect the league of Old World Nations for the solution of problems which are very largely their own. I do not know of a person connected with the Administration by any appointment who has a thought of raising a hand against the success of the work undertaken at Geneva.

The Monroe Doctrine Excepted

Later Mr. Harding expressed his disappointment that the league had failed to settle the reparations problem or that it had not prevented the occupation of the Ruhr. But there can be no doubt from these hitherto unpublished words that President Harding never had the slightest intention of impairing the usefulness of the League of Nations as between those countries which had accepted membership in it and pledged themselves to obey its covenant, which, by the way, refers in specific terms to the Monroe Doctrine itself. Article XXI, which is a part of the Versailles Treaty signed and ratified by all the Allied powers and accepted further by nearly forty other nations, says:

> Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace.

Though the United States Senate did not ratify the Versailles covenant, it did adopt by an overwhelming vote this reservation proposed by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, which will always stand historically as an expression of the opinion of the United States Senate:

> The United States will not submit to arbitration or to inquiry by the Assembly or by the Council of the League of Nations provided for in said Treaty of Peace any questions which in the judgment of the United States depend upon or relate to its long-established policy commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine; said doctrine is to be interpreted by the United States alone and is hereby declared to be wholly outside the jurisdiction of the League of Nations and entirely unaffected by any provision contained in the said Treaty of Peace with Germany.

Secretary Hughes does not look for any clash between the League of Nations and the Monroe Doctrine. Originally it will be remembered that he favored the league with reservations that would have given the United States freedom of action in matters of vital concern to it, particularly the Monroe Doctrine. He is not disturbed by the growing interest of the Latin-American diplomats in the Old World's league.

If the league intensifies the Latin-American capacity for international cooperation, so much the better. The idea that the league might be set up as a counterweight to the influence of the United States in Central and South America is not given serious thought, however, because, functioning as originally planned, the league is not supposed to be a breeder but a healer of antagonisms. The league recognizes, moreover, the right of self-preservation, which is the whole background of the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Hughes not only dismisses as absurd the idea that anything aggressive or offensive might be derived from the Monroe Doctrine but takes pains to show that every act which had seemed like a contradiction of this view has actually worked out in time to be consistent with it.

Take, for instance, the dispute with Panama. It will always be contended by the friends of the late President Roosevelt that American policy in Panama was justified, yet it is a fact that both Republican and Democratic Administrations since then have approved the treaty giving Colombia an indemnity of twenty-five million dollars for the loss she sustained. And the treaty was ratified by the Senate and put into effect under the Harding Administration.

No single act on the part of the United States has done so much to rebuild confidence in our sense of fairness. It was as if the United States had said:

"We did nothing for which an apology was necessary, but so long as you feel that we did a wrong and we cannot erase the impression from your mind any other way than by paying an indemnity we will gladly show our feeling of regard for your friendship and do as you wish."

What has been the effect on the people of Colombia? From a spirit of bitterness and hate, the atmosphere has been changed to one of distinct friendliness.

And all through Central and South America that single act of indemnification proved that the United States was big enough and broad enough to accept a viewpoint contrary to her own in the interest of better relations with neighboring peoples.

Our dispute, however, was not with Colombia alone. We heard from it on every side in Latin-America. We are apt to forget that what happens in the smaller countries is of concern anywhere else. Thus our policy in Santo Domingo brought formal protests from some of the larger republics in South America which felt it their moral obligation to check what seemed to them a great wrong. An agent of an overthrown Dominican administration had toured South American capitals, giving an inaccurate impression of what was happening. The United States Government did not hesitate to nip the propaganda in the bud by sending an American diplomat to visit the secretaries of state of South American countries and explain in person exactly what had happened in Santo Domingo and what was the program of the United States.

The Mission to Brazil

It is a work of constant explaining and interpretation. Some of it is still going on. Such is the case, for instance, in Argentina in the matter of the naval mission which the United States sent to Brazil at the invitation of the latter country. Argentina, be it known, looks upon Chile, Brazil and Ecuador as bound together in a sort of entente against Argentina, Peru and Bolivia. This balance of power—if it can be called that—is an outgrowth of long-standing controversies. Efforts to limit naval armament are, of course, desired all over the world, and Argentina thought it particularly inappropriate for the United States to be sending a mission of naval officers to Brazil just after the Washington Government had finished proclaiming to the world a policy of reduction of armament.

The inside story, however, reveals an innocent motive altogether. Brazil wanted to improve her navy. She sought advice and help from her friends. There was a movement on foot in Brazil to invite the British to send a naval mission. And everybody knows that the naval officers from Great Britain would have recommended that any construction contracts be given to British shipyards. Brazil has been the closest friend the United States has had in South America. To have refused her request for an American naval mission would have been to offend a friend. Had Argentina asked for naval experts from the United States—indeed, had any republic presented such a request—it would have been granted. No discrimination against any country was intended.

Despite official explanations like these, the viewpoint of the United States doesn't seem to have been accepted with good grace. There are those who insist the United States should have refused Brazil's invitation and countered with a suggestion that all South American countries enter into a conference for the reduction of naval armament. This might have succeeded, but the chances are there would have been a British naval mission in Brazil today; and as for reduction of armament, the subject came up at the Pan-American conference in Santiago, Chile, in the spring of 1923; but no important action resulted. Students of Latin-American affairs have not forgotten incidentally the presence in Chile of a German military mission before 1918. Anti-American feeling in Chile has diminished considerably in the last five years, and this is sometimes explained as being due to the absence of European military or naval men interested in keeping alive everything that might promote antagonism to the United States.

Chile has, of course, imagined from time to time that the United States sided against her and with Peru in the famous Tacna-Arica controversy. This was never true. In this dispute, too, there was talk of appealing to the League of Nations for a settlement; but the diplomacy of President Harding and Secretary Hughes succeeded in bringing commissioners from Peru and Chile to Washington for a conference, out of which grew an agreement to submit the matter to arbitration with the President of the United States as umpire.

The Pan-American Conference

Many Americans who have no prejudice one way or the other in the Tacna-Arica quarrel are sorry it has been submitted for decision at Washington. Whichever side loses may feel an ill will toward the United States which it may take generations to erase. Between Peru and Chile stands Bolivia, also, waiting patiently for an award that will give her an outlet to the Pacific Ocean. Bolivia is today entirely surrounded. She needs a port. Out of the dispute she, too, hopes for a glimpse of the sea. Should Bolivia be disappointed there is added opportunity for America to lose another friend.

Peru and Ecuador have a boundary dispute which they may take to Washington if the arbitration between Peru and Chile develops a satisfactory outcome. Though the United States is not exactly loved in many capitals in South America, there is nevertheless a sublime faith in the impartiality of the Washington Government. But the bringing of disputes to the United States to arbitrate is not going to be relished here if it means building up ill will. Rather is it hoped now that the arbitrations will be carried to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, which both Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes ardently championed. Permanent jurists are there for this very purpose.

Probably the most important event in the politics of the Western Hemisphere was the Fifth Pan-American Conference held at Santiago from the twenty-fifth of March to the third of May last. These conferences are held every five or six years. They grew out of a desire to facilitate commercial intercourse and to exchange ideas on practical problems rather than to discuss political relations.

Thus, for instance, the last Pan-American conference provided for special conferences and committees to standardize specifications of raw materials, tools, machinery, supplies and other merchandise in order to promote economy in production and distribution.

Projects for the improvement of public health, education, codification of international law, electrical communications, motor highways and the dissemination of news received the earnest attention of the delegations from practically every republic of the Western Hemisphere.

These are not sensational occurrences. Technical problems do not produce headlines. But basically the work done at each of the Pan-American conferences—there now have been five of them—has been progressively more valuable and on every occasion more far-reaching than before.

Inevitably political questions will get into the atmosphere. Indeed, one of the most significant things that occurred was not on the program at all. Eleven of the twenty-one delegations met in an informal

(Continued on Page 46)

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS COUPE

Always admired for its trim beauty, the new Business Coupe distinctly surpasses itself.

The all-steel body is set gracefully low, with accentuated streamline effect from rear deck to radiator. The new spring suspension—common to all types—is everywhere conceded to mark an epochal advance in riding comfort.

The seat is deeper and roomier, with a spacious compartment extending along its entire back-length. This, in addition to the trunk-sized rear deck luggage quarters.

Exceptional vision to the rear, with adjustable quarter windows, is one of many other new features which distinguish this sturdy vehicle.

The price is $1035 f. o. b. Detroit

You can depend upon the dealer who recommends the genuine Klaxon horn to you. When he points out the nameplate which identifies it, you can be certain that in daily performance, the horn will make good every assurance he gives you of Klaxon's unfailing dependability, its distinctive warning note, and its durability.

Klaxon has been building the highest grade warning signals since 1908. For 15 years this Company has been developing and improving the horn, the warning note and factory facilities—so that today Klaxon gives you not only the very highest quality but also the lowest price ever put upon a genuinely high grade horn.

Klaxon *quality—safety insurance*

A dependable horn is as vital to safety as good brakes. Why run any unnecessary driving risks by delay? There is a Klaxon dealer near you who has just the right model horn for you—priced from $4.95 to $30. All are genuine Klaxons.

Continued from Page 44

gathering to discuss some means of counteracting the influence of the United States in the Pan-American Union, whose governing board at present is composed of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to Washington by their respective governments and presided over by the Secretary of State of the United States. It was argued that these ambassadors and ministers had to be deferential to the Secretary of State because they were accredited to the United States Government, and that therefore a special diplomatic corps should be created with ambassadors and ministers to the Pan-American Union only.

This would have, of course, produced at Washington a good deal of confusion. There would certainly have been rivalries between individual ambassadors from the same country, together with perplexing questions of precedence. Uruguay, Brazil, Chile and Argentina opposed the suggestion and it wasn't pressed.

The eleven delegations which attended the round-table discussion, however, were from Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Venezuela, Colombia and Cuba. Taking a leaf out of the book of Washington diplomacy, Panama had its unofficial observer there.

Cuba's representatives at the conference didn't seem to be so friendly to the United States as might be expected. In inviting the next Pan-American conference to Havana for the year 1928, the principal orator for Cuba surprised the Washington delegation by making a dramatic speech of gratitude to the nations whose volunteers had helped Cuba win her independence in 1898—and not a word was said by him of the United States.

This may have been due to a belief that to have praised the United States wouldn't have helped with the opposition elements in bringing the next conference to Havana. It may have been due to the present disturbed state of relations between Cuba and the United States. Anyway on the next day the Cuban spokesman endeavored to correct his error by a graceful speech declaring that of course everybody knew the part played by the United States in Cuban independence.

Feeling, nevertheless, between Cuba and the United States is at the moment far from healthy. The Washington Government was given by Cuba in treaty form the right of intervention whenever domestic tranquillity is disturbed. The United States took a hand a year ago when Cuban finances were in deplorable condition, and only through the good offices of the United States Government was a loan floated with American bankers.

The Situation in Haiti

Now that the loan has been obtained the reforms which the United States wants to see adopted so as to put Cuba on a stable basis are being sidetracked and there is decided irritation over the interference by the United States in Cuban affairs. Anti-American propaganda is carried on in the newspapers and political leaders thrive by their denunciations of Washington policy.

Not far away is Haiti, where American naval forces are in control. Brigadier General Russell is the American commissioner. His administration is keeping business going, as well as a few prominent Haitians from being assassinated. To withdraw the American forces means bloodshed and more civil war.

The country has been in almost continuous revolution ever since it gained its independence. Nearly every president has been overthrown and exiled or assassinated. The United States wants to get out, has said so again and again, has no wish to add to its burdens in governing colonies. The Philippines and Porto Rico have dampened the ardor of American officials for experiments in colonial administration. Out of it all will come a treaty with Haiti giving the United States a right of intervention similar to the Platt amendment in the treaty with Cuba. This for a period of years may have the effect of keeping down the number of revolutions and preventing complications between the Haitian Government and European powers over uncollected debts and other incidents that forced American intervention in the past, lest a European government be tempted to ignore the Monroe Doctrine and seize Haitian territory or customs offices as a means of satisfying its mortgages.

In a different class is the situation in the Dominican Republic though here, too, perennial revolution has kept things topsy-turvy for a generation. President Roosevelt found it necessary to intervene there and appoint a receiver general to collect the customs duties and pay them out to the creditors of the little republic. A plan of evacuation of American forces has, however, at last been agreed upon, and finally a political equilibrium as between the parties has been attained which the Department of State is hopeful will endure. The United States "intervened in Haiti in the interest of peace and order and when these are assured it is not only willing but glad to withdraw." That is Mr. Hughes' own comment.

Across the Caribbean on the mainland of Central America there are more trouble zones. In Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, a few American marines are on guard at the request of the Nicaraguan Government, which fears that their withdrawal may mean revolution. Under the circumstances an obliging Government at Washington keeps them there. Order is necessary in this region of the world for a number of reasons. Commerce with Central America is increasing. There is also another route between Nicaragua and Costa Rica which may furnish a second interoceanic canal some day. It is vital to the interests of the United States that the route be reserved for us irrespective of the present high cost of canal building. Treaties are being negotiated with the Central American countries to assure the United States of the route and to prevent it from falling into the hands of European companies.

Central American Relations

Except for its reputation for incessant revolution, the Central American region is relatively little known in the United States. Dictatorships have given some countries their only opportunity for internal development, yet this only leads ultimately to greater excesses in the direction of revolution. About two years ago there was talk of binding the five Central American states—Nicaragua, Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras and Guatemala—together in a single federation with a central government and legislative representatives from all the countries in an upper and lower house.

The United States Government looked on the scheme as impractical because of the difficulty of communication between the countries. It takes twice as long, for instance, to go from Guatemala to Costa Rica as it does to go from Guatemala to New Orleans—and for the benefit of those who do not happen to have their geographies handy be it known that Guatemala is the country just below the southern boundary of Mexico. Mules are still the principal means of transportation between some of the Central American capitals; and as for telegraph, telephone or railroad communication, only limited facilities are available inside all the countries.

The scheme of a Central American federation fell through for the same reason that so many revolutions occur in that region of the world. The politically ambitious saw opportunities for power and graft vanishing. The Washington Government had no objection to any action which would have improved that section of the continent; but so far as American advice was sought, the answer given was that the time had not come for such a union.

As a substitute the United States Government called a conference of Central American countries which completed its labors early in 1923 after adopting twelve treaties and three protocols. These conventions offer an inspiring example of what can be done in the way of international coöperation as between small countries which are guided by a larger but disinterested neighbor.

In none of these compacts does the United States obtain the right of intervention, but all the Central American countries have the right of appeal to Washington to exercise moral suasion in straightening out their tangles.

First, there is the general treaty of peace by which the five countries agree to settle all differences by commissions of inquiry or arbitration. They pledge themselves not to recognize any government that comes into power by revolution or any individuals who are elected, if previous to the election these same individuals should happen to have

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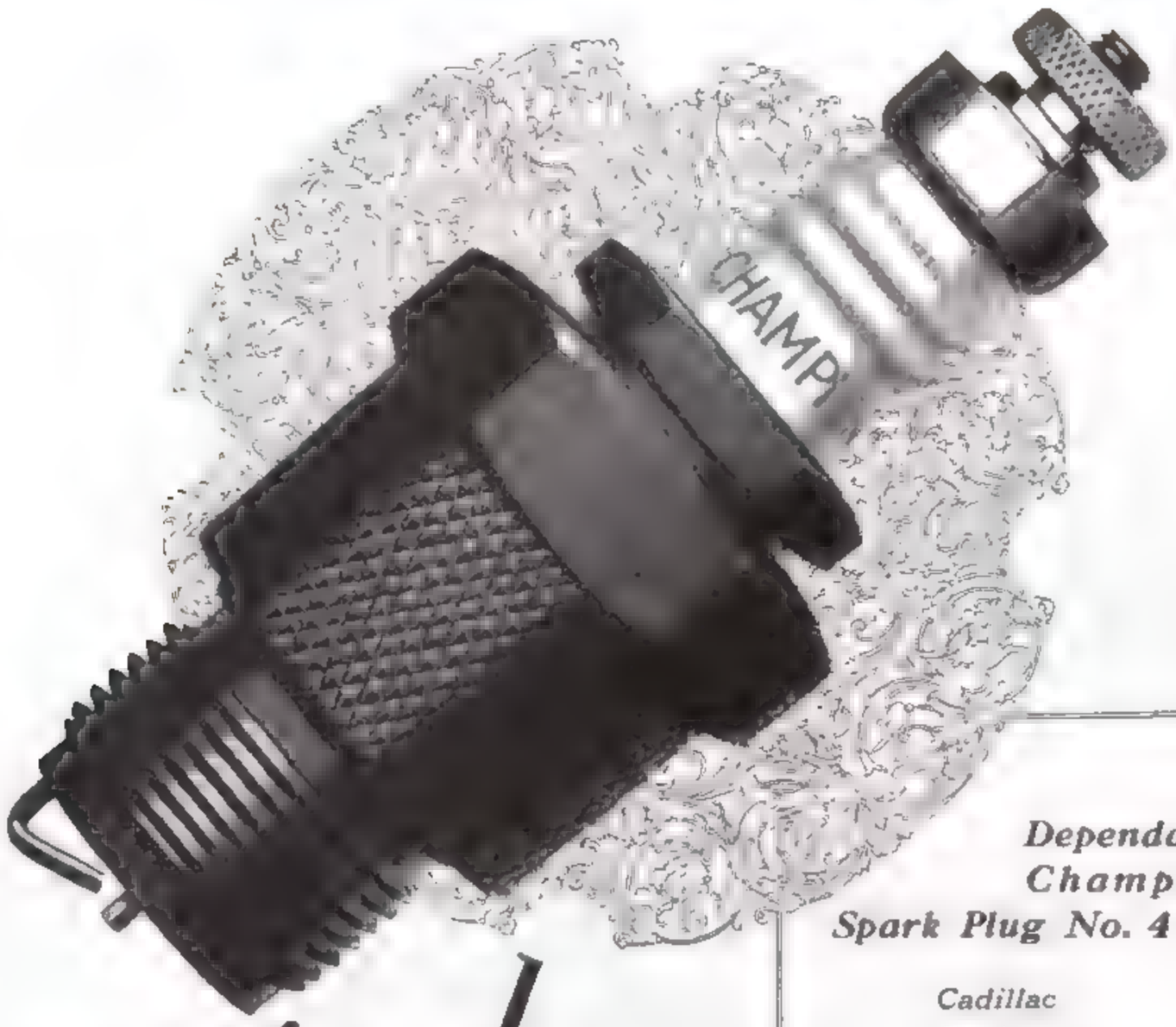

Deserved Preference

The outstanding preference enjoyed by Champion is due to but one thing.

That Champion is the better spark plug

It is better because of the Champion Double-Ribbed sillimanite core. No other spark plug can have such an insulator because Champion controls the only known commercial supply of sillimanite in the world.

This core is practically immune to breakage. Because it is the finest insulator ever devised, the full, intense spark is always delivered to the firing points.

The shock resisting properties of sillimanite make possible the patented semi-petticoat tip of Champion cores, which altogether eliminates fouling of the insulator.

Better performance, with greater power and speed, are thus assured. There is much less danger of engine trouble, with its consequent costly repairs.

It is because of these things that Champion makes two-thirds of all spark plugs produced—why seven out of every ten cars you see on the roads have Champions in their cylinders.

Dependable Champion Spark Plug No. 4 for

Cadillac
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Champion Priming Plug is a great aid to winter starting as it makes possible the injection of gasoline directly into the firing chamber. Sold everywhere for $1.

Champion Spark Plugs are positively guaranteed to give satisfaction. More than 90,000 dealers sell them. You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed Core. Blue Box 75 cents Champion X 60 cents. (Canadian prices 90 and 80 cents)

Fengler gave enthusiastic praise to dependable Champions as an aid in winning the Kansas City 250 mile race. He established a new world's record for 1½ mile tracks by averaging the tremendous speed of 113.2 miles per hour and never stopped at the pits during the race.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

They need the longest-wearing rubbers you can buy!

You can't make them "easy on rubbers"

They're going to race and tear about—slide on the slippery places and scuff their feet over the rough spots!

You can't make children careful of their rubbers and arctics—but you *can* give them rubbers *you know will wear longer.*

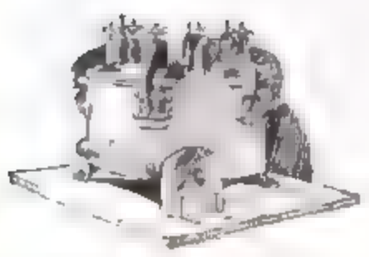
"U. S." Rubbers and Arctics are not only built to stand the hard wear of active young feet—*but their actual length of life, their wear, is measured and tested before these rubbers leave the factory.*

On the left are shown two of the many remarkable machines for measuring wear used in our Testing Laboratories.

"U. S." Rubbers and Arctics are as carefully designed for style as shoes themselves. Each year our designers make a careful study of every type of shoe on the market. Made on a wide variety of "lasts" and adapted to current styles "U. S." Rubbers insure smooth, perfect fit everywhere.

Whether you want rubbers or arctics for men, women, or children you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U. S." line.

They cost no more and wear longer. It will pay you to look for the "U. S." trade mark.



Wearing rubbers out by machine

This remarkable machine gives rubbers the same test for wear they get in actual daily use. In it, sections from the sole and heel of "U.S." Rubbers are tested for wear to the finest fraction of an inch.

Compressing months into days

Several days in this cabinet, where a certain temperature is maintained day and night, has the same deteriorating effect on rubbers as months of exposure to the ordinary atmosphere. Here the actual "length of life" of "U.S." Rubbers is subjected to the most rigid examination rubbers can undergo.

United States Rubber Company

Ask for

Trade Mark

"U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

(Continued from Page 46)

been leaders of revolution or related by marriage or otherwise to the chiefs of the revolt. All the governments also agreed to insert in their constitutions a provision against the reelection of the president or vice president, and to enact laws forbidding the fomentation of revolt on their respective territories against the government of any other Central American state. Detailed rules of procedure for the Central American tribunal of arbitration were laid down with a panel of jurists to be selected by the United States.

One of the treaties that might surprise readers is the convention providing for the establishment of free trade among the Central American republics. Coming from a Republican Administration at Washington which believes in protection, this might be a source of embarrassment were it not for the fact that the several Central American states are not economic units, but are dependent upon one another just as Michigan is dependent upon Illinois.

Another treaty that goes further perhaps than the United States itself has been able to go, especially in child labor, is the one providing for uniform laws to protect men, women and children employed in any of the five Central American countries. Direct or indirect personal compulsion for the involuntary performance of special tasks, employment in factories of children under twelve and employment of any children of either sex under fifteen who have not had the prescribed common-school education of their country is forbidden. The distribution of alcoholic liquors during election day and on two days preceding election day, as well as all Sundays and holidays is prohibited. Only medicines and foodstuffs can be sold in commercial establishments open on Sunday, and only factories or shops engaged in their preparation can go on without interruption, with the exception, of course, of public utilities and means of transportation.

Other provisions of the same treaty obligate the several Central American governments to pass laws establishing compulsory insurance, with premiums paid by the employers, for workmen or laborers, guaranteeing the families a means of support not only in case of accident but when mothers abstain from work four weeks prior to and six weeks after childbirth.

Joint associations of employers and employes are encouraged, as are coöperative societies, with certain tax exemptions, the establishment of official pawnshops controlled by the state, laws looking toward the prevention of the familiar association of the sexes in agricultural and industrial establishments, and the general promotion of the public welfare.

Limitations of Armament

Comprehensive agreements to draft new election laws, the setting up of experiment stations for agricultural and animal industries, the reciprocal exchange of students, the development of plans for better rail communication, and finally a convention limiting the armament of the five republics makes the list of treaties compare favorably with anything that has ever before been attempted in Central America.

None of the five countries can have more than ten war aircraft, nor can they acquire warships. The armies of each country are for five years limited to fifty-two hundred for Guatemala, forty-two hundred for Salvador and twenty-five hundred each for Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The police force is not included. The treaties can be set aside only in case of civil war or the impending invasion of another state.

Sumner Welles, one of the most brilliant young Americans in the diplomatic service, who is at present engaged in adjusting affairs in the Dominican Republic, where he holds the title of American Commissioner, sat with Secretary Hughes in the conference with the Central American delegates. When the sessions were concluded, the United States had taken a forward step in the Caribbean which has since brought general satisfaction in the five little countries. All the treaties have not yet been ratified but they inevitably will be with the constant persuasion of the United States.

Most of the Washington Government's troubles in Central America have arisen out of the tangled financial affairs of the five republics. The United States, by the Monroe Doctrine, has warned European countries against getting a foothold in Central America. If American bankers do not lend money to the little countries they will try to get it in Europe. That means complications between the United States and Europe if Central American governments default on their payments. Also European banking houses usually work with political objects in view. American bankers, on the other hand, will not lend unless some moral assurance of help comes from the Department of State. Thus far the Washington Administration has confined itself to the exercise of friendly offices, so that in the terms of the loan agreements the Central American countries pledge themselves to retain American financial advisers or American commissioners to supervise customs collections.

Commerce is increasing at an amazing rate among all the Pan-American republics, the United States being able to record for the year ending last August a total of more than a billion dollars' worth of imports, and exports of about six hundred and sixty-eight million dollars.

Distorted Views

Cultural contacts are not so promising between the United States and her neighbors as they are between the Latin-American countries and Europe. South American peoples still think of the United States as they see us in the movies. The newspapers of Central and South America publish more news about the doings of European statesmen than the acts of the United States Government or the progress of our institutions.

The opinions of European editorial writers get prominence even as against news items from America.

Distorted views of the American people and the United States Government cannot be overcome without more points of contact. Better relations have already resulted from the fact that the United States Shipping Board has established fast steamship lines to the southern continent. It takes only ten days to Rio de Janeiro now. It used to take twenty, and passengers went to Europe first. Now they can sail direct to South America on the finest vessels in the world. This alone has done more in a few years to bring about mutual understanding than was accomplished in fifty years of diplomacy and conference. For seeing is believing. More Americans are visiting South America and more Latin-Americans are coming to the United States.

The policy of the United States Government has been clarified in the last three years. The United States has come to understand better what is the viewpoint of the other peoples in the Western Hemisphere. Rivalries between the republics are, of course, a constant danger for American diplomacy. Disputes over boundaries, efforts by Argentina or Brazil to gain a commercial or political ascendancy in the countries of their immediate neighbors, Paraguay and Uruguay inherited antagonisms from colonial days—as, for instance, the Portuguese origin of the Brazilians as against the Spanish traditions of the Argentinians—are every now and then responsible for temperamental clashes.

But as among all the republics today in the western half of the world there are no serious controversies not on the way to settlement. America has to be especially careful not to be drawn into the quarrels as between the Latin-American countries. Too often the policy of the United States has been determined by well-meaning but inexperienced and immature subordinates in the Department of State.

Then there is also the constantly changing personnel at Washington. If the Department of State had a permanent undersecretary who was charged with the responsibility of looking after all instructions, notes and messages to and from American ambassadors and ministers in Central and South America, the practical phases of Pan-American coöperation, which have nothing to do with Republican and Democratic quarrels at home, would be immeasurably advanced.

With all our inefficiencies and handicaps, however, the United States can point with pride to a work of international coöperation in the Western Hemisphere from which the Old World might well take lessons—all of it accomplished not by rigid institutions or the rule of might but by the patient processes of reason and good will.

Editor's Note—In an early issue the author will deal with the new rôle unfolding between the United States and her northern and southern neighbors—Canada and Mexico.

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

BOOTH TARKINGTON and a group of newspaper men sat in the Circle Theatre, Indianapolis. They had the house to themselves. Lights out! Curtain! On the screen flashed "Boy of Mine," the latest Tarkington story to be filmed, with Ben Alexander in the leading rôle. The picture held all, but now and again the author stole quick glances at the group. What he saw he tells in this letter to J. K. McDonald, the producer.

"When a picture's pathos makes newspaper reporters cry visibly and sniffle audibly as 'Boy of Mine' did, last night, and then brings shrieks of delighted laughter from everybody, the producer ought to be satisfied.

"In the matter of 'Penrod and Sam' I wrote you that I had so little to do with the success of the picture, which was merely founded on outlines of mine, that I felt able to congratulate you, as a spectator, more than as a participant in the creation of the picture. I could praise the result without being thought pleased with my own work.

"This is still more the case with 'Boy of Mine.' The picture is so dignified and yet so humorous—so touching and yet so immensely truthful—that any writer might indeed be pleased to have his name associated with it; but it is far more such a picture as I believe the best sort of picture should be, than it is actually a thing for which I am entitled to claim any credit. And in point of fact I have had very little indeed to do with its obvious success. Therefore I feel entitled to congratulate you and your associates upon the creation, as well as the production, of what seems to me a very handsome work of art which has nevertheless those elements of popularity necessary to commercial triumph—not an easy or frequent combination, as we all know."

• • •

CORINNE GRIFFITH has started work on "Lilies of the Field," with Conway Tearle sharing honors and John Francis Dillon directing. Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Stedman and Phyllis Haver are also engaged.

• • •

FRANK LLOYD'S fleet of fighting frigates and corvettes has put to sea, and picturesque old buccaneers tramp the decks or walk the plank while cameras record the thrilling episodes of Rafael Sabatini's "Sea Hawk." Unusually elaborate production is planned, with cast to be announced soon.

Rejuvenation, flight from years, vividly dramatized in "Black Oxen."

Corinne Griffith as Countess Zattiany, and Conway Tearle as Clavering.

Could she hope he would love a woman old enough to be his own mother?

Alan Hale as Prince Hohenbauer

Kate Lester as Jane Oglethorpe

Frank Lloyd producer-director

Clara Bow as Janet Oglethorpe

Claire McDowell as Agnes Trevor

Thomas Ricketts as Charles Dinwiddie

"The years, like great black oxen tread the world,
And God, the herdsman, goads them on behind."

CAN it be done—those great black oxen turned back, the miracle of rejuvenation performed? To wondering, hoping women science gives the answer. Much the same question was asked when the filming of Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen" was mooted. Could it be done? To the millions—and there are millions—who have read the story in book or newspapers published throughout the length and breadth of the United States, "Black Oxen" will prove an absolutely complete and effective translation from script to screen. Not merely what is on, but what is behind the screen, the astounding development of it all, grips the imagination.

HERE is Countess Zattiany, paying a little money for a lot of years: returning, rejuvenated, to New York, scene of her former triumphs; hiding under the vitalities and external loveliness of youth the terrible sophistications of fifty worldly years. Here is Clavering, brilliant young writer. They meet and love. But will his immature love suffice a memory crowded with great lovers, greater disillusions? Or, with the clock set back, and men at her feet once more, can youth's illusions return? Again, when the truth is forced, can she ask Clavering to love a woman old enough to be his own mother? No situation screened in recent years can parallel this in dramatic potentialities. And the manner of Frank Lloyd's presentation, with Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle, is superb.

Above:—Starting something! Ben Alexander, some fun, a gun, and an explosive aftermath in "Boy of Mine," by Booth Tarkington.

Right:—Judge the size of "The Eternal City" by this mob scene enacted in the Coliseum, Rome, under George Fitzmaurice's direction. Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, Barbara La Marr, Richard Bennett and Montagu Love portray Hall Caine's famous characters.

Kiss, don't cuss this catcher. Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon as back-lot baseball stars provide the humor of "Painted People"—and swing to splendid drama when Colleen reaches stage-fame while Ben remains a glass-blower. Binding themselves to their own love, their search for happiness among the idols they used to worship makes "Painted People" a fitting successor to "Flaming Youth."

From the Wild and Woolly

MR. JOHN LINCOLN,
Dear Abe:

This piece is being written at Lee's Ferry, Ariz., and I'm giving it to Ed Walsh right here by the fire. If he don't get it to you its no business of mine because I'm giving it to him and Ed's a pretty good rider even if he did get throwed by that buckskin pony (ha, ha) no offense, Ed. We're up here to make a movie—me and Larry Trimble and Roy Stewart doing this "Sundown" picture. What I was going to write about mostly is their radio outfit. They hooked it up and we could hear quite a ways away. They —— the story about Peter Rabbit and the farmer was being told in Anthony Kansas, but your reporter is no durn fool and I don't believe them. Its terrible dark so excuse bad spelling and etc. We got a fire but they wouldn't do like Roy Stewart said. He knows that a whopping big blaze is no good because you can't get near the durn thing and wanted to build a small fire like an Indian so we could get warm by it, but no they wouldn't let him and that's why I'm writing about a hundred feet from it and so dark I can't hardly see this pencil. Nothing much to report except we swum 1500 head across the Colorado today and six yearlings got caught in the quicksand and we saved them. Had to dig about three feet to find their horns. This here "Sundown" picture is about the old west but that day is all gone now and all a fellow gets for punching cattle and getting his skin all full of ticks is $45 a month and what he can pick up shooting craps. Well, farewell and regards from

Yours, etc., Mike Boylan.

Barbara Stars

NEW star, friends. The incredibly fascinating, startlingly beautiful Barbara La Marr is to scintillate as bright particular luminary of a special series of productions issued by First National. The contract—a big one financially—lifts Miss La Marr sky-high where, by her work in "The Eternal City," she proved she should be. Coming announcements as to her first starring vehicle will delight every fan.

• • •

THE stars' Happy New Year party booms along all this month as a nation-wide celebration at theatres showing First National pictures. It's too good to miss.

Join the millions who'll enjoy "Black Oxen" at Big Theatres this month

Now two kinds of Quaker Oats

GROCERS NOW HAVE 2 KINDS OF QUAKER OATS—QUICK QUAKER AND REGULAR QUAKER OATS—THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN

QUICK QUAKER

cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

makes oats the quickest breakfast

Creamy, flavory, wonderful oats; a *hot breakfast* in less time than it takes to make the coffee!

Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. We perfected them for busy wives and mothers, who, because of limited cooking time, might serve oats too seldom.

Everyone knows that a hot breakfast stands supreme. And that oats are the premier vigor food as a starter for the day. Now have them every day.

THE SAME RICHNESS AND FINE FLAVOR

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats.

All the rich, rare Quaker flavor is there. All the good of hot breakfasts, *quickly*.

Ask your grocer for the style Quaker you prefer—Quick Quaker or regular. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 cups flour, 1 cup chopped peanuts, ½ cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1½ cups milk or water, 1 egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid, and stir well. Place in well-greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).

QUICK QUAKER

-cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

REGULAR QUAKER OATS

the kind you have always known

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE

(Continued from Page 25

Consequently the courts, in most large cities, have been obliged to rely upon a group of professional hangers-on, lawyers without offices and without clients who earn a precarious livelihood by accepting assignments from the court.

Of course they are forbidden to accept payment for their services, but they have become adept in extracting fees from the poor devils they are required to defend. Our friend Alessandro, for instance, whom we left in the jury box with his client, is presumably discussing the facts of the case. As a matter of fact he is making a searching inquiry into Di Lorenzo's financial condition. The defendant, who is guilty of the crime charged, and who probably is anxious to plead guilty at once and thereby receive a lighter sentence, may not have any money himself, but perhaps he tells the lawyer that he has a sister who is working as a saleslady or a stenographer.

That settles the plea of guilty for the time being. The lawyer steps out of the box with his client and pleads not guilty. The case is then adjourned for trial, and the lawyer sends for the sister. He explains to her the desperate situation in which her brother is placed, and usually succeeds in obtaining a fee of a few dollars.

Occasionally an assigned lawyer will have a bit of luck and be assigned to a defendant who has real money, and his fee may then be as much as fifty or a hundred dollars; but such cases are rare. The average fee, in New York, is from ten to twenty-five dollars, and some of the members of the front benches have been known to try a case for two dollars.

There is a story told of a lawyer who was assigned to defend a man who was so poor that he could not even dig up a dollar to pay for his lawyer's services. It is further related that the lawyer took the overcoat his client was wearing in lieu of his fee. This was so gross a breach of legal ethics that the offender was no longer permitted to appear.

Most of these lawyers have no offices and no clients other than the defendants that are assigned to them. They transact whatever business they may have, which in most instances has to do with the completion of their financial arrangements, in the halls and corridors of the building. Of course they have no library, and it is seldom that any one of them consults a law book. Their attitude toward the academic side of their profession is best summed up in the aphorism of a famous East Side practitioner. "Books!" said he contemptuously. "Law ain't books. Law is tricks."

Witty Sol Friedman

In more than one city, the judges, nearly all of whom practiced criminal law or were in the district attorney's office before their elevation to the bench, know these lawyers intimately, their weaknesses and professional limitations, and tacitly acquiesce in their violation of professional ethics. They know, for instance, that these men who appear before them day after day, throughout the year, have no means of livelihood other than the money they obtain from the defendants they are directed to defend gratis. The judges permit them, and indirectly encourage them, to continue their practice because they are a useful adjunct to the machinery that administers our criminal law, and they fill a gap that might be better filled by a more intelligent and rational system.

Some of the lawyers who occupy the front benches in Part One may be ignorant and incompetent, but many of them are possessed of a keen native shrewdness which has been sharpened and developed by years of experience. They know the ropes, and they know the rules of the game. Moreover, they are, as a rule, honest, straightforward and reliable in their dealings with the court and the district attorney. They dare not be otherwise, for it would mean their ruin to incur the disfavor of the powers that be.

It is the custom of the judge in Part One to distribute the assignments equally and without favor. The Italian defendants are usually assigned to the lawyer I have called Alessandro. A negro attorney gets the colored defendants. There is a woman lawyer in daily attendance to whom is assigned many of the female prisoners. The other cases are impartially distributed by the judge among the remaining occupants of the front benches.

The best known, and, incidentally, the ablest of all the regulars is one whom I shall call Sol Friedman. Friedman speaks with a decided Potash-and-Perlmutter accent. He is a graduate of a Russian university. He speaks seven languages fluently, and frequently he is impressed into service when the official interpreter is unavailable. Sol is a profound student of the Talmud and Shakspere, and his addresses to the juries are ornamented by frequent illustrations from his amazing fund of knowledge. To Sol are assigned most of the Polish and Russian cases. It is generally believed about the building that about 99 per cent of the cases Sol tries result in acquittals.

Sol is endowed with a mellow wit that is flavored by his piquant accent and humorous delivery. Whenever he tries a case he is attended by a large gallery of lawyers, witnesses and jurors from other parts of the court. It is quite the usual thing for a visitor to the Criminal Courts Building to be told to "go over to Part Two. Sol Friedman's trying a case and it's better than a show." Sol employs the process known as laughing a case out of court with great success.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he says, "my client is charged with stealing a hundred dollars. Do you think, if he had a hundred dollars, he'd have me for his lawyer?"

He Never Tried It

The inexperienced jury look first at the defendant, and then at his lawyer, and generally conclude that there is some merit in Sol's argument.

"I don't get paid for my services," continues Sol. "The learned assistant district attorney gets ten thousand dollars a year. He may not be worth it, but that's what he gets. But the only reward I'll ever get for this case is in heaven."

Dr. Otto Schultze, the district attorney's medical adviser, tells with great glee the story of how he was once outwitted by Sol Friedman. A man was charged with having knockout drops in his possession with intent to use the same. The defendant took the stand, and in answer to questions by his lawyer testified that he had been suffering great agony from a corn on his big toe; that some friend had told him to go to a drug store and buy a small quantity of knockout drops and rub it on the offending corn, and the pain would immediately be relieved. He was on his way home with the medicine when he was arrested.

Doctor Schultze was called as an expert by the district attorney.

"Will knockout drops cure corns?" he was asked.

"Why, that's absurd!" said Doctor Schultze. "I never heard of such a thing."

Sol rose to cross-examine him.

"Doctor Schultze," he began, "have you ever tried to cure corns with knockout drops?"

"No. It's ridiculous ——"

"Then how can you swear that knockout drops will not cure a corn?"

"I never heard of such a thing!" said the exasperated doctor.

"I don't care what you never heard," said Sol. "Will you swear on your reputation as a physician that knockout drops will not cure corns?"

"How can I?" exclaimed the doctor. "I never tried it"

Sol summed up to the jury for about an hour, and during his entire speech he never once referred to the case that was being tried. Instead he told the jury of a corn that he once had. He described in great detail his sufferings, and explained how the pain had increased during the hot weather. The jury was in paroxysms of laughter, and even the dignified judge, after vainly endeavoring to preserve a proper judicial gravity, exploded and laughed till the tears ran down his face. Needless to say, the defendant was acquitted.

Sol once met his match in a little Jewish tailor whose store had been burglarized.

"You say that you carefully locked the door and the windows before you left your store?" asked Sol.

"Yes," replied the tailor.

"And when you arrived there the next day your place had been burglarized?"

"Yes," said the witness.

(Continued on Page 52)

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Give a thought, for instance, to the experience of Charles Tweed, an Ohio man, who relates in detail how he more than doubled his salary thru home-study training:

"When I enrolled I was an operator on a dryer in the oil mill of a local nationally-known paint manufacturing company. I lost this position soon after, due to [illegible] depression.

"On [illegible] I was placed with my present concern in a temporary capacity. Two weeks later the Paymaster [illegible], discovered I was studying one of your courses. He offered me a position as timekeeper. Three weeks later I was given charge of the Production Register and Cost Records of Operations with a 10 per cent salary increase. After whipping these records into shape and installing a new system of [illegible] and piece-work records for the department, I was asked to straighten out the Time Department so a more accurate cost of production could be obtained. For this I received an increase of 25 per cent on [illegible].

"Next I was appointed Chief [illegible] and Assistant to Factory Paymaster, and received a raise of 85 per cent more. I held this position fifteen weeks.

"To start off the New Year, I received a 77 per cent increase, which was followed one week later by a letter signed by the President of this company notifying me of my appointment as Chief of Standards under the Bedeaux system, now being installed in the plant. This was accompanied by another raise of 28.5 per cent, or a total of 108 per cent in less than eight months.

"Without my training these promotions would have gone to somebody else. I can state that my present position is the positive result of hard study and application of my LaSalle course to my everyday work."

Skeptics may suggest that the record of Mr. Tweed, just cited, is exceptional. And—if Mr. Tweed had won his advancement *without* the aid of home-study training, we should be bound to *agree* with the skeptics. For men are rarely promoted to positions they are not qualified to *fill*. With men, however, who have *fitted* themselves for advancement, such promotions as Mr. Tweed obtained are not exceptional at all.

That Tweed's experience could be paralleled many, many times is evidenced by the fact that during three months' time as many as 1193 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totaling $1,248,526. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

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- ☐ **Commercial Spanish**
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- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

Name _____ Present Position _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 50)

"Now," thundered Sol, with a triumphant look at the jury, "will you kindly explain to the jury how this defendant could get into your store if the windows and the door were locked?"

"Mr. Friedman," said the tailor meekly, "suppose you ask your client. He's a burglar; I'm only a poor tailor."

But Sol Friedman is the exception, head and shoulders above most of his associates in legal skill, wit and intellectual equipment. Of course the trial of the average criminal case does not call for a profound knowledge of law or a highly developed technic. Most questions resolve themselves into a sharply contested issue of fact. Either the defendant stole the pocketbook or he did not. The defendant struck the first blow or else he hit the complainant in self-defense. When a complicated set of facts arises, the assigned lawyer is often incompetent to handle it, and, of course, many legal subtleties and technicalities which might be taken advantage of are allowed to pass by unnoticed through sheer ignorance.

In addition to receiving assignments from the court there is another method of obtaining clients, a method which does not belong exclusively to the Criminal Court hanger-on, but which is employed by some of his more eminent professional brethren. This is the employment of steerers. A steerer is a person who solicits business for a lawyer and receives either a flat sum or a percentage of the lawyer's fee as his compensation. This practice is a violation of the ethics of the legal profession; it is frowned upon by judges and the various bar associations; and, in certain aspects, it is criminal. Nevertheless, it is a practice that is more extensive than most lawyers would care to admit.

Particularly in criminal cases is the steering of business by paid steerers prevalent. It is obvious that the lawyer trying to build up a criminal practice cannot rely upon the approved sources of legal business—family and social connections, for instance. Furthermore, the practice of criminal law differs from civil law in this important particular: The criminal lawyer cannot establish a clientele. At the very best he can establish only a reputation. His clients are either acquitted or convicted, and in either event they never come back. It is therefore necessary, if he is to make a living, for him to have a steady stream of new clients. These he usually obtains, if he knows the ropes, by employing one or more steerers.

Good Samaritans

The Court of General Sessions opens at 10:30 in the morning, but by half past nine the main corridor of the Criminal Courts Building is crowded with clerks hurrying to work; lawyers wandering about, carrying brief cases; witnesses clutching crumpled subpœnas, asking to be directed to the court room; police officers, heavy-eyed from their all-night tour—a motley, sordid and yet picturesque throng. In and out of this hurrying crowd a gentleman can be seen strolling in a quiet leisurely manner that contrasts strangely with the bustle and excitement around him. The casual observer might suppose from this gentleman's manner of peering at the new arrivals in the building, particularly women, that he has an appointment with someone who appears to be delayed. But if the casual observer had visited the building any day for many years past he would have seen this same gentleman strolling about the main hall in the same quiet, unruffled manner. He is evidently a person of some importance, to judge from his fashionable and faultless attire.

A woman in widow's weeds comes into the building from the Franklin Street entrance. She is plainly bewildered as she looks about at the hurrying crowds. She starts timidly toward the elevator, and as she hesitates our benevolent friend appears at her side. He removes his hat courteously and speaks to her.

Her boy was arrested last night, she tells him, for burglary. Some neighbors told her that she could get information, and perhaps see him, if she came down to the Criminal Courts Building. This is the first time in her life, she confides, that she ever was in a courthouse.

The kind-hearted Samaritan is obviously touched by her story; so touched, in fact, that he forthwith drops all his own important personal affairs to devote himself to the poor widow and her unfortunate son. As he leads her over to a secluded corner where they can converse without interruption, she tells him that her husband was killed recently in an accident, and that she is collecting compensation insurance. The benevolent gentleman is moved to deep compassion. In the language of the building, he has landed a live one.

She listens eagerly as her new friend tells her how fortunate she is to have run across him. She might have fallen into the hands of some of those sharpers who hang around here, lying in wait for confiding widows. Yes, he knows all the judges—intimately. Calls them by their first names, in fact. They'd do practically anything in the world for him. Just like this: He holds up two fingers to illustrate the closeness that exists between him and the judges of the Court of General Sessions. But the case must be handled by a lawyer. Yes, he knows one: the best in the city.

This is a brief summary of how it is done. The lawyer to whom the steerer subsequently introduces the widow may be competent or he may not be. But in every instance he is adept in extracting a fee, in which the benevolent gentleman, of course, participates.

Sometimes the steerer is the agent of a surety company, and combines the business of steering with the business of writing bail bonds. In addition to the professional steerers who appear to devote all their time to this noble occupation, there are any number of amateurs—court attendants, prison keepers, process servers and other minor employes—who use their official positions to obtain business for certain favored attorneys, who, of course, compensate them for their services. Some of the more successful lawyers are rumored to have police officers and detectives on their pay rolls.

Gullible Crooks

The writer of this article was seated one morning in the office of an attorney in a small store opposite the Jefferson Market Police Court. As the police patrol drove up to the side door of the jail to deposit its load of prisoners, the driver of the wagon, a uniformed officer, held up his hand and waved four fingers significantly at the lawyer across the street. The lawyer was asked the meaning of this signal.

"Four live ones!" he exclaimed as he grabbed his hat and rushed over to the jail to forestall any of his competitors who might have had news of the arrival of the live ones.

There is an excellent rule in the City Prison—more honored in the breach, however, than in the observance—that no lawyer is permitted to interview a prisoner unless he first files a notice of appearance, indicating that he has either been retained or assigned. It is not an uncommon experience for a lawyer, upon visiting his client in the counsel room of The Tombs, to hear something of this sort:

"There was a feller here yesterday who says he can get my indictment killed, an' get me out o' here in a week."

"Yes?" says the lawyer, mildly interested. "Why don't you let him do it?"

"Well," says the client, "he says it'll cost a grand." In the parlance of The Tombs a grand is a thousand dollars. "The assistant district attorney wants seven-fifty and the feller wants two-fifty for hisself."

The lawyer explains to his client that his visitor was a crook and a swindler, and that the assistant district attorney would kick him out of his office if he dared to suggest a bribe. The client often is only half convinced.

Dickens has said that there is a simplicity of guile as well as a simplicity of innocence. It is curious how gullible and simple-minded professional criminals often are; men who supposedly live by their wits and by duping more honest citizens. Any suggestion of improper influence, of reaching the district attorney or even the presiding judge, no matter how absurd and preposterous, is eagerly seized upon and believed by the trusting defendant.

Some time ago a prisoner paid a large sum of money to a person who had managed to get to him in The Tombs. The money was to be paid to the assistant district attorney, and the defendant, upon his plea of guilty, was to receive a suspended sentence.

When the prisoner appeared in court the judge promptly sentenced him to several years at hard labor in Sing Sing. The defendant was surprised, shocked and grieved.

(Continued on Page 54)

Josef Hofmann
THE PUPIL OF RUBINSTEIN

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(Continued from Page 52)

He had been double-crossed, he declared, by the assistant district attorney.

The defendant was taken into an adjoining room by the assistant district attorney, who learned, to his amazement and indignation, that his name had been used as part of a scheme to extort money from the defendant. The lawyer representing the defendant, of course, disclaimed all knowledge of the swindle, and since the person who had received the money from the prisoner in The Tombs, upon learning of what had happened, promptly disappeared, the matter was dropped.

Last year there was a prisoner in The Tombs charged with having swindled several old ladies out of large sums of money. He pleaded guilty and turned state's evidence against his accomplices. The district attorney had him brought to his office every day to assist in the preparation of the cases against the accomplices, and the other prisoners in the vicinity of his cell, seeing him leave The Tombs and remain away for several hours at a time, began to believe that he had a strong pull with the district attorney. Before he finally left The Tombs to begin his sentence of several years in Sing Sing he succeeded in fleecing his fellow prisoners out of several hundred dollars by guaranteeing to have the indictments against them quashed.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the various proposals that have been made to improve the conditions that exist in the Criminal Courts Building. Mr. Mayer Goldman, in his book, The Public Defender, has set forth the case in favor of an elected public official with a staff of trained assistants who shall defend all those charged with crime who are unable to retain competent counsel.

Vanishing Witnesses

Aside from the many valid arguments against a public defender there exists a decided objection against it on the part of the defendants themselves. The reason for this is clear. It must be apparent that among lawyers such as have been described there can exist but a rudimentary appreciation of the moral obligations of their profession. What they lack in professional skill and acumen they make up in their willingness to take chances. It is a regrettable fact, but true, nevertheless, that a large number of lawyers, no matter how distinguished their standing at the bar, who are actively engaged in the trial of cases, condone and permit either actively or passively, subornation of perjury. In a contest wherein two sets of witnesses testify to diametrically opposite statements of facts, it is hard to suppose that an experienced attorney does not know when his witness is the one that is lying.

When the unscrupulous lawyer "prepares" his case, as it is euphemistically called in the legal profession, he is very careful to direct his client's story along the lines that will best coincide with the available legal defenses. He is also skillful in reaching the witnesses for the prosecution. It is not unusual for the assistant district attorney who believes that he has an ironclad case, to find, going to trial, that his most important witness has fortuitously forgotten the vital part of his testimony. He has no proof that his witness has been bribed, but he knows that his adversary is notorious about the building as a fixer. The professional criminal under indictment does not want the services of a lawyer. He wants an accomplice.

An interesting experiment has been attempted during the past few years in the Criminal Courts Building. A private organization called The Public Defenders Committee has been organized to perform the functions of a public defender. At the head of it is Mr. Louis Fabricant, an ex-assistant district attorney, and an able, skillful lawyer of the highest type. Mr. Fabricant will not appear for a defendant who desires to interpose a framed-up defense; and inasmuch as there are many offenders who do not want to plead guilty, there still remains a considerable amount of work for the assigned lawyers to do.

That the conditions that exist in the Criminal Courts Building are unsavory and unwholesome cannot be questioned. The chief fault seems to lie with the bar generally, the various bar associations, and the so-called reputable practitioners who assume a supercilious holier-than-thou attitude toward the practice of criminal law.

"I wouldn't touch a criminal case," says the average successful lawyer in pretty much the same way that he would say, "I wouldn't pick a pocket."

Dislike of Criminal Practice

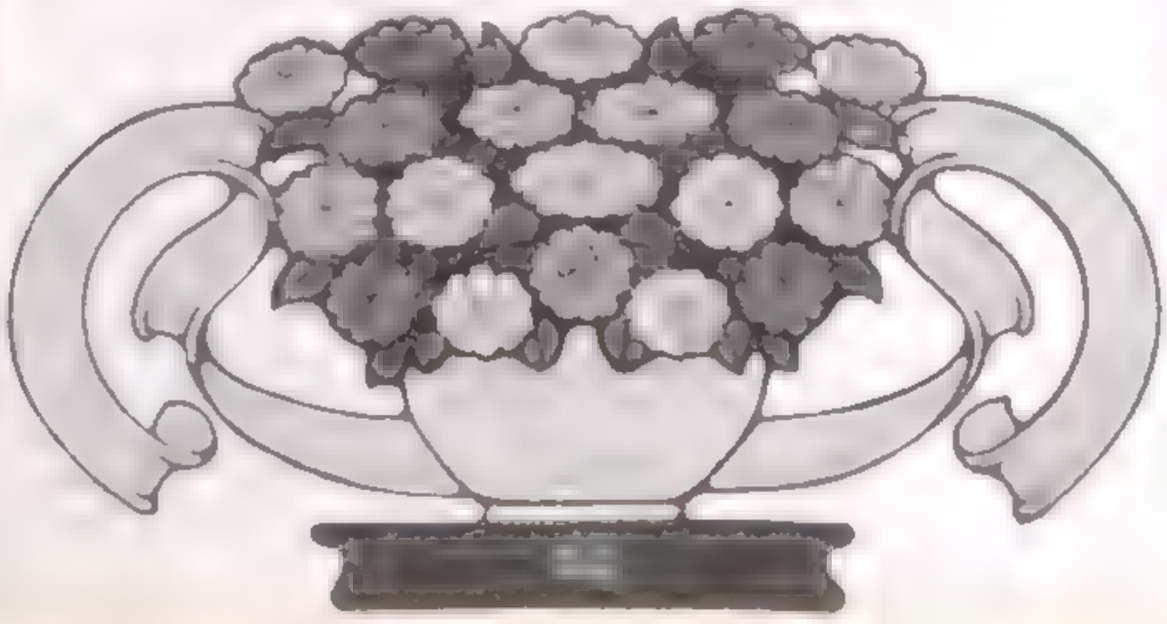
There was a time when the defense of a person charged with the commission of a crime was considered the highest duty and the noblest function of a lawyer. The leaders of the bar were the men who appeared in court in the important criminal trials.

Prof. Roscoe Pound, dean of Harvard Law School, says: "Three stages may be perceived in the development of the American bar. The first stage is marked by the leadership of the trial lawyer. The great achievements of the bar were in the forum, and the most conspicuous success was success before juries in the trial of criminal cases. . . . In the second stage, leadership passed to the railroad lawyer. The proof of professional success was to represent a railroad company. . . . Criminal law became the almost exclusive field of the lower stratum of the bar. . . . Want of education, want of organization, want of discipline of those who are habitually most active in defending accused persons in our large cities, are conspicuous and significant facts."

Of course it is unreasonable to expect successful practitioners to forgo the aroma of sanctity, and, incidentally, the alluring emoluments that are identified with the practice of civil law, to appear in the criminal courts in defense of needy persons charged with having committed crimes. It is true that equally eminent physicians habitually give their services in free clinics to poor patients who might otherwise not be able to obtain proper medical attention. But, as we observed before, a sense of social obligation is not highly developed in the legal profession. Young lawyers just out of college, men of education, talent and integrity, are cautioned by their more experienced elders against accepting retainers in criminal cases. "It doesn't do a lawyer any good," they are told, "to become identified with criminal law."

Somebody has to take the criminal cases. And so we see the practice of criminal law growing each year into greater disrepute. Newspapers wax indignant over crime waves. Chaste and fastidious corporation lawyers in the cloistral seclusion of bar associations enact canons of professional ethics for the guidance of their less sheltered brothers, and shudder with well-bred horror whenever the criminal courts are mentioned.

"No," they say, "we never take criminal cases. We wouldn't touch one with a ten-foot pole."



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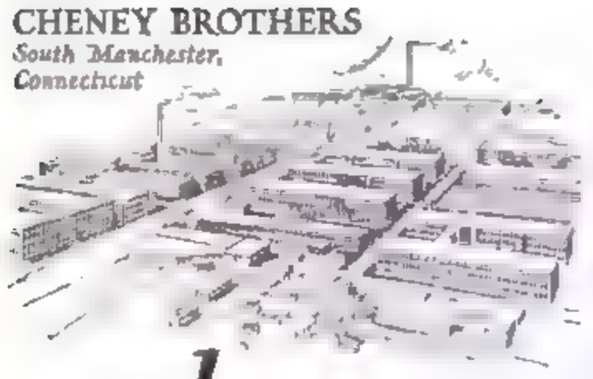

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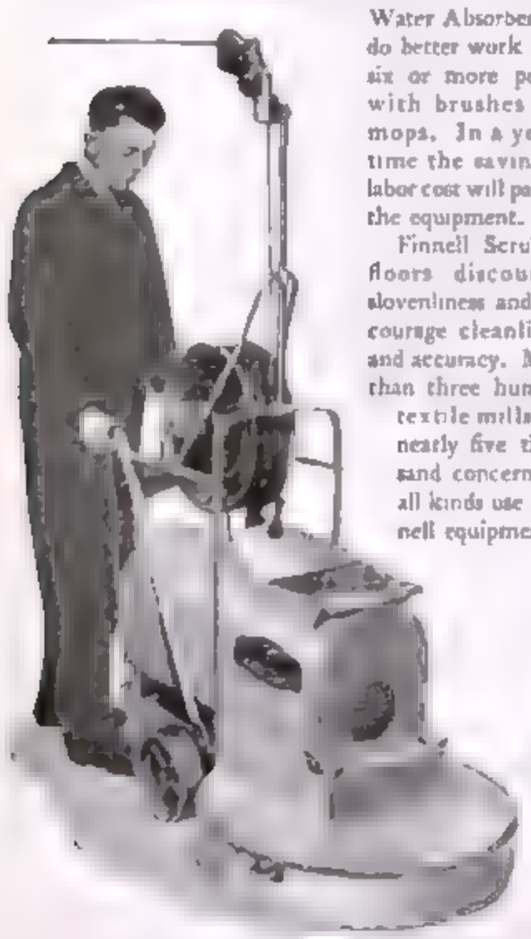

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THE BERTH OF HOPE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Boss-man, if 'tain't too pussonal a request, would you min' changin' this two fo' two ones?"

Again that cold smile of impersonal amusement on the white man's face.

"Why? Two-dollar bill bad luck?"

"We-e-ell, not bad luck ezac'ly, but 'tain't good luck, neither—specially to cullud folks."

The exchange was made and Epic escaped. Outside he paused to shake his head in worriment.

"Two-dollar bill—huh! That ain't the craziest thing I is about. Never did like no two-dollar bills."

The train slowed down. It came to a protesting halt at Peachtree, Atlanta's suburban station for through trains. Epic leaped to the platform and assisted with a considerable number of suitcases which had been wheeled down the platform on a truck. In order to be doubly efficient, he mounted the truck for a moment at the request of a prosperous-looking gentleman in a fur overcoat who gave promise of lavish tips. And from his perch on the truck Hop Sure was enabled to command a view of the interior of Drawing-Room A, his car. What he saw there impressed itself vividly on his subconscious mind. It was, as a matter of fact, nothing to excite particular comment. Nor was it so usual as to be without effect.

Mr. Garrison was standing in the middle of the drawing-room, his broad back toward the double windows. He was bending over and it was patent that he was working intensively. It took Epic just a small portion of a split second to see what his passenger was doing, and the very nature of the act aroused the porter's interest.

Mr. Garrison was engaged in the act of sliding the seat of the couch out from the wall. Peculiar! But more peculiar still was the fact that, once having exposed the storage space beneath the seat of the couch, he proceeded to take from his coat pocket the brown-paper parcel which had been the source of so many lavish tips and to conceal that parcel very carefully. Immediately thereafter Mr. Garrison replaced the mohair cushion, arranged overcoats with studied carelessness upon it and settled in a corner with his Atlanta Constitution.

Shortly after leaving Peachtree, Mr. Carson returned from the diner. Epic Peters was standing in the vestibule of his Pullman, staring out at the rolling North Georgia country and listening satisfiedly to the drumming of the wheels and the shrill blast of the locomotive whistle. Carson stopped, lighted a cigar and leaned against the steel wall opposite the porter.

"Nice morning," he commented.

"Yas-suh. Suttinly is that."

Carson's thin lips compressed into a pinkish white line which was somehow quite hard.

"When is our next stop?"

He had a habit of clipping his words, making his manner of speech crisp, incisive, and not particularly soothing; it was as though he was not in the habit of having persons disagree with him.

"'Bout an hour fum now."

"Where?"

"Gainesville, suh."

"For how long?"

Once, many years before, Epic had been star witness in a big damage suit. The plaintiff's attorney had grilled him severely; and now, chatting thus idly with Mr. Carson, Hop Sure was reminded of that miserable hour on the stand.

"We ain't on'y s'posed to stop but fo' two-th'ee minutes, but we ginrally stays there about ten."

Carson's fingers quested slowly toward his pants pocket. Epic watched those fingers fascinatedly; they were long and slender and gave the impression of steely strength. But when they emerged the porter no longer found them the focus of his interest. They held a five-dollar bill. Five! Epic's eyes opened wide under the severe stare which Carson bent upon him.

"See this, Hop Sure?"

"Does I? Boss-man, I reckon I ain't never gwine be so blin' I could'n't see somethin' like that. Or was I, I could tell it by the smell."

"Want it?"

"Aw, cap'n ——"

"If you don't ——"

"You talks foolishment with yo' mouf, cap'n—beggin' yo' pardon. Money is the mostest thing I always wants."

"H'm!" Mr. Carson puffed reflectively upon his cigar. "Remember that packet we gave you last night?"

Epic nodded. With himself he held puzzled communion—"Hot dog! Somethin' is sho' happenin' to me, but I don't know what it is."

"I want you to get that packet for me, Hop Sure."

It was on the tip of Epic's tongue to inform Mr. Carson that Mr. Garrison already had the package. But the five-dollar bill, waving slowly and insinuatingly before his nose, stayed his tongue. There came vividly to mind remembrance of the scene which he had observed through the window at Peachtree Station—of the stocky Mr. Garrison meticulously hiding the packet under the lounge in the drawing-room. And, after all, the packet belonged to the pair of them, had been intrusted to him by both acting as one, and it was no business of his what they wanted with it or why this wealth was thus showered upon him.

"Can you get it for me while we're at Gainesville?"

Nothing could have better suited the plans of the long-legged porter.

"Yas-suh, sho'ly can."

"I'll get my friend to walk up and down outside with me." Carson inspected Epic very closely. "I want it handed to me personally. Understand what that means?"

"You yo'se'f alone?"

"Alone!"

"Boss, I has got so much understandin' my head aches."

The five-dollar bill changed hands and Carson disappeared into the car. He seemed so sure of himself—even sure of foot on the swaying floor. He walked without a lurch.

"Somehow," reflected Hop Sure sagely, "I woul'n't be awful happy was that gemmun to git real mad at me."

At Gainesville the two travelers strolled up and down the platform. Epic, selecting his time with great care, boarded the train and flung into the drawing-room. He was nervous, to say the least. This was something new to him. As a matter of fact, he was considerably at sea about the whole affair; but five dollars was five dollars, and if a man demanded his package that was no business of his.

The task of rescuing the parcel from beneath the lounge took but a moment. Even less time than that was required to conceal it in a capacious pocket. Five minutes after leaving Gainesville, Carson joined him in the vestibule.

"Got it?" The packet was passed over. Carson's eyes narrowed. "Remember, this is between you and me."

"Us an' not nobody else a-tall."

"That's it. And be sure you don't forget."

"Boss, I never does nothin' that even soun's like forgettin'."

Travel was not heavy, nor were Epic's duties on this trip unduly arduous. The particular *bêtes noires* of a porter's existence were conspicuously absent from his car—babies, invalids and normally healthy persons who are unable to withstand the quakings of railroad travel.

Epic dropped into Section 8, which was happily empty. He stretched his long, loose-jointed figure and stared out at the swelling Piedmont; the far-flung foothills merging into a background of blue mountains; the acres and acres of plowed fields which a few months since had been snowy with stalwart cotton and now were bare and brown, with here and there a touch of white where the staple had remained unpicked; long vistas of cornstalks, brittle and sapless and broken by the first ravages of genuinely cold weather; pine trees by the mile; little false-fronted towns flaunting themselves to travelers' stares; and everywhere dust-streaking flivvers catapulting along the more-or-less good sandy-clay roads.

Once in a while the buzzer would sound at the end of the car and Hop Sure would galvanize into action—a pillow here, a hat brush there. "Porter, are we on time?" "Yas-suh, we sho'ly is." At 11:30 he made his way into the diner, where, feeling wealthy, he ordered profusely and ate with gusto—soup and fish and fried eggplant and candied sweet potatoes and ice cream and cake. Even at the half rates allowed porters in the dining car, he was somewhat appalled by the size of his check, but paid it without a murmur and determined grimly that he would also commit the extravagance of eating a second meal there when the dinner hour should come.

The porter on the Atlanta-to-New York car left the diner with him. The waiters were scurrying around straightening the dining car against the forthcoming invasion of white passengers. In the vestibule the two colored men conversed briefly.

"How's tricks, Hop Sure?"

"Tol'able, brother, tol'able."

"Prosp'rous trip?"

"Uh-huh. Kinder affluent."

The Atlanta porter grimaced.

"I got th'ee ten-cent passengers on my car. I hates a ten-center. Rather I gits me nothin' a-tall than ten cents."

Hop Sure shrugged sympathetically.

"I never fools with nothin' less'n two bits. Ten centses I th'ows out of the westibule. They ain't even no good fo' slot machines."

The Atlanta porter drifted on. Hop Sure inspected his call board to make sure that there had been no summons for him, then once again he lounged in Section 8. The inner man had been placated and Epic Peters was at peace with the universe.

Georgia merged into South Carolina; the route bent gently northward and swung closer and closer to the alluring foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains—the bewitching Sapphire Country. And then Mr. Epic Peters became uncomfortably conscious of the fact that a pair of eyes were boring into his head, that he was receiving a telepathic command to come hither.

As he looked up and saw that it was the pudgy Mr. Garrison who was silently struggling to attract his attention from the passageway to the right of Drawing-Room A, a premonition smote Epic immediately beneath his belt buckle. Nor was that to be wondered at, for a thundercloudish look rested upon the countenance of the glassy-eyed Mr. Garrison, and it was immediately apparent that something had occurred which did not fill that gentleman with any wild surge of elation.

"Somethin' infohms me," postulated Hop Sure as he reluctantly hoisted himself to his feet, "that I is about to heah some more questions 'bout that package."

Immediately as Garrison saw that the porter was answering his summons, he turned on his heel and proceeded to the vestibule. As Epic joined him, he flung around with a few well-chosen words which were uttered in a manner entirely dissimilar to his erstwhile good-humored indifference.

"Porter, that package has gone!"

Epic disguised sudden and profound agitation with a disingenuous expression; his brain raced back to the five-dollar transaction at Gainesville, by which Mr. Carson had come into possession of the parcel.

"No!" he gasped with cleverly simulated amazement.

"It has!" rasped Mr. Garrison. "Gone!"

Instinct told Hop Sure that he had better hold his peace. What, a few hours before, had appeared to be a logical and simple business transaction, now assumed an aspect which he neither understood nor liked. He rolled his head to one corner of his long neck and voiced a question.

"Where?"

"Where?" Garrison's eyes blazed. "How do I know?"

"That suttinly is right, cap'n. How does you know?" Epic liked the sound of his own voice; it gave him a little more confidence. "Was you to know where yo' package was at you would go remove it away fum there an' put it somewheres else, an' then it woul'n't be gone no more; now would it, Mistuh Garrison?"

"I've got to find that package."

"Yas-suh, you suttinly has. An' that ain't no lie. You sho'ly has got to recover that thing back. Does you reckon somebody abstracted it away fum where you put it at?"

"Yes"—grimly. "I reckon just exactly that."

"No! Cain't be!"

"It is. Now listen to me, porter! Recover that packet and there's ten dollars in it for you."

"Ten dol——"

"Yes, ten."

"Wiggilin' tripe! Cap'n, you can consider that thing has done been got."

Garrison shook his head skeptically.

(Continued on Page 58)

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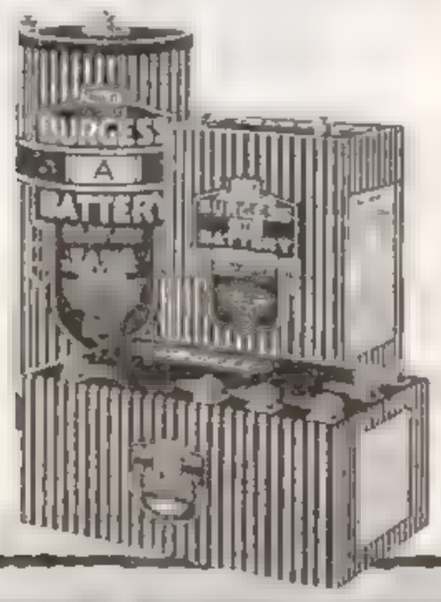

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Continued from Page 56

"I [illegible] Let's [illegible] the [illegible] you'll [illegible] you know where [illegible]"

"Ise gwine do [illegible]"

Garrison moved slowly [illegible], an [illegible] worried gentleman. Epic took stock of the situation

"There's on'y two things I understan's 'bout this heah mix-up," he ruminated, "an' I don't know what neither of them means."

The engine sirened hoarsely for a railroad crossing and a moment thereafter flashed by a big gaunt cotton mill; then another and another. Mechanically Hop Sure produced a rag from his hip pocket and dusted the vestibule rail.

"Greenville," he mumbled to himself. "Dawg-gone if we ain't got to this heah town in a turrible hurry."

They reached Greenville, the western gateway of the rich South Carolina Piedmont section. The station hummed with metropolitan activity; only one passenger at Greenville for Epic's car. The porter was amazed to find himself taking more than a cursory glance at the newcomer.

This passenger carried a New York ticket calling for Section 12 in its entirety, but that alone was not what attracted him to Epic's attention. It was rather that, in some subtle and entirely different way, he was remindful of Carson and Garrison, separate and collective owners of the package which already had brought to Epic much money and harassment.

There was no reason why the newcomer should have reminded Epic of either Carson or Garrison; he was as different from either as they were from each other. Yet there was a reminiscent confident set to his broad shoulders; the same inquisitive, distrustful, steely light in the eyes; an identical manner of studied disinterestedness.

But, whereas Carson and Garrison were immaculately tailored and exquisitely haberdashed, this man wore ill-fitting ready-made clothes, a cheap if stalwart shirt and a polka-dotted necktie. His shoes were unduly large and strikingly square-toed.

The stranger boarded the train. Epic deposited him and his bag in Section 12 and returned to the platform. Immediately something happened.

The figure of Mr. Carson detached itself from the shadows of a baggage truck which was piled high with suitcases and descended upon Hop Sure. Mr. Carson seemed more than a little excited, and his cameo face bore an expression of considerable annoyance. It was quite plain to the porter that his white gentleman friend was making vast efforts to control a surplus of emotion.

Carson's lengthy figure pressed close against the porter's side and into Hop Sure's hand was thrust a packet which long since had become strikingly familiar. Within Epic's heart there sounded a paean of triumph.

"Li'l' package," he exulted to himself, "you has come home to papa."

Nor was that all. As he, scenting the need for caution, slipped the parcel in the pocket of his jacket, he heard Carson's voice, low and chill. He glanced at Carson's face and was amazed to see it guileless and expressionless. The man was talking without moving his lips.

"Put that thing back in your linen closet. Keep it hidden."

"Yas ——"

"Shut your mouth! Just do as I tell you." The slender fingers disappeared, then reappeared. "Here!"

It was a bill; a nice, new, crisp bill.

"Hot diggity dawg!" enthused Epic silently. "It never rains, but it gits wet."

Carson moved unostentatiously away. The all aboard was sounded; Epic hoisted himself to the platform. And then he stared popeyed at this latest crinkling bit of booty.

"Ten dollars! Great Gawdness Miss Agnes! Fust it's a heap an' then it's twice as much."

Epic stood alone on the platform and tried to think. He had done entirely too much thinking during the day and the sustained and unnatural effort left him weak and headachy. Aside from other gleanings, the two gentlemen in Drawing-Room A had netted him twenty-three dollars and he possessed a profound hunch that the end was not yet.

There was, for instance, the matter of the ten-dollar reward offered him by the portly Mr. Garrison for the return of the lost package. That package was now in Epic's pocket and the ten dollars was in the pants of Mr. Garrison. It was obviously a howling shame that the transfer should not be effected.

The ethics of the situation troubled Hop Sure not in the slightest degree. By their own mutual admission the package was the joint property of the two men; neither claimed sole ownership or disputed any claim which the other might make. Epic did not see his way clear to disobey the orders of either concerning it, and certainly, since that was the case, it would be the height of absurdity to do other than collect a maximum of profit.

They departed Greenville at precisely two minutes before one o'clock in the afternoon. Epic watched and saw Garrison and Carson disappear into the diner. Then, after a few additional moments of thought, he attained his own decision.

The train was approaching Spartanburg when they returned from their midday repast. Hop Sure, strategically stationed in the passageway, caught Garrison's eye and flashed him a signal wink. The rather-too-large head gave the briefest indication of a nod and less than five minutes later he joined the porter. Without a word, Epic shoved the packet into the huge pink paw of the white man. Garrison's eyes glowed eagerly as he shoved the package from view in his coat pocket.

"Where did you find it?"

Hop Sure's answer came in the nature of a comment.

"Seems like to me, cap'n, you must of dropped that thing behime the lounge in you-all's drawin'-room." Ten dollars was transferred to Epic. "I sho' ain't got nothin' but gratitude, cap'n."

"You've earned it."

"Jus' the same, Ise the gratitudinest man what is. I always has said that cash money is the fondest thing I is of."

They separated. Garrison was vastly contented with himself and with the situation. He strolled happily up the aisle of the Pullman, believing that the world was a very comfortable place indeed. He favored his fellow travelers with benign glances of warm friendship, and then a sudden hot flush mounted to the very tips of his ears and he unconsciously quickened his pace to disappear on the farthest platform. Once there he mopped a freely perspiring forehead with a lavender-bordered silk handkerchief.

"Phew!" he gasped. "That bird in Section 12! I wonder ——"

Mr. Garrison felt weak and all gone inside. There had been a peculiar speculative quality in the stare of the heavy-set passenger in Section 12 which Mr. Garrison did not relish: it was as though the ill-clad gentleman knew a great many things and was intent upon adding to the sum of his knowledge. And then, whereas a moment before the brown-paper-wrapped parcel had suffused Mr. Garrison with a warm glow, it now scorched like molten metal and Mr. Garrison felt the urge to divorce himself from its possession until a more propitious moment.

He was nothing if not a man of action. Whistling with a fine, if nervous, insouciance he retraced his steps down the aisle of the car, rejoined Hop Sure on the back platform and slipped into the astonished hand of that bewildered colored gentleman the wandering package.

"Hide it!" he sibilated. "And keep it hidden until we get to New York!"

The hand dived into Mr. Garrison's pocket, and when the relieved white gentleman disappeared a half minute later Hop Sure was richer by an additional five dollars. He held it close to his eyes while a single horrid thought smote him. "Cullud boy, you had better pray that these heah moneys ain't counterfeit."

He arrayed his cash before him and comparedminutely the Garrison-Carson money with bills which he knew to be genuine. Then he sighed relievedly: obviously it was legitimate. So much then for that; the chiefest of Epic's worries was removed.

The afternoon dragged uneventfully. Messrs. Carson and Garrison remained in the seclusion of their drawing-room and the heavy-footed stranger sat stolidly in Section 12, earnestly perusing the pages of a magazine: only the thirty-eight dollars which Epic had collected from the mysterious travelers gave testimony to the fact that, whatever the situation might be, it was certainly unusual—and highly desirable.

At 4:05 in the afternoon they pulled into Charlotte, North Carolina, and ten minutes later departed. Between there and Salisbury, Hop Sure inhaled a noble meal which he ordered with reckless disregard of expense. It had been a red-letter day for Mr. Peters and he felt it only his due that the inner Epic be fortified against any further excitement. He even thrust a two-bit tip into the palm of an astonished waiter.

In prompt answer to the first general call for dinner, Garrison and Carson left their drawing-room and proceeded to the diner. They studiously avoided the solemn and interested eye of the man in Section 12, although it was plain to the observant Hop Sure that they were far from indifferent to his presence. As they disappeared, the stranger beckoned to the porter.

"Call the conductor," he ordered peremptorily, and Hop Sure leaped to obey.

Somehow, the man's voice and manner impressed upon him the absolute necessity for unquestioning, efficient and prompt obedience. But even so, he couldn't help thinking that perhaps

The conductor seemed to be expecting the summons, for he came wordlessly. Then for five minutes the blue-uniformed Pullman official and the man with the ill-fitting suit talked with low-toned earnestness. Hop Sure watched, feeling vaguely that he was not entirely an outsider. Nor did he have long to wait before learning that his instinct was correct. The two men arose, glanced quickly around the car and disappeared in Drawing-Room A. They closed the door behind them and Hop Sure could have sworn that he heard the click of the thumb latch. He sank heavily into a seat.

"Fo' eight yeahs," he reflected, "I has been porterin' on this road, but never befo' nos-suh, not even ever—did I see any sech fumadiddles. 'Tain't nachel"—his fingers touched the crisp greenbacks which reposed in his pocket—"'tain't nachel—but it suttinly is highly financial."

Epic was aroused by the insistent sounding of his call-board buzzer. Drawing-Room A. Timidly he responded to the summons. The conductor and his flat-footed acquaintance turned to glare at the porter, who, in turn, stared with stern disapproval at the confusion into which the two men had thrown the drawing-room. Even to Epic's none-too-fast-moving mind, it was immediately apparent that a search had been conducted and it was equally as apparent from their expressions that it had been bitterly unsuccessful.

The conductor's greeting was brief and to the point. He nodded toward the stranger.

"Do what this gentleman orders, Hop Sure."

"Yas-suh, cap'n."

An order came crisply from the other man.

"Open that upper berth."

Hop Sure produced his key, inserted it in the berth and lowered it. Immediately the stranger swung himself into the berth. And then, article by article, each thing the berth contained was carefully opened, shaken out and thrown on the floor, where, under the conductor's orders, Epic refolded them.

Hop Sure labored silently. He had the disquieting hunch that the brown-paper parcel was the object of this particular search. So far as he was concerned, he couldn't understand all the interest or excitement, and with the money in his pocket he felt more like a participant in the drama than a mere spectator thereof.

The man lowered himself to the floor and bade Hop Sure set the room to rights quickly. He turned to the conductor.

"Not here," he commented crisply.

The conductor answered with equal terseness, "Evidently not."

Then the stranger to the porter: "Not a word of this, understand?"

His hand extended a dollar bill. Hop Sure nodded eager agreement.

"I understan's absolute, suh."

"Good!"

The trio left the drawing-room. Fifteen minutes later the other pair returned from the dining car and secluded themselves. As they passed Section 12 Hop Sure fancied that he discerned glances of interest bestowed by them upon the heavy-set stranger, but that gentleman paid no heed.

At nine o'clock—halfway between Danville and Lynchburg—Hop Sure was summoned to the drawing-room and ordered to make down the berths. He was immensely relieved to note the complete absence of suspicion in the manner of his two benefactors. It was plain that they were unaware not only of the drawing-room having been searched, but also of the freedom with

(Continued on Page 60)

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Rochester, N. Y.	Democrat-Chronicle
St. Louis, Mo.	Globe-Democrat
St. Louis, Mo.	Post-Dispatch
St. Paul, Minn.	Pioneer Press-Dispatch
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Syracuse, N. Y.	Herald
Syracuse, N. Y.	Post-Standard
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THE Rotogravure Section of a newspaper lays before your eyes the most interesting, the most amusing, the most exciting events of the world today at home and abroad.

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Rotogravure Section
ACCURACY
French Hospital Ship Afire at Sea Rescues Patients and Crew
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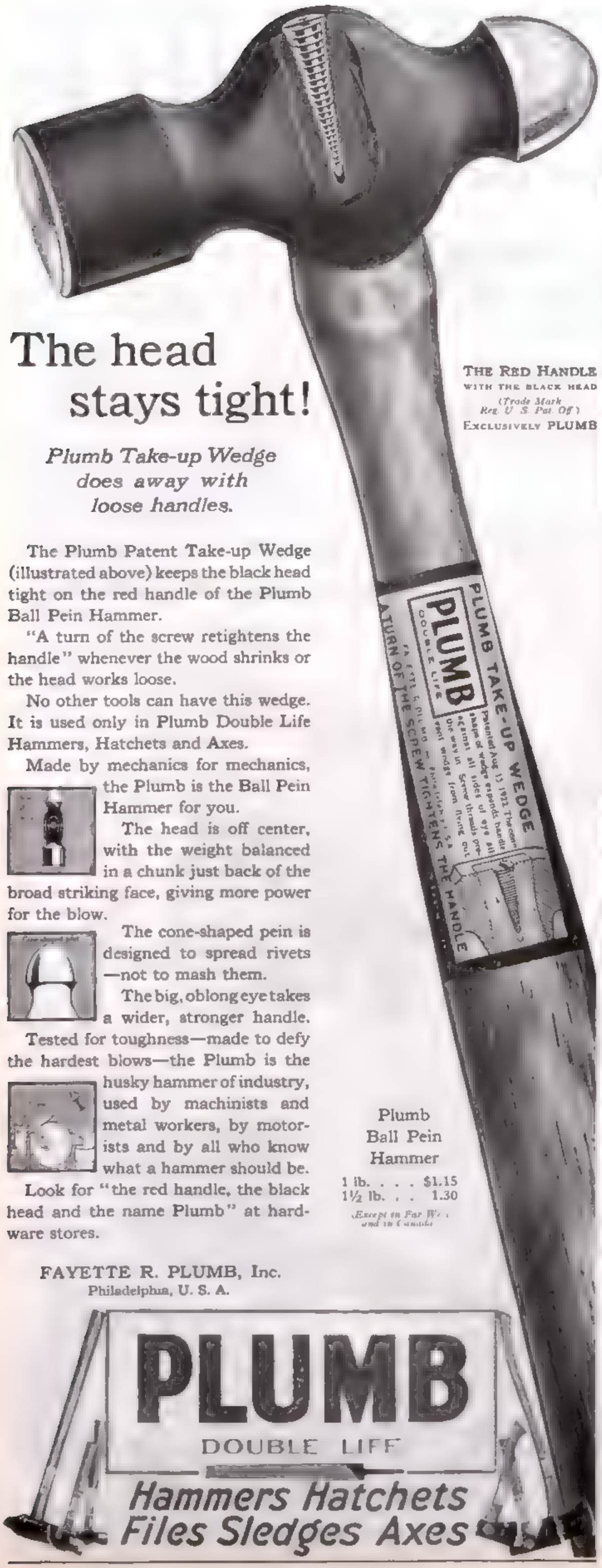
"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT IF YOU WERE THERE"



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The Plumb Patent Take-up Wedge (illustrated above) keeps the black head tight on the red handle of the Plumb Ball Pein Hammer.

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No other tools can have this wedge. It is used only in Plumb Double Life Hammers, Hatchets and Axes.

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1 lb. . . . $1.15
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(Except in Far West and in Canada)

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 58)

which Hop Sure had acted as clearing house.

His task completed, Hop Sure returned to the main car, where for the ensuing hour he was kept excruciatingly busy making down berths for tired travelers. By ten o'clock the car was composed for the night; but in Section 12 the stranger sat stolidly reading. Epic grew nervous; a task unfinished preyed upon his mind. He knew that sooner or later that section had to be made and he preferred to do it now. At length he approached the white gentleman and touched his cap.

"Shall I make up yo' berth, boss?"

The other man answered rather peculiarly "You may bring me a table."

Wonderingly, Hop Sure obeyed. The man produced a deck of cards and plunged promptly into the absorbing intricacies of Canfield. Hop Sure hovered uncertainly in the aisle.

"Any time you craves to sleep," he suggested hopefully, "jes' press that button yonder."

The man answered without looking up "I will."

Two men occupied the smoking compartment, the platform was chilly. Hop Sure perched himself upon his little stool at the lower end of the car where he commanded a view of the drawing-room door. He could see that at eleven o'clock the game of Canfield was still enthusiastically in progress. Less than five minutes later he saw something else.

The drawing-room door swung slowly back; the gray streak of hair which marked Mr. Carson appeared briefly in the aperture. It was evident that Mr. Carson saw the man in Section 12 and equally evident that he was not pleased thereby, for the door closed abruptly. A half hour later the performance was repeated. Hop Sure shook his head sadly.

"Ise dawg-goned if I understan's all I knows about this."

Shortly before midnight his buzzer sounded: the call-box indicated a summons from Drawing-Room A. Epic started down the car. As he reached Section 12 a steely hand fastened on his arm.

"Call from the drawing-room, porter?"

"Yas-suh."

Two one-dollar bills passed from the man to the porter.

"You didn't hear it," suggested the other. "As a matter of fact, you are not going to hear any rings from the drawing-room tonight—understand?"

"B-b-but, cap'n ——"

"No buts. The conductor told you to obey my orders. And in case that doesn't satisfy you ——"

Heavy spatulate fingers flashed to the coat lapel and flung it back. Hop Sure found himself gazing horrifiedly at the glittering surface of a silver star.

"Oh, gosh!" he moaned, remembering vividly his participation in the comings and goings of the brown-paper parcel. "I might of knowed you was a detective!"

"Why?"

"'Cause wa'n't you tryin' to detect somethin' in that drawin'-room a while back? Wa'n't you, cap'n?"

"Perhaps."

"Cap'n"—Hop Sure lowered his voice—"them two gemmun ain't done nothin' wrong, has they?"

The detective frowned.

"Go back and disconnect the buzzer signal from the drawing-room—and keep your mouth shut."

"Oh, gosh! Tha's the one thing I ain't gwine do nothin' else but."

Hop Sure staggered to the end of the car, disconnected the buzzer and sat depressedly on his stool. His mind groped heavily with the events of the past twenty-four hours; the constant influx of money, the peregrinations of the brown-paper parcel, the presence of the detective ——

Somehow, Epic Peters felt that he was an unwitting but dangerously incriminated participant in the evildoings which were coming to a head on this eventful journey. He didn't know what it was all about, but he did possess an overpowering hunch that he would not relish a general comparison of notes by the parties most vitally concerned.

He repressed without considerable difficulty an impulse to tell the detective what he knew concerning the package. The proposition seemed too fraught with the menace of the unknown. After all, the contents of that parcel were none of his affair; he had been asked to keep it in his linen closet until their arrival in New York, and he couldn't very well see why he should do anything else, particularly since it was liable to get him more deeply involved in a situation which already had creased his forehead with horizontal furrows of intensive worry.

And so through the long night, across the state of Virginia, during the long wait in Washington and on the trip northward from there over the Pennsylvania system, the peculiar vigil continued; the detective immersed in his game of Canfield, Hop Sure wide eyed and nervous on his stool at the end of the car, the occupants of the drawing-room occasionally poking their heads through a crack in the door.

The train reached and passed North Philadelphia. Hop Sure, weary of brain and foot, waked his passengers and busied himself half-heartedly with the task of putting the car shipshape. The detective's Canfield went incessantly on. Once Hop Sure approached the silver-star man.

"Shall I go make up the drawin'-room, boss? We is reproachin' New Yawk."

The other answered without looking up. "No!" he said.

At Elizabeth the drawing-room door was flung violently open. Mr. Carson, heavy of eye and haggard of face, boldly summoned Hop Sure by gesture. And as that dignitary started toward him, something else strange and unexpected occurred—the detective rose, smiled and edged his way into the drawing-room.

It was plain from the expression on the face of Mr. Carson that the visit was not relished. The door closed softly and Hop Sure stood swaying in the aisle. His brain was traveling like a race horse now. The journey was nearing its end; the brown-paper parcel reposed in the linen compartment; it was obvious that Hop Sure would have no opportunity to return it to its owners—unless ——

Hop Sure reached a difficult decision and drew a deep breath. Between his satanic majesty and the blue depths of the sea there was apparently nothing for him to do but follow out the letter of his instructions. He hunched that all was not well, and that it was shortly to become even less so; but more than he feared the results of wrong actions he dreaded the consequences of no action at all.

With heart pounding in his bosom, he opened his linen closet, took the brown-paper parcel from the top shelf, dropped it in the depths of his jacket pocket and made his way uncertainly toward the drawing-room. No matter what happened, the period of inaction was at an end; that much in itself was relieving. As to what the results would be—he dared not think. Sufficient unto the hour was the evil thereof. He was well content that the future held worries of its own.

He sounded the buzzer and immediately the door was flung back. Hop Sure met the level eyes of the detective. Behind the broad back of that official, Epic found himself staring at a graphic and expressive pantomime. Plainly as words, the gestures of the two gentlemen in the drawing-room carried the message to vamose. Hop Sure paid them absolutely no heed.

"What do you want?" It was the detective speaking.

"I has got somethin' belongin' to these gemmun," blurted Epic; "somethin' I was to give back to them when us arrove in New Yawk."

He plainly discerned the expressions of consternation which crossed their countenances; he fancied vaguely that they were regretting the lavish tips which they had thrust upon him. A big and dark hand came from his jacket pocket clutching the brown-paper parcel.

"Heah 'tis, gemmun," he announced with forced geniality. "I suttinly did take pretickeler care of it fo' you-all."

There was a general clashing of glances, a scrutinizing, speculative look in the eyes of the detective. Both Carson and Garrison were visibly annoyed: the former indicating his perturbation by pallor, the latter by a display of beetlike redness.

"What I has done played," reflected Hop Sure, "is hell; but they ain't no backin' out now." He took one step forward and held out the packet toward the long, thin Mr. Carson. "Heah you is, cap'n."

And then Epic Peters received the ultimate shock of an amazing journey, for Mr. Carson stared at him gravely, shook his head with studied and admirable calm and spoke in a cool, even voice:

"I never saw that package before."

"Good Gawdness ——"

(Continued on Page 62)

THE POWER OF THE PRINTED PAGE

EVERY DAY the presses pour forth the printed pages. Motor trucks wait to receive them. Newsboys cry them on bustling street corners. News-stands sell them to a multitude. By train and mail-man and carrier they reach the firesides of city and country.

These pages are vital to the thought and action of the nation. The city without newspapers is a city paralyzed, hesitating in its trade, given over to rumor and uncertain in its social life. The nation without newspapers or magazines would be a nation in the dark. It would be easily stampeded. It would suspect its neighbors because it would be ignorant of them. To have confidence in the very mechanism of life, men must know what other men are doing. The printed page tells them.

On the printed page is felt the pulse of life in many lands. One day an earthquake sweeps a distant nation. On the next relief is promised through these pages. At home two men desire political office. The election of one of them seems certain, yet the printed page has power to deflect the people's favor.

Here also men expect to find detailed and accurate descriptions of the merchandise they would purchase. By the printed page they are enabled to gauge the desirability of articles and to form their buying preferences. Here are determined the equipments of workshops and the decorative schemes for living-rooms, the make of the family's car and the contents of its market basket. Here are heralded the fashions of dress that are to hold sway this winter and next spring.

Twenty-five million American families buy twenty-nine million newspapers every day, not to mention the periodicals they receive by the week and the month. Out of magazines and newspapers they glean the ideas that are to rule their daily lives. They read the printed page with confidence. Its advertising carries conviction!

N. W. AYER & SON

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO CLEVELAND

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

(Continued from Page 60)

"And I've never seen it, either," interrupted Garrison.

Hop Sure stared amazedly from one to the other; a sensation of hot indignation suffused his bosom. This reeked strongly of a conspiracy to put him in a demoralizingly false light.

"Does you-all gemmun mean to stan' up there on yo' own two foots an' say you di'n't gimme this heah package to take care of fo' you ontil we arrove in New Yawk? Does you-all mean to say you di'n't tell me I was to keep it hid in the linen closet? Does you-all two inten' to stultifry that you di'n't infohm me ——"

There was glacierlike chill in Carson's tones.

"I mean to say all of that and a great deal more. I mean to say that you are presumptuous and impertinent and I don't care to hear any more from you. We know nothing whatever about that packet; never saw it before and"—with sharp irony—"never expect to see it again."

Epic Peters collapsed limply on the lounge. He stared with helpless appeal into the amused face of the detective, who had been a silent but interested spectator.

"Will you listen at them gemmun, cap'n?" pleaded Hop Sure. "They gimme that packet in Bummin'ham with their ve'y own han's an' they said to me, they said, 'Po'ter, we craves you should take care of this ——'"

The detective shook his head slowly.

"But they claim they never saw this package before."

"Oh, lawsy ——"

"And you certainly wouldn't dispute the word of two gentlemen, would you, porter?"

"Nos-suh! I woul'n't 'spute no gemmun no time nohow. An' I ain't claimin' that they is falsifryin', neither. But I does claim one thing, cap'n—I claims one thing an' I claims it passionate—I claims that these two gemmun is awful forgetful."

Gently the detective removed the package from Hop Sure's grasp. He faced the other white men.

"You are quite sure this isn't yours?" he asked.

"Positive," came the chorused answer.

"You never saw it before?"

"Never!"

"You didn't intrust any package of any sort to this porter's keeping?"

"No!"

"Golly Moses, boss-man, them gemmun ain't got no mem'ry a-tall!"

The detective smiled.

"Suppose we see what's in it," he observed, as though speaking to himself.

He produced a pocketknife with which he cut the string; he removed three layers of brown paper, disclosing to view a handsome leather case. With his eyes focused on those of the two other white men, he flipped the lid back.

"Oh-h-h!" came Hop Sure's hoarse voice. "Jools!"

They filled the room with glorious color; the collar of diamonds and emeralds glittered and sparkled and gleamed, fairly dazzling the popping eyes of Mr. Epic Peters, in whose charge this treasure had been for most of the journey from Birmingham. As from a great distance he heard the monotone of the detective, speaking as though to himself.

"Peculiar situation," the detective was saying. "Worth tens of thousands—and nobody to claim it. Funny thing too; they told me over long-distance in Greenville that this had been stolen in Birmingham the previous day and that it was supposed to be on this train. Police authorities in Alabama figured the men who took it wouldn't have had time to split up the loot and separate." He looked up friendlily at Carson and Garrison. "You're quite sure you never saw this before?"

"Positive," asserted Mr. Carson somewhat sickly.

"Never!" echoed Mr. Garrison.

"Then," smiled the detective, "there's nothing for me to do but turn this over to the proper authorities as valuable and unclaimed property."

It seemed to Hop Sure that Garrison and Carson were relieved—and then he noticed that the train was jerking to a stop.

"Manhattan Transfer!" he exclaimed, leaping for the door. "I has to git out an' do some porterin'."

Thirty minutes later they reached the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. Messrs. Garrison and Carson were the first two passengers out of Epic's car. The glares which they bestowed upon him were not unduly friendly, and Hop Sure was excessively pleased to note the celerity with which they ascended the exit stairway. Last out of the car was the detective. He seemed vastly contented. Hop Sure was positive that the grim-visaged man was smiling.

He halted at Epic's side and turned his bag over to a redcap.

"You were of quite some assistance, porter," he commented.

"Yas-suh, cap'n, thanky, suh. They calls me Hop Sure an' Ise the servinest porter runnin' South to Nawth. Any time you craves my 'sistance ——"

Still smiling, the detective produced a wallet. Then, before the staring and amazed eyes of the porter, he counted off two gold-backed twenty-dollar bills and a pair of crisp fives.

"Fifty dollars," he announced. "That's for you, porter."

The detective walked swiftly off, leaving Epic staring in dumfounded amazement at this new and colossal accession of wealth. The events of the past thirty-six hours flashed kaleidoscopically through his brain. He shook his head in utter and happy bewilderment.

"Fifty dollars!" he murmured to himself ecstatically. "Fifty dollars cash money in hand!"

He withdrew from his pocket the thirty-eight dollars given him by Garrison and Carson. He gazed first at the fifty and then at the thirty-eight. The faintest semblance of a sneer appeared on his lips.

"Thutty-eight dollars!" he breathed disdainfully. "Shuh! What them two fellers don't know about tippin' is nothin'!"

A bad habit *that should be stopped*

YOU'VE often seen people thumb the bristles in a tooth brush. This is a dangerous habit. For careless fingers frequently carry dirt—even infection.

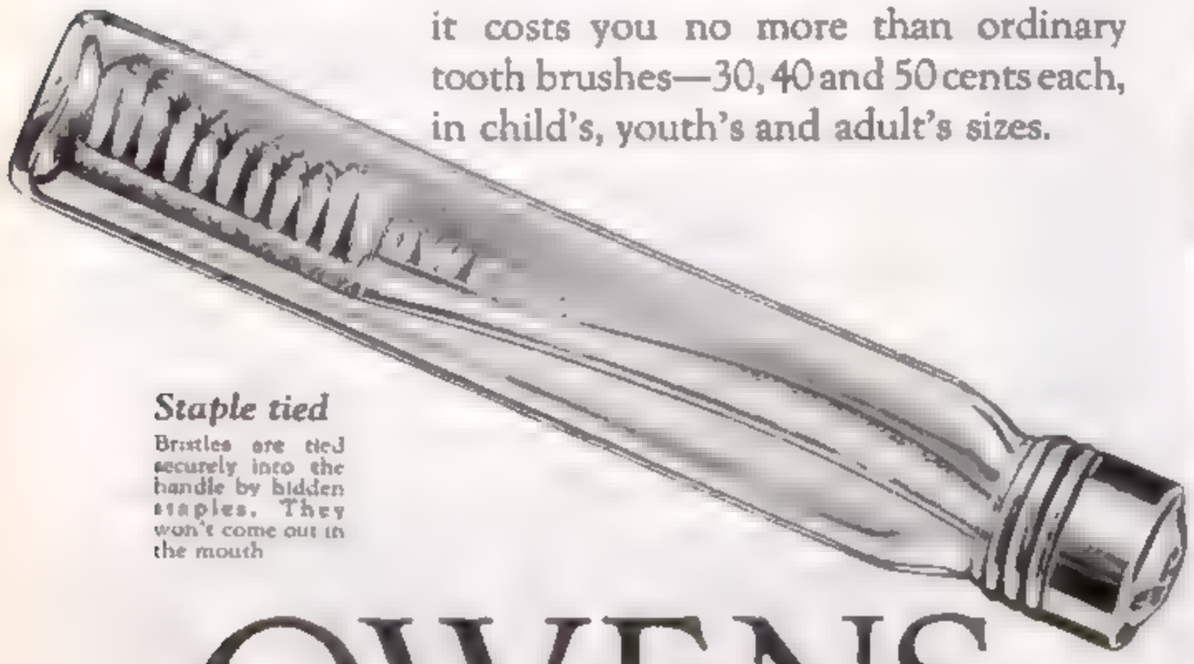
The Owens Staple tied Tooth Brush is protected from this unsanitary handling. Each one is sold in a clean, transparent glass container. Exposed to the eye—but not to the hands.

You'll prefer this clean tooth brush for other reasons, too. Prominent dental authorities have pronounced it the best all-purpose tooth brush ever designed. The cut of the trim, curve of the handle, and spacing of bristle tufts combine to make it ideal for thoroughly cleaning every part of the teeth.

Sold in the sanitary glass container, it costs you no more than ordinary tooth brushes—30, 40 and 50 cents each, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes.

A feature you'll like

Handles are made in six different colors—a personal Owens for every member of your family.



Staple tied

Bristles are tied securely into the handle by hidden staples. They won't come out in the mouth

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Staplelied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

She—"Jay, Barber, I Want My Hair Trimmed in a Hurry."

If you've got just a minute—

WE CAN boil it down pretty fast this way. You buy tobacco on its taste. The way a tobacco tastes depends on just two things: what kind of tobacco it is, and how that tobacco is prepared for smoking.

Now, of course, there are different kinds of tobacco grown all over the world. Pipe smokers prefer Kentucky Burley—there's no doubt about that. It has a full-bodied flavor and mellowness that no other tobacco gives in a pipe. But we can't stop there—for different sections produce different qualities of Burley, and even on the same plant there's a big difference among "tops" or top leaf, "lugs" or bottom leaf, and the "heart leaf" or middle-stalk tobacco. We use only the leaf from the richest lime-stone sections of the Kentucky Blue Grass country. You just can't buy better Burley than we use in Velvet.

The other point is the way that tobacco is prepared—and this is equally important. Every ounce of tobacco in every pound of Velvet is aged in wood. Remember that—aged in wood. To get real tobacco flavor, to take the bite out and to put the flavor in, you've got to take time. Even though it costs more money, you've got to let Nature age your tobacco.

Very briefly, this is the Velvet story—the best Burley money can buy, and every bit of it aged in wood. That's why Velvet tastes so mild and mellow—and you can't get that good taste in any other way.

One of a series of advertisements telling how ageing in wood improves tobacco. Remember—aged in wood.

DANGEROUS GAME—WHAT IS IT?

(Continued from Page 9)

"Del Devendorf was a very powerful man, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, and with considerable repute as a wrestler. He was in excellent condition. Nevertheless, he found himself engaged in a desperate struggle, not merely to twist the deer's neck to the point where he could use his knife but to save himself from the animal's sharp horns and sharper hoofs. His clothes were ripped from him piecemeal, his strength weakened, his breath came stickily. The combatants thrashed back and forth and round and about; the air was thick with twigs and dust, with leaves and forest litter. Del had never realized how strong even a wounded deer could be. Then came a time when his mind shifted from exasperated confidence to a growing doubt—a doubt whether his powers would be equal to the job; whether he was going to be able to keep those sharp little hoofs from tearing him to bits.

"Then in the course of the struggle the pair of them locked motionless for a moment or so. Del's sight cleared. The dog sat on his haunches just outside the periphery of combat. He was watching with bright-eyed interest, first with his head on one side, then with his head on the other side. His mental attitude was evidently wholly that of the detached spectator. Del called to him hoarsely. He wagged his tail and gave one sharp bark. It was not a defiant bark; it was a bark of applause, a demand for an encore.

"Vivid emotion arouses new strength. It was so with Del Devendorf. He managed at last to down the deer. Then he rolled over and lay panting weakly. When he had recovered a little he made his way to the stump against which leaned his rifle. He did not wait until he could walk; he crawled.

"His hand was shaky, but the range was close. In an instant Del Devendorf was out one ten-dollar dog.

"Now," I concluded, "if you want a fight with a man elderly but efficient, just go tell Del Devendorf that deer are not dangerous."

"Freak instance," scoffed Gatling; "probably the only instance on record."

"I could give you a dozen. One day my father and a Chicago man named Atterbury were paddling a canoe across a lake, when they came upon a deer swimming. They paddled up alongside. Now perhaps you don't all know that when a deer is swimming he most single-mindedly swims. He has neither time nor attention for anything else. So it was in this case. The canoe came nearer, drew up alongside; the deer never batted an eye. Atterbury was much intrigued. He had never been so near a wild animal in the open. Finally he reached out and actually stroked the beast's head. Still the deer swam busily straight on. He did not plunge or shrink at the touch, as Atterbury had expected; he did not even flick an ear.

"'Why, he's a tame deer!' cried Atterbury, enchanted. 'Let's take him home!'"

A Forced Landing by Mr. Atterbury

"He had been wielding the bow paddle. Now he laid it aside, untied the painter of the canoe and made it fast around the deer's neck. The deer did not object. So they proceeded across the lake, the deer swimming, Atterbury holding the end of the rope, my father dipping his paddle just often enough to keep alongside, and happily awaiting the event. They neared the opposite shore. My father saw the deer pause for the briefest flash of a second, saw its shoulders hump upward experimentally the merest fraction of an inch. He knew that the tips of the animal's front hoofs had touched bottom, and he braced himself in anticipation of the event, for a canoe is a ticklish thing.

"Even then the deer was in no hurry. He felt carefully until he had all four feet on the ground. Then abruptly the astounded Atterbury sailed out of the canoe head first, described a brief parabola and embedded his head and shoulders deep in marsh mud. Somewhere in midair he remembered to let go the rope. My father extricated him, and for the first time in this adventure spoke.

"'Yes,' said he, 'it's a nice tame deer; but let's not take him home.'

"Now Atterbury is another man who is firmly persuaded that a deer is dangerous."

"Tommyrot!" cried Gatling irritably. "Those fellows asked for it! They went out of their way to get in trouble."

"Then no game is dangerous in itself, but is made so only by the action of the hunter?" queried the small man sharply. "For instance, you're in no danger from lions at this moment, and you become in danger from lions only in proportion as you deliberately act to make them dangerous."

The discussion now entered—as do most discussions—tangles of definition into which it is profitless for us to pursue it.

But the basic idea was not so far off. Certain varieties of animal we are content loosely to describe as dangerous game, such species as bears, lions, tigers and elephants, to name a few of the many. Others, like the much-discussed deer, we do not so designate. This does not mean that the latter are always safe to pursue or the former never so. We have seen from the sad stories of Del Devendorf and the man from Chicago that one can be in very definite peril of his life provided he monkeys with the timid deer too intimately and in wrong conditions. On the other hand, such a dreadnaught as the African lion can be quite safely potted from an elevated platform or from behind a screen of hounds. In the one case he can't get at you and in the other he won't pay any attention to you. Nevertheless, the distinction is quite clear in the average mind, and that is all we need. When we say "dangerous game," we know pretty well what we mean, and so does the fellow we are talking to.

Meeting Lions Informally

The difficulty has been that the average mind also concludes that dangerous game is always dangerous, and that the man who goes up against it is always a hero. That conception has not been discouraged by the said heroes; *vide* any collection of books on sport and exploration. That is the origin of the mighty-hunter complex, and that is why every once in a while somebody really in the know—like Carl Akeley—gets so disgusted with heroes that in reaction he publishes forth that there is no dangerous game, that the whole thing is a myth, that casualties are the result of sheer accident only. And in that point of view there is considerable truth.

However, it is not the whole truth. It is rather a reaction than a considered judgment, and as such I am for it. Nine times in ten the mighty hunter kills his lion or his grizzly or his elephant or what not with less personal danger than he would suffer in crossing Fifth Avenue. Why should he not? All the odds of the game are in his favor; and would still be in his favor were his quarry to be, as popular fancy depicts it, roaming about seeking what it could devour. As a matter of fact, it is doing nothing of the kind. It is engaged in going about its lawful occasions, and it has no desire whatever to interfere with yours. In a long and varied experience I have known of but few instances of attack that have been absolutely unprovoked. With the exception of the rhinoceros, African buffalo and domestic bull, I have had experience of but one. To be sure, the degree of necessary provocation varies. Some species are more touchy than others, and some individuals nurse their own especial grouches—just like people. But generally speaking, if you let them alone they'll let you alone. Even the proverbial bear with cubs is solely anxious to get them away. Her effort is largely a demonstration undertaken to cover the retreat of the youngsters. If they are obviously getting well away she will in all probability cease the demonstration as suddenly as she began it.

In certain parts of Africa where the white man had never before penetrated I have several times come unexpectedly on lions at close quarters. They were not in the least concerned about me one way or another. After staring at me fixedly for a moment or so they would yawn, stretch and walk away most leisurely. My presence was distasteful, but they were not in the slightest degree afraid of me. Nor, on the other hand, had they any temptation to get rid of me by attack. Nevertheless, if I had not taken the hint and had followed them persistently through several of the changes of direction they would politely have made, so that they had become convinced I was following them, then from long experience I am persuaded they would have decided to take measures to abate the nuisance. The necessary provocation in the case of the average African lion does not require a shot fired or a wound inflicted—or an actual seizing with the hands, as in the case of Del Devendorf's deer. The degree of that provocation varies, as I have said, not only with the species but with the individual. But you—except in cases of sheer accident—supply the provocation.

Even with provocation supplied, dangerous game is not always really dangerous; the odds are too heavily in the hunter's favor. The stopping power of the modern rifle is terrific and its blow can be delivered—repeatedly and rapidly—at any reasonable distance. On the other hand, however formidable the beast's armament may be, it is usable only when he has succeeded in getting to close quarters. And in the majority of cases—with striking exceptions, some of which I will narrate in another article—even the cats are not too resistant to hammering. Personally I have killed more lions with one or two bullets than with more. Except in the most unfortunate circumstances, no man has any excuse for not killing a charging rhinoceros with one shot as easily and as certainly as he bowls over a rabbit.

If the rhinoceros is not charging he is certainly not dangerous. The trick is not to be in too much of a hurry.

When the beast is within twenty yards or so he lowers his head, presumably to get into position for a toss. The shot is then over the top of the horn into the vertebræ of the neck. A bullet there will kill absolutely stone-dead every time. Nor is the shot in the least difficult. Including flanges, the backbone is a foot and a half wide—a guess—and vertically and longitudinally is exposed for two feet or more. Even in haste and perturbation, the most indifferent shot could hardly miss that mark at twenty yards or under.

The grizzly bear is not so vital, so far as my experience goes, as is African game. For instance, the .30 Springfield is amply powerful for him; and the vast majority of grizzlies have been killed with much lighter weapons. Now though I have—perforce—killed seven lions with the Springfield, I should never have done so from choice, and I have never felt that it was thoroughly adequate, as I do feel it is in the case of grizzlies. The history of elephant shooting, as it is usually done, shows the same overwhelming odds in favor of the man with the gun. In the course of the ivory trade literally thousands of the beasts have been slaughtered with astonishingly few casualties or even narrow escapes. Properly delivered, one easy shot will down an elephant as certainly as a rhino. To deliver that one shot requires some intelligent maneuvering, just as does crossing Fifth Avenue when the traffic cops are off duty, and in rare instances even intelligent maneuvering results in getting bumped by a flivver. But long odds are against it. And so on.

Bow-and-Arrow Hunting

I am not arguing the invariable absence of danger to life and limb. That would be foolish. Nor am I trying to ascribe all casualties to sheer accident. That would be equally foolish, and I should write myself down as inconsistent when I begin to narrate the yarns of my own and others' experience. But I am trying, with Akeley, to bust up that mighty-hunter complex and to show that the physical odds are heavily in favor of the man.

Parenthetically, that is as it should be. The man is a more important creature than the animal. He has, presumably, his job in life; and he is not justified in overbalancing any of his activities with excessive risk in the pursuit of mere sport. He should feel himself fairly and normally adequate to the situation. If that adequacy requires of him an exquisite and exact coördination—that is, if the job is a sort he cannot go to sleep on—so much the better. It is by such exercise of faculties that any human activities become worth while. They develop.

That establishment of the odds in favor of the hunter is merely the preliminary estimate, the consideration that determines whether he shall take it or let it alone, whether he shall modify the conditions of the chase further to reduce the odds. We applaud him as a sportsman or curse him for a harebrained fool just according to his good sense in that respect. Saxton Pope shot grizzly bears with a bow and arrow. Some people, seeing merely a newspaper line to that effect, thought of him as mighty lucky to get away with it and mighty foolish to have tried it at all. They had never seen Pope shoot. And never having seen his weapons, they had in mind the flimsy tackle of garden archery. Pope makes his own powerful hunting bows of yew; he fashions his own heavy broad-headed arrows. He is practically as sure of his deer within a hundred yards as is the average rifleman.

Early in his experience he obtained permission to try out one of his arrows against armor, and was assigned by a museum a suit of fifteenth-century Damascus-steel armor in first-class repair. This he proceeded to stuff out with pine boards wrapped with burlap. An attendant observing this offered to wear the armor for the experiment. But Pope had a hunch and declined. His arrow penetrated the front, the burlap and pine and made a strong dent in the back—Pope relates that the attendant turned a pale green. So that in discarding the rifle for the bow Pope was reducing the odds in his favor, to be sure; but he was not reducing them below a margin of calculated reasonableness. He and his companion killed five grizzlies in all.

Pure Foolhardiness

On the other hand, consider the case of a certain sergeant of the British Army. This was in 1911. The sergeant was, and had been for many years, bayonet instructor. He was a powerful man and justly proud of his skill and strength. So he conceived the bright idea that he would kill a lion with the bayonet, and from that idea he would in no manner be dissuaded. He met up with his lion at last in the Great Rift Valley. With his bayonet he made Lunge Number Four, or whatever it was. The lion would not play the game properly. He simply knocked the bayonet out of the soldier's hands by a sweep of the paw and killed the soldier. Everybody in that part of Africa at that time stated profanely and emphatically that an utter fool had met an expected end, and they were right. The man's estimate of odds had been silly. So far from favoring him, they had been heavily in favor of the lion.

An excellent example of progressive manipulation of odds by the hunter was afforded twenty years ago by my own experience. A certain mountain district was alive with wild pig. Generations ago these had originated as domestic animals, turned loose, it was presumed, by the early Spanish, but they had reverted to type. The males were the typical wild boar, big forward, light in stern, with strong bristles, and tusks that ran up to nine or ten inches in length. They had become a tremendous nuisance, for they were very destructive both to what few crops were raised in that ranch country and also to young sheep and cattle. Therefore one acquired merit by killing as many of them as possible. They lived in thickets of chaparral or of cactus in the bottoms of cañons and *barrancos*, whence they ventured or could be driven across more or less bare hillsides.

Now they could be pursued in various ways. For instance, one could still-hunt them with a rifle. There was absolutely no possibility of danger in this; but one got interesting and varied rifle practice. One could drive them out of the thickets with dogs and shoot them on the run or when bayed, with either rifle or—preferably—a heavy revolver. This, too, was gorgeously noisy fun, but unattended with risk.

But I had done these things but a day or two when I learned that the really classic and sporting method was to kill them with a knife. It was very simple, as described. The dogs bayed the boar and kept him busy. The hunter slipped up to the mess, with his left hand seized that hind leg of the boar which was farthest from him, jerked it out from under the pig and inserted his nine-inch blade between the long ribs. It was explained to me that though this sounded formidable, it was actually simple, as the boar paid little attention to the hunter as long as the dogs kept busy. I inquired and was assured that these dogs were of a busy disposition.

(Continued on Page 69

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Bridges aren't frequent on the Beirut to Bagdad mail route, but automobiles make this trip regularly and depend upon Gargoyle Mobiloil for correct lubrication.

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THE Gargoyle Mobiloil you put in your home garage is the same Gargoyle Mobiloil that was used in the five Citroen cars which first crossed the Sahara Desert last year. It is the Mobiloil which lubricated the cars that carried the Prince of Wales through Japan. It is the Mobiloil which is used by the King of Belgium, the King of Siam, the Emperor of Japan, the Sultan of Sulu and a long list of notables. It is the Mobiloil which is used by so many heads of America's leading automobile companies.

It is the oil on which so many aviators stake their lives—Major Snellman of Finland who made the round trip from Helsingfors to Petsamo, the northern-most settlement in Finland; Messrs. Hinton and Martins who made the flight from New York to Rio de Janeiro; Mr. Alan Cobham who flew from London to Venice; and a host of others. It is this same Mobiloil which is the almost universal favorite among motorcyclists. It is the Mobiloil which operators of farm tractors and motor truck fleets find so much more economical.

This same Gargoyle Mobiloil is more asked for than any other oil. It is recommended by more automobile manufacturers than any two other oils. Its use as specified by the Chart is approved by 465 automotive manufacturers. Both in America and abroad, Gargoyle Mobiloil stands apart—due to intensive specialization in lubrication and scientific application by the Vacuum Oil Company.

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From the beginning, the purpose of the Vacuum Oil Company has been an individual one. It is stated by the president of the Company in these words:

"When the Vacuum Oil Company began its career fifty-eight years ago, oil refiners concentrated upon obtaining the largest yield of burning oil. Today gasoline is regarded in the oil refining industry as the important product and the largest yield is sought for. Contrary to this practice, the Vacuum Oil

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VACUUM O

Mile after mile of soft treacherous sand. Perhaps Gargoyle Mobiloil was never more severely tested.

Company has always concentrated on the manufacture of lubricants, and in all its methods, processes and refinery equipment had in view the production of lubricants at the sacrifice, if necessary, of other products. The result of this specialization is the production of lubricants of distinctive qualities not found in products made by other methods than those which it uses."

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Lubricating oils look much alike. You cannot *see* the specialization back of Gargoyle Mobiloil. Nor can you *see* the difference in purpose, difference in selection of crude stocks, difference in production. You see the Chart, but not the Board of Engineers as they deliberate for days and weeks before determining the correct oil for various makes of automobiles.

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Abbreviated Edition

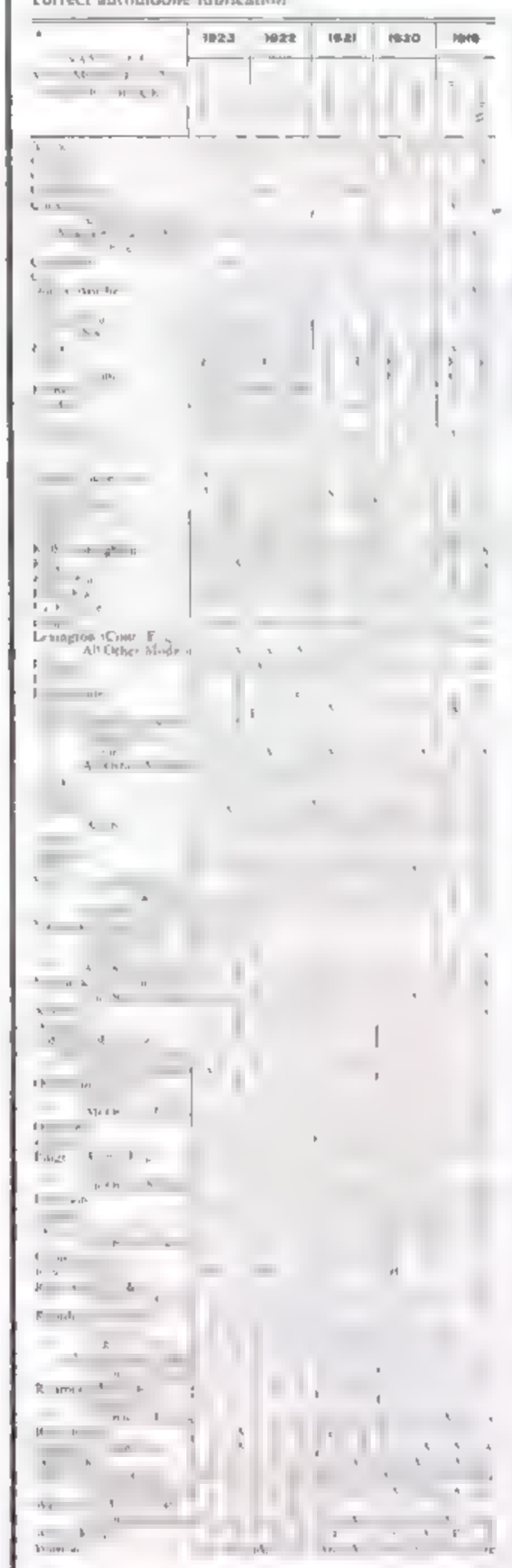
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication



	1923	1922	1921	1920	1919
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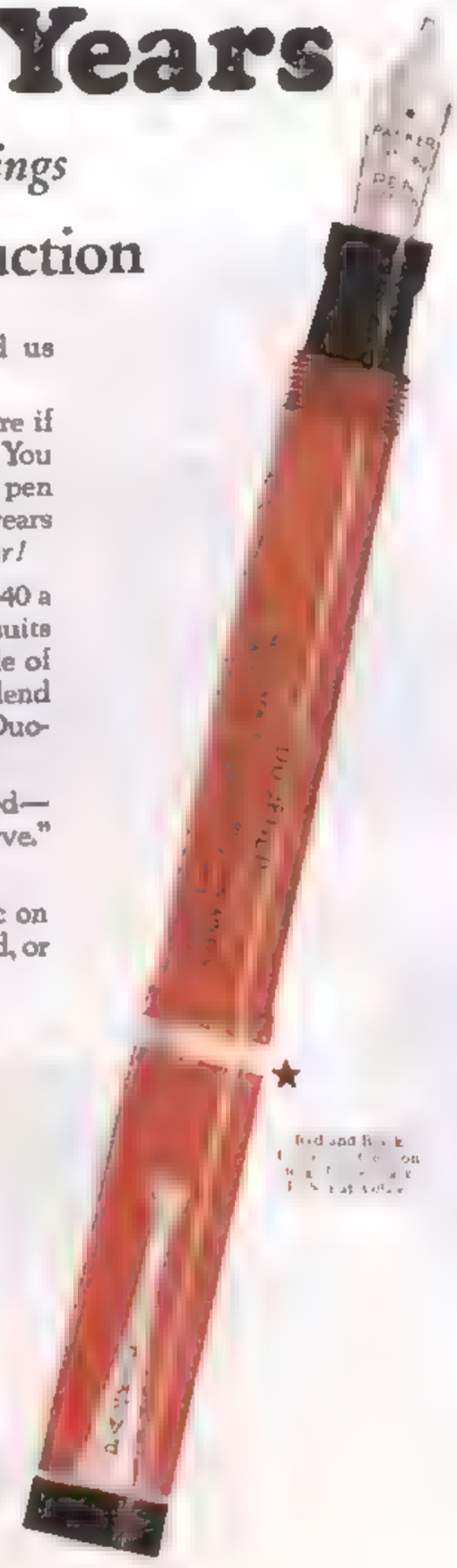
Good pen counters will sell you this classic on 30 days' approval—black-tipped lacquer-red, or flashing black all over. Don't miss it.



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THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 64)

Naturally I could do no less than believe. Nevertheless, I very well remember the invasion of a considerable body of doubt next day when I was handed the knife and told to fly to it. The boar was backed up against a clay bank; he was slavering at the mouth and his small eyes were furious. The dogs, from a distance of three or four feet, were making short dashes in and out, to which he offered wide, slashing swings of his tusks. The noise was pandemonium. The off hind leg of that animal seemed not only very distant and inaccessible but it constantly and disconcertingly moved about. However, summoning my resolution, I did it; and it worked as per schedule. One had to be quick and accurate in his movements, that was all. But I should hate to try it without temperamentally busy dogs.

The little man in the smoking car implied that dangerous game is made so only by the action of the hunter. That, as we have seen, is true in that the hunter has it within his power to name the odds. He can make them absolute in his own favor by using a poison bottle on his lion or by shooting from a high platform; he can vouchsafe his quarry a million-to-one chance by pursuing it behind a screen of dogs; or he can elect to follow it afoot and alone, trusting for odds to his superior intelligence and his superior armament. But having estimated the odds and accepted them, he must remember that it is bad for his immortal soul to start out afoot and end on a platform up a tree just because the said feet get cold. If he would retain his self-respect he must play the selected game through as it lies, whatever the breaks. If he is unwilling to do that he can always stay at home.

T. R. Shot His Own

Do not misunderstand my attitude. If a man wants a tiger skin and a little interesting sport it is perfectly legitimate for him to elect to shoot the beast from atop an elephant, with twenty other elephants, a dozen armed white men and a few hundred natives to assist him. So is it legitimate for him to buy a tiger skin in the bazaar. No one would think any the worse of him for performing either feat. The objection comes in when the purchaser palms off the bazaar rug as "one I shot in India," or the other fellow does the mighty-hunter stuff.

That mighty-hunter complex is a curious thing. It is as demoralizing as the narcotic habit. Otherwise reputable citizens under its influence do the most astounding things. A man who is scrupulously honest about his golf score—and that's going some!—will appropriate, apparently with a clear conscience, game shot by his guide. That is mild. To see the thing work right you must get into a country where game is abundant enough to attract the head hunters.

In 1910 I was taking a short cut with Leslie Tarlton through the latter's back yard in Nairobi.

"You wouldn't think," said he, stopping short, "that last spring I shot a leopard from right here, would you?"

It did not sound incredible; at that time all sorts of animals occasionally invaded the streets of Nairobi at night.

"Furthermore I got him right through the heart—with a revolver."

"Good business," said I. "Tell us about it."

"Lord X had been out here shooting for six weeks. He'd made a pretty fair bag and seemed satisfied. The day he was to leave for England he showed up here at my place with the carcass of a leopard he had bought from some Masai. The beast had been poisoned. He wanted me to have it skinned and dried and included with his other trophies. That was all right and proper. I said I'd attend to it.

"'Oh yes, by the way,' said his lordship then, 'you might put a bullet hole or so in it.'

"So Allan Black and I tossed up to see who'd shoot the leopard," laughed Tarlton. "I lost, so I had to do it."

"Do you suppose he passed it off as his own?" I queried.

"Suppose? I know he did! Some of these fellows don't shoot a half—a quarter—of the stuff they take back. Their white hunter does it. No"—he answered my remark—"they're not crooks. They sort of ease themselves into the idea. They argue that they are paying the white hunter, so they have a right to what he shoots. That's all right; they have. Then when they get it home everybody takes it for granted that they killed it all. They accept that attitude. By and by they believe it themselves. It's very simple."

Later, at the hotel, I was talking over this aspect of the game with Cuninghame, one of the greatest hunters of them all.

"Yes," said he, "every white hunter knows all about that, though very few from the outside ever think of it. The only man from outside I ever knew who was thoroughly alive to the situation when he came here was Theodore Roosevelt. Down near the Narossara River I shot a Roberts gazelle with not only very long horns but with a most peculiarly interesting spread and twist. I had killed the animal for camp meat, but so fine was the head that I asked permission from Roosevelt to keep it. He thought it over for quite a while, for he was greatly interested in its peculiarities. Finally he decided against it.

"'I'm sorry, R. J.,' he told me, 'but if I permit even a single trophy not of my own shooting to be saved, I am debarred from saying truthfully that everything is actually mine. And shortly the story will be about that most of it was shot for me.'

"I saw the point," concluded Cuninghame, "and I had to acknowledge it correct; but I hated to lose that head. But there was a man who certainly did his own shooting!"

The most striking example of the mighty-hunter complex I ever had anything to do with—though indirectly—was that of an Englishman who came out for the usual sporting trip. I first heard of him through a physician with whom at Nairobi I was discussing hunting temperaments.

The Mighty-Hunter Complex

"I'm just off a case of the sort," said he. "I was called out toward Fort Hall to attend two Somali gun bearers who were said to have been mauled by a lion. I found one of them with a broken hip and the other badly bitten in the shoulder. But before I could attend to them, I had to stop and give their *buona* a strychnine injection. He was all in. Just sheer funk, for he hadn't been touched at all."

"What happened?" I asked.

The doctor told me that the man had been charged by a lion from a distance of a hundred yards or so. He was seated on an ant hill with a Somali on either side. So paralyzed was he by the situation that he sat there frozen, while the lion closed, seized one Somali by the shoulder and threw him aside, passed behind the white man so close that afterward they found slaver on the back of his coat, seized the other Somali by the hip, and finally for some unexplainable reason made off without finishing the job. The white man had never moved. We agreed that this, though mortifying, was not at all to his discredit; it was simply an example of what we had been discussing—the hunting temperament, or rather the lack of it.

But some months later, aboard a coastwise vessel, I picked up an old copy of a newspaper. In it I read an account of the above incident. There was the hunter on the ant hill, the Somalis on either hand, the charging lion, the seizing of the two men, even the petty detail of the slaver on the coat. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the incident. But in this account, which was a signed article, the hunter had continued to fire in intrepid defense and had finally driven the lion off after it had seized the gun bearers and deposited the slaver. It would seem that the leading actor would have wanted to forget that adventure, to bury it as deeply as possible in oblivion. But here he was himself narrating it, with a twist in it to bring him *kudos*. The mighty-hunter complex again.

That tale is also a good illustration of the element that makes accurate estimate of the odds impossible, and which makes for a residue of real danger in even the most favorable circumstances—the personal factor.

Where Courage Doesn't Help

No man knows what he will do in a tight place or in the face of potentially dangerous game until he tries himself—no man. It is not a question of courage at all. It is a question solely and simply of nerve reactions, which are mechanical and only very slightly within the personal control. They vary with each and every person. You can see an example of this individual variation under the stress of another emotion in considering how different people act when angry. One man turns white, another red; one gets deadly cool and clear-voiced, another stutters and stammers; one coördinates, the other—to his disgust—cannot keep himself from trembling all over or his eyes from filling with tears; one's mind functions with clear logic, another's ideas scatter to the winds. None of these manifestations has anything to do with courage; the trembling, stuttering, weeping man may be quite fearless.

Men vary in precisely a similar way under the influence of the sort of excitement inseparable from the hunting field. Some in close circumstances shoot with a deadly accuracy impossible to them at ordinary times; others literally cannot hit a haystack. Some instantaneously estimate the situation; others actually cannot ten seconds later give you even an accurate catalogue of the mere surroundings. This is not a matter of getting rattled, of going to pieces. It has nothing to do with too vivid an imagination. It is quite distinct from ordinary beginner's nervousness, or buck fever, which passes or can be overcome. I must repeat that it is not in the slightest a matter of courage. It is a fundamental of the individual make-up. Almost it seems at times that it is an opening of atavistic channels; that at the touch of wild danger a button is pressed that stirs into action ancient instincts long buried.

In another article I shall narrate some striking—and amusing—examples of this type of instinctive reaction. Some men should never tackle potentially dangerous game at all. The point to make here is that in estimating the odds it is not sufficient merely to consider the mechanical factors—arms, type of hunting and the like; one must also weigh the personal factor. And the other point of this article is that all these factors, in each case, determine whether that game is dangerous. It isn't the species that is dangerous; it is the individual, in the individual instance.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

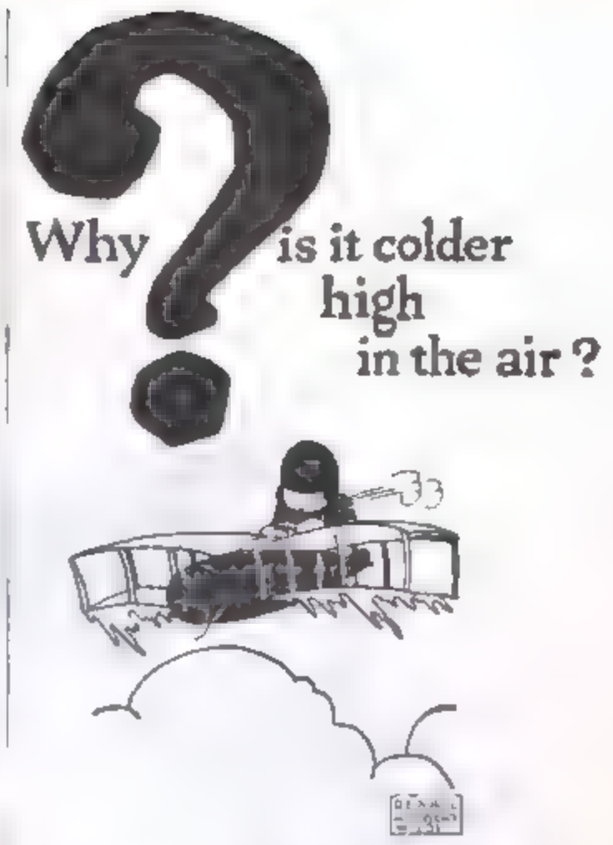
paint a house to suit his neighbors. The late Mr. Emerson's theory, that if a man makes a better mousetrap than anybody else the world will beat a path to his door, doubtless is measurably correct. What the late Mr. Emerson neglected to add is that half of those who make the journey will go for the purpose of criticizing the construction of the trap or the manner in which the proprietor runs his business.

The women will be greatly surprised to learn, if they ever do, that nothing goes on in a lodge.

Half the men in this town who belong to lodges have forgotten the password and are thus debarred from attending meetings and making speeches on the good of the order.

Either a new universal political panacea or a new religion is in prospect. Martin Peddom, who retired from business last spring to take it easy, is sitting around with his head in his hands.

The disappearance of Harrison Sell has puzzled many of his friends, but there really is no mystery about it. When Mr. Sell got to the store the other morning he found a note from his bank asking him to take up his overdraft. In the mail were letters from two jobbers pressing him for payment of overdue accounts. Due to illness, two of his clerks failed to come to work, and he was compelled to spend the day waiting on trade. When he got home that night he was tired out and in no mood for conversation. The first question his wife asked him was, "Who is the woman?" Thereupon Mr. Sell arose from his chair, put on his hat and left the house. He hasn't been seen since. —*Jay E. House.*



—because the earth has absorbed a supply of heat from the sun. The farther one goes away from this heat, the colder the air becomes. How balmy the feeling of

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DANIEL AND THE LIONESS

Continued from Page 7

"Being a slat doesn't give her any strength. And she'll need strength to run this house, besides keeping up with you."

"Oh, she outrides me already."

"Marriage isn't all riding a horse, Danny. Rachel will have plenty of other things to do."

Rachel thought of circulars, and committees, and church bazaars, and perhaps even babies; not to speak of servants, and undergardeners, and electricians, and floor polish.

"Good heavens, Danny," she said, "it terrifies me."

"What?"

"Being your wife. No, being your executive. How can I ever live up to you, Mrs. Dennison? I can scrub a floor and mash potatoes and change spark plugs, but I can't assume the attitude of responsibility for the masses—the masses in the kitchen as well as the masses in the mill."

Danny grinned. "Rachel, if you begin to take the burdens of your wifehood seriously I shall divorce you. I marry you for your selfish ego. It suits me. Mother will go on being chairman of everything, and you and I will break our necks at a steeplechase, and then come home and play duets. How's that for a perfect marriage?"

Mrs. Dennison was annoyed. "Danny has little enough sense," she said tartly. "If I didn't know he was concealing his brains I should have him committed. But I hope for a happy dawn some day, when he will begin to function mentally. That, Rachel, is one of the things you can bring about."

Rachel didn't say anything for a second. He was looking at her. His flippant words seemed to take her for granted; his eyes humbly asked her for herself. She liked his eyes.

"I like Danny, though, the way he is. If he changed into a worthy citizen and began to go to the Rotary Club I'd shriek," she said.

Danny grinned. "There, you see. I've picked a winner. A girl after my own heart." But what he was thinking was—did she mean it?

He got up and walked over to the fireplace, where he lighted a cigarette. His mother looked at him ruefully.

"Sometimes I am glad your father didn't live to be disappointed in me, Danny."

"You? Why?"

"Because I gave him you for a son."

"Oh, come, mother."

He looked at her, a little stung. Why would his mother seize upon a series of foolish remarks, and use them as character evidence? She couldn't eat lunch with you without putting the fear of God into you. There was something funny about Rachel too. There they sat, sipping coffee, the two women who held his past and future in their hands—two awful lady judges. When women weren't talking they were sorting out a man's weakness, wondering how they could patch him up.

It made him angry. He tossed his cigarette on the hearth, went over to his mother, kissed her hurriedly on the forehead, and went out through one of the windows. As he passed Rachel's chair he laid two fingers on her shoulder, two accusing fingers that almost hurt.

"I'll be around at three," he said, "with the horses."

She looked up at him, nodded without speaking.

III

LATE that afternoon two horses, bearing two silent riders, picked their way up the sandy rocky hill, five miles out of town, known as Simpson's Folly. They were always riding up over the hill, and dismounting to sit for a while on the tottering steps of an abandoned house.

They came again today, tethering their horses to the trunk of a wild young birch.

"Now," said Rachel, giving her Bombo a pat, "don't stuff yourself. They love it here, Danny; they can eat with their eyes shut. It must be blissful."

"Plenty of wild legumes; I wonder mother doesn't park us here," he said.

They grinned at each other over the back of Bombo. And then Danny came around to her, took her hand and pulled her through the overgrown weeds and grasses to the steps of the house. There they sat, chewing grass and looking at the view. The remoteness of this place always detached Rachel from the little life down there in Ancaster, that distant clump of roofs and trees which was her stage.

Her silence began to pall on Danny. There had been a mood on her all afternoon. Now she sat beside him, her elbows on her knees, her face cupped in her hands. With quick gentle hands he leaned over and drew off her hat. Then he turned her face; he never could tell what she was thinking until he saw her eyes.

She didn't flinch. Neither did her eyes lose their mute unhappiness.

"What's the matter, Rachel?" he asked her.

"I don't know. I wish I did."

"You're not worried about anything, are you?"

"No; I don't believe so. Listen."

He turned hopefully.

"I've something to tell you. I would have told you this noon, but I waited until we could talk. Aunt Fan's coming back."

"Aunt Fan? That sister of your father's?"

"Yes—that sister. She's here, and coming down to see us." She told him what had happened. "You know, mother's fearfully upset, but I think father is glad. He seemed set on having her down."

Danny was agog. "Look here, what will the old bird be like? Has she money?"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders. "Did you ever hear of an artist who didn't starve in her old age? She's got a husband somewhere. If he'd had money she'd be showing him off."

"Well, she won't stay long. Ancaster will be too dull for her."

"Mother's afraid she'll stay on for the wedding."

The young man grinned. "Well, why not? She could sing at it. Oh, Promise Me the Sunshine of Your Smile—all that rubbish. What did she do with her first husband?"

"He got killed in a balloon—years ago."

"Was he an acrobat?"

"Well, he was when Aunt Fan met him, father said; but he was really a stranded musical manager. That one never was her husband."

"But he should have been—according to mother."

"Well, your mother knows everything. I don't. However, he wasn't. After that Aunt Fan married a singer whom she divorced, and then this one ten years ago. We don't know anything about them. She's never written dad for thirty years; when he was abroad he was too proud to look her up. However, she's coming Saturday, so file your questions early."

She tapped her crop lifelessly on her boots.

"Is that what makes you glum, old beano?" he asked, putting his arm around her.

"No." She looked up at him. The feel of his rough tweed sleeve was good; she laid her cheek on it. But some restlessness pulled her head away. "What's the matter with us, Danny?"

"What do you mean? Why aren't we all right?"

"I mean, what's the matter with me? Can't you see what I do to you?"

"Do? If you'll only let yourself alone you can make me so happy ——" Words failed him.

"It's not a question of happiness. It's what we do to each other when we're together. I saw it all at lunch."

"Saw what?" he asked.

"Saw what we'd make of each other—you and I."

"You mean Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dennison?"

"The same. I'm the wrong woman for you. I shall marry you, but I'm committing a crime."

"You're a crazy girl," he said. "I never saw such a temperament. One minute you're off half cocked, saying what we're going to do; the next, you're not a good influence for me. Do you suppose I'd want you if you were? I can buy that canned at the Ladies' Community Club. No, sir; don't begin to have principles about me."

"But, Danny, I don't have them. That's just the trouble. Think how we acted at lunch. When you are nasty to your mother I never try to make you nice. I enjoy being nasty to her, too, so that I egg you on and set you off. I don't take the trouble to manage you. Your mother was thinking about us today."

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Pitman's
Sampler
& CONFECTIONS

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"Thinking about us? She was thinking about herself."

"No, I felt it. She was wondering whether I might not make you worse off than you are now."

"Say, I like your impudence."

"Oh, you're a darling—but you'll never set the world on fire. You don't want to, do you? You're even bored at having to go to the office, aren't you?" He grunted. "Well, do you think I'm the one to lead you upward? You know what I care about."

"You mean your singing?"

"Yes; more about that than making a great man of you. You need a woman who, without your knowing it, will get you so excited about the canning factory that you'll give up racing. I mean give up all the breeding."

"What a life!" he scoffed.

"A better life than you'd have with me. I'll get sick of singing in that music room; I'll groan because I can't sing professionally."

"But, Rachel, why do you want to? What's the use of standing up to sing to a lot of strange birds who don't know one note from another? Why must a singer want to show off a voice?" He was angrily perplexed.

"You don't keep your horses in their stalls, Danny."

There was a difference between horses and the voice of a woman a man loved. Rachel knew there was, but while he talked she listened, not to his words but to her thoughts. The emerald ring she turned aimlessly on her finger was but a speck of the luxury he could give her. Why not take him, ignore his weakness, and get what she could out of him? It was done every day. Give him a lie in return for his love?

He drew her to him. "Oh, don't say such things, my darling," he begged her. "I can't bear the thought."

He kissed her eyes shut. She did not thrust him away, but in the darkness went on thinking. Suddenly she sat up, put him away from her.

"I wish I could find out," she said. "Oh, why can't I ask someone what to do about my life?"

Danny grinned. "Your Aunt Fan has had lots of experience. Ask her."

She looked at him. "That's an idea," she said. "I will."

In a flash Danny wished he hadn't suggested it. She had enough ideas in her head already.

After a little while they rode home, with few words between them.

IV

RACHEL drove her father down to the station late Saturday afternoon. Her shoulders ached from scrubbing the woodwork in the guest room, where her energy had washed away not only dirt but areas of peeling paint.

"You're a fool, Rachel," her father had said. "Fan wouldn't notice if the house had no roof."

Nevertheless she had finished it. Her mother had been no good all day; she had dazed herself with fearful anticipations. After luncheon she had suddenly begun to cut flowers in the garden, and to fill all the vases in the house. They had left her at home in a fever of irritation.

"There'll be iced tea when you come," she had said.

What a welcome for a prodigal! Thirty years in the capitals of Europe, and then home for a glass of iced tea!

They waited on the station platform, in the last fierce gasp of a hot afternoon. Derieux paced back and forth; Rachel stood, in a way she had, perfectly still, balanced on her left foot, her head a little down. If there was excitement within her it flickered only in the eyes, turned to look down the track.

"What are you going to say to her, dad?" she asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't worrying about that. Fan was a conversational brand; she released words in you unless she had changed.

The train came roaring in. The stereotyped passengers got off; the late commuters, the women with children, the week-end guests. Rachel, who had seen her father go forward, went toward the end of the train. At first she saw nothing but the usual; then she began to run.

How she knew, she couldn't tell. But there was about the woman standing on the platform, unperturbed amongst the passengers who crowded about her luggage, something potent. She stood, immobile, a stranger irresistibly familiar. Rachel ran towards her.

"Aunt Fan!" she called. "Aunt Fan!"

The woman turned, bewildered, and then smiled.

"You"—she said—"do you—why, you must be Charlie's girl."

The great deep-set eyes opened, and then narrowed a little, fixing on Rachel. She must have seen in her some semblance of herself, for stretching forth both hands she pulled Rachel towards her and kissed her cheek.

"Oh," said Rachel, "I'm glad you've come."

Then she heard her father shout, and saw him bend to kiss this woman. The excitement began at once. Like all colorful temperaments, Fan had the gift of making crises. Rose, her maid, chic, excitable, was in a panic. "*Elle est perdue! La petite valise, elle est perdue!*" Derieux found it.

In New York one had averted a frightful catastrophe! The trunk of madame had been so flung that one of its edges was dented. Consider the horror of what might have occurred had the dent become a break!

"Quick, quick, Rose!" shouted Fan. "Hurry!"

She stood still in the same place, while Derieux and Rachel and Rose ran back and forth between her and her heap of luggage and the baggage room. Derieux was animated. The trunks of his exclamatory sister had made a forceful executive of him.

Meanwhile Rachel looked. Her aunt was stocky, hardly good-looking, except for her eyes and the set of her hawklike head. She was like a fierce fearless old bird, a bird who knows all there is to know about flying. Her hair was streaked with gray; her face lined, unrouged. She was strangely dressed, with chic yet with soberness. She wore the sheerest stockings with a pair of serviceable oxfords. Over her black gown of some clinging silk she wore a voluminous cape, which she clutched to her. She dangled an exquisite inlaid case and an old leather hand bag, which she kept opening and searching and shutting again. It had, Rachel noticed, everything in it.

"All my life is in this bag," her aunt said. "You young people, you stick everything in a pocket, don't you?" She had that fatal way of lifting her great eyes on the interrogative. "Ah, Charlie, your dear father, is so capable."

She had no accent but the slurs and caresses which life in many languages had put into her speech.

At last they were in the car. As they drove away, down past the dingy brick-fronted buildings of Center Street, out into the wider square, with the Town Hall and churches and the Grand Army building that must have been there in her youth, Aunt Fan became very still. This was her past. She had lived so completely since her youth that all rancor against this place, these people, had been washed away. Yet she was too responsive, too alive, not to feel. She remembered herself as Mr. Derieux's only daughter—the rich Mr Derieux, the millman—riding down this very street on a great bay; just such another girl as this Rachel, ahead of her. She remembered the hard days of her running away—the luck that followed her all through her youth. They rode on, past familiar streets and houses, under old trees, that threw her headlong into dazed remembrance. These enduring things mocked her transiency. She was a meteor come to earth, doubting already the grandeur of her flight.

"Charlie," she said, taking his sleeve in her hand, "did I do wrong to come?"

He grinned. "One never can tell, Fan, until months after you've gone."

"Nina—was she angry?"

"Well, a little bothered; you can imagine."

Fan could. Nina she considered a fool. A fool remained a fool. Fan was not one to allow for thirty years' mellowing.

"Charlie, did you go into that office?"

"How can you remember that?"

"Because I wanted you to go. You didn't?"

"No, I never went," he said dully. "I suppose I was a fool. But Nina hated the thought of going to Chicago."

Fan snorted. "So you stayed here—in this village. Oh, Charlie!"

"Come, come, Fan, it hasn't been so bad. I had an office in New York until my heart gave out, five or six years ago."

"Your heart?" She was alarmed.

"It's nothing serious, but I can't move about New York. I do what I can at home. But I may as well tell you we're hard up."

"Hard up? Where's all our money?"

"Oh, a company built a big power station down the river, and took our business, and finally bought us out. Father got awfully involved, and Leonard hadn't much head. There were debts we knew nothing about."

"Father was stubborn." So she dismissed that old tyrant.

"Yes, he was. But we've still got the house, and we have Rachel."

"Oh, yes," she said, nodding her head approvingly. "You have her. She is splendid. I like her."

They were on the roadway. Rachel, who had heard all this talk, wanted it to go on. But there was her mother standing on the steps, an image of sheltered fragility. Like the perfect lady she was, she was doing her horrible duty. But Fan, with her head held high, her old cape flying from her, walked up the steps and welcomed Nina and the house and her past back unto herself. So at least it seemed to Rachel.

V

ALL evening she sustained that note. She was back in her father's house, within the very walls which had confined her youth, but there was no bitterness in her recognition of them. Before dinner, in the drawing-room, Rachel caught the secret of her aunt's potency.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried as she entered the room, "there it is," pointing to the old secretary that had belonged to Rachel's grandfather. "I've always wanted that piece for my own room. You know I have a villa in Castello. When you die, will me that."

She had forgotten the fact that her stern old father used to lecture her from that desk. As it was, she wanted it. Her own vitality possessed her so completely that she had no time to conjure up the past.

Charlie grinned. "It's yours; you can take it back with you—that is, if Nina doesn't mind." It pleased his sense of irony to think of Fan spending her old age at her angry father's desk.

She walked up to it, and fingered it with her long square-fingered hands, which she used in her talk as a Spanish woman uses a fan. Rachel, rarely silent, tonight was awed. Here mingled sophistication, brains and achievement. Moreover, Aunt Fan, even in the middle fifties, made a picture of herself. Her thick graying hair was drawn back, setting off her finely modeled temples; her gown was a greenish-silver sheath, into which an artist had fitted her powerful straight body. If age were approaching her, Aunt Fan was still too busy to take heed of the fact.

At the table she faced Rachel; behind her was the tall open window, and the hyacinth sky of a summer evening. As the sky darkened and the shadows in the room deepened and the candlelight became more brilliant, Aunt Fan, to the girl facing her, was intensified against the screen of darkness. She became charged with attraction. Fan's career was over, her day was done, she was at the end of her artistic rope. Yet how alive she was! From her the silent girl across the table drew strange currents of strength.

Her father and Fan reminisced steadily. Her mother, for all her hauteur, could never resist gossip. Fan was avid of marriages and births and deaths; the married life of Ancaster, happy and unhappy, was hauled out for her entertainment. Mrs. Derieux, who had a flair for connubial infelicity, was in splendid form. Rachel was thinking of the copy her marriage might make, twenty years on, when she heard the name of Sam Dennison.

"Oh, will I ever forget him?" laughed Fan. "Soft as soap—and so smart. What did become of him?"

"He made millions canning, and died." Charlie paused, and then waved his hands towards Rachel—"and left her his son."

"His son? What has she to do with his son?"

"More than most people; she's going to marry him."

Fan looked across the table at Rachel as if for the first time. "You—marrying? Why, you look like a baby. Is he nice, this son?"

"Yes—he's nice."

What else she had to say she reserved. Fan noticed that she didn't blush in the confusion of prenuptial bliss. The emerald on Rachel's finger caught her eye.

"He has taste. Let me see the ring."

Over the table she took the hand, cool and, to her great surprise, trembling. Quickly the hand slipped away from her. Fan looked at her sharply, and turned to Derieux.

"Whom did Sam marry?"

"Oh, a powerful girl from Vermont who has grown up to boss us all. She's a man among chairmen. Old Sammy learned a lot from her. After he'd acquired eight or ten million she built him a house, and taught him to come in his own front door without falling over the footmen. That's where our young bloods are going to live. Hundreds of rooms and sunken baths."

Fan sniffed. "Material luxury. Do you like her?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Do you think one need like one's mother-in-law?"

"When one loves a man one loves all his chattels, my dear. Now, when I married Carlo his mother made a *novena* against the marriage. But Carlo is a stubborn brute. When we went to Milan the old lady received me in state, and I bowed at her feet. Everyone else was talking so that her curiosity made us inseparable. Now, when we are in Milan, we play Russian bank all evening. And she knits me mittens. It is a wonderful alliance—Carlo is perfect to her, and I am nearer Carlo than she. Yet she had him first. We love each other out of jealousy. You see, my dear?"

In Rachel's eyes there was unhappy understanding. "This," she was thinking, "is what I miss." Fan saw the unhappiness.

"Just who is Carlo?" asked Derieux neatly.

"My third husband," she answered. "And a darling."

Nina was beside herself, but Fan dropped Carlo there. The maid brought in a mold of ice cream, and she shrieked with delight.

"Oh, I have such trouble," she said, "making ice cream at my villa."

Derieux, who was bankrupt, offered to buy her a freezer.

All evening they talked on the veranda. The night was warm; the stars hung themselves against the black curtain of the sky; now and then a leaf fluttered, an owl hooted forlornly in the woods; the low murmur of their voices was too gentle to shatter the velvety silence. Rachel said little, for there was so little she knew to talk about. But she listened.

It was after eleven when Fan rose.

"I must go to bed. I'm sleepy, Nina. I spent the morning at the opera house, listening to a new contralto."

"Was she good?" Rachel leaned forward, all alive.

"Good? Who can tell? It's what they make of themselves. But her tone was lovely."

They were in the drawing-room. The piano at which she herself had sung her foolish songs stood in the corner near the window. She walked over to it, and saw the music-filled rack. Her eyes widened.

"Who sings in this house?" she asked.

"I do," said Rachel confidently. "At least I try to."

"Charlie, why didn't you tell me? We might have had her singing all evening."

She looked over the music, and then saw the piles in the cabinet behind the bench. These songs were songs she knew, songs worth singing; they were marked with the little notes of a student.

"You make these marks, my dear?" She peered over at the girl. "You sing and study? You take lessons?"

"Not any more. You see ——"

"Is it because you're too poor, because you are going to be married? Hey, what is it?" She lifted her eyes, open.

The three of them were silent. Fan looked from one to the other. Here was some reticence that was wrong.

"I spent all my money," said Rachel; then, brazenly, "I haven't any more. What I'll do after I marry, I don't know."

"I'm sure, Rachel, that Danny will be only too glad ——" said her mother, who didn't want anything started.

But Rachel cut her short. "Oh, one can't count on one's husband. Can one, Aunt Fan?"

"That, my dear, depends. I could, and I couldn't. Sequence has its points. However, I tell you what. Tomorrow, when I come down, you will sing to me. All alone here. And we will have a good talk. We have not spoken tonight. Once I was young like you, and I remember how it feels."

She kissed the girl, and the Derieux's, and went royally up the stairs. Mrs. Derieux followed her, wondering whether Carlo's

(Continued on Page 77)

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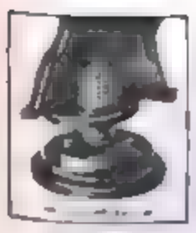

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mother was well born. But her father lingered with Rachel until she had closed the piano tenderly, and had come with him up through the darkened stairs.

VI

THE next morning, about nine, Rachel answered the telephone in the upper hall. Aunt Fan's door was ajar. That lady, sitting up in bed over her breakfast coffee, could not help hearing.

"Oh," she said, "hello, Danny." There was a pause. "No; I'm so sorry, I can't." Another pause. "No, not this morning. Come this afternoon—for tea." He wanted to see her badly. "No, no, Danny, I can't. Aunt Fan's going to hear me sing. . . . Yes, yes; this afternoon. . . . What? . . . Oh, marvelous!" And there was conviction in her voice. "Good-by."

She hung up and went down the stairs.

Aunt Fan raised one eyebrow, and made to herself a little face that apostrophized love and his mysterious disguises.

Sometime past eleven, Rachel, excited yet sure of herself, shut tight the drawing-room door and walked over to the piano. There her aunt turned over music, tossed the songs here and there, keeping some, discarding others. She kept up a steady monologue of comment.

"Here," she said, "this Dvorák—this is good. Can you sing that? You like these somber songs? Umph! Bah! This Chaminade—she is like too much perfume on a woman, too many roses in a room—take her away." Chaminade went to the floor. "Now, this Schumann, and these two Brahms, and this little Sidney Homer, and this Moussourgsky, and these arias —— This one will make you shout like a cuckoo, but it will show your range."

She picked up a book of modern French composers. "Here," she said, "sing this from Marouf; then I can see how your brain works. Now there are ten." She piled them up neatly. "You see the plan. It is like a concert program—so much passion, so much style, so much show of bravura, so much mush for the crowd, and here and there a little art. Now you will begin; and I will tell you, when you are finished, how much you remind me of a nightingale."

Her aunt trotted across the floor, dragged from the corner a straight chair, which she placed in the middle of the room. Rachel, at the piano, faced her. She had a moment of panic. Her heart fluttered, her hands went cold and shook a little as she opened Number One.

"This, my dear, is what love does to you," her aunt commented. "Begin."

The great eyes commanded, warmed, assured. The girl bent her head, began the accompaniment, and as she began to sing her terror fled. When it was over she dared to look up.

"Good," said her strange aunt brusquely. "Go on with *numéro deux*."

She went on through the nine others. These songs exacted of her more than her whole previous life. Now her aunt would know her for what she was—deep or shallow, capricious or enduring, resourceful or lost—before the thrusts of reality. She was one with herself, and yet out of herself. When she was finished she looked across at her aunt, sitting there silent, in her plain white gown, an image of detachment. She was trying to spare her, trying to hide her truth out of pity.

"Don't mind me, Aunt Fan," she said bravely.

Her aunt still looked. Then both her hands flew upward, the palms outward, as if she were at a loss.

"My dear, my dear, what an extraordinary event ——" She stopped. "Consider it, my dear. I run away because I want to sing. For twenty years I sing. Then after thirty years of my life I come back to this room—oh, even to this piano—and find you. Yes, to this piano. My dear young girl, do you know"—she was standing now, and pointing to that instrument—"do you know that when I was your age I shed tears all over that piano? Yes, tears."

She stood still again. "Well," thought Rachel, "I am no good. I only remind her ——"

Her aunt spoke: "Are you good at fighting?"

"Fighting? You mean ——"

"I mean to get what you want. Perhaps I shall say it this way: Do you want to marry this Danny, or do you want to sing? You cannot do both—not at first. It is not fair to your husband. You cannot be in Paris or Munich singing the scales and speaking three languages and keep a young man happy. But I have an idea about you."

Rachel started. "Aunt Fan, why do you say this?"

Her aunt looked at her bewilderingly. "Goose, because you have a voice. You can be a singer—if you care enough to work hard and jilt a man. Perhaps you don't. Perhaps you do love this young man who has much money. Perhaps it is better not to be an artist. But if you have something in you that wants to come out, you are sowing thorns for yourself and him to lie on. Oh, you must think, think, think what to do with a great gift. Oh, have you thought?"

Something snapped in Rachel's mind. Her doubt was gone, the indecision that had worn her down as starvation wears down a body. A giddiness came over her; her aunt saw tears run down her cheeks, her mouth widen. And then she moaned, sank loudly down on the piano, buried her head on the keys and began to sob.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she moaned. "Oh, Aunt Fan!"

That lady was startled, but not dismayed. Here was heredity, here was Charlie's lost soul trying to save itself. She made little clucking noises and patted the girl's shoulder and soothed her. Yet why had she come to this house? How Nina would nag Charlie, and perhaps accuse her to her face! Yet the girl belonged to her more than to Nina. She saw that clearly.

"Here," she said; "sit up, my dear. They can hear you in the garden." But Rachel went on sobbing. "Here, here! Come, come! I have a plan for you. I want you to decide. You must let me know, because ——"

There was a step on the gravel; Fan's eyes half caught the shadow flung through the open window. She turned. A tall young man, a young man who had for her a vague familiarity, stood there. He stared at her, his mouth opened, and he strode into the room. But what he said was lost in the cry that came from Rachel, who had that very instant risen from the piano, her tear-stained eyes staring wildly at him.

"Oh, go away, go away!" she cried. "I'm not going to marry you! Go away!" And she fell crying again into Aunt Fan's arms.

Fifteen minutes later the Derieux's, strolling in the garden, saw Danny, who carried in his pocket an emerald ring, come through one of the long windows of the drawing-room and disappear around a corner of the house. They wondered why he didn't stay to lunch.

A little later Fan came out, too, and walked slowly towards them. She came a little wearily, as if that in which she had just taken part had shaken her confidence.

She looked up at her brother covertly. "They've just had a row," she whispered. Taking his arm she came on to Nina.

"Well, what did you think of her?" said Nina with enthusiastic skepticism.

Fan fired her first shot: "The child has a magnificent voice. What little teaching she has had has been good. And she seems to have brains. I don't doubt but that work and time and a little money would make a great singer out of her. She has looks, too, you see. It's too bad she's going to be married."

Nina was disgusted with her husband because he was so obviously pleased by this news. After all, Fan was only one authority.

"But, my dear Fan, surely you wouldn't advise her to break her engagement on a hazard like this. Her happiness ——"

Fan cut in sharply: "Her happiness depends upon herself. That has nothing to do with her voice. I hope she will make something of it. She should marry if she feels she must, although I don't think much of the match. However ——"

"But why isn't it a good match?" said Nina.

"Good—but not remarkable. He's a rich young man, but life here is dull. Isn't it, Charlie? Unless perhaps he has a career or interests somewhere so that he can take Rachel about. Or perhaps he will let her go abroad to study. I don't know. But if she wants to marry for money, she could do better than this."

Derieux looked sharply at his sister. "Do you think she loves him, Fan?"

Fan waved both hands at him and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, do not ask me any more about it. I do not want to be involved. I did not come back here, after all these years, to break an engagement. No, no, no! She has a voice, but she has also a man in love with her. She must choose for herself. Come, let us walk."

Even as they turned in the path they heard Rachel singing. Her voice soared, dipped and then mounted again, sure and beautiful. Fan, knowing what she did, marveled at the insouciance of youth. Nina murmured something about loveliness. But to Charlie his daughter sang with unburdened felicity, as a caged bird might sing who sees at last its bars let down.

VII

WHAT Derieux called the next war did not break until the next day. After luncheon that Sunday Fan rested. Rachel disappeared somewhere, and her mother was innocent enough to think that she had gone to ride with Danny. When she appeared before dinner Mrs. Derieux was too excited to observe the girl's white face. Danny's mother had just called, had stayed for tea, and had been most obviously impressed with Fan. Mrs. Derieux had sat in a reflected blaze of glory while Fan insinuated to Mrs. Dennison, by anecdote, allusion and half hints, that thirty years of vulgar singing had offered more exciting allurements than thirty years of domesticity in Ancaster.

"It was immense," said Derieux to his daughter as they walked into the house together. "I never saw Fan in such form. Mrs. Dennison was furious but charmed. She wants us all to lunch there Wednesday, but Fan stalled."

"She wants us there to luncheon?" gasped Rachel. "She can't ——"

Her father looked at her. "Why, that's natural enough. She'd have no manners if she didn't ask us. But Fan thinks she may have to leave."

Rachel was unnerved. Danny had evidently not told his mother. And Aunt Fan talking of going! Once Aunt Fan was gone Danny would wear her down again. She would be worse off than before.

All that evening, however, she couldn't tell her mother and father. It was a warm summer night, and after they had talked on the veranda for a while Aunt Fan asked her to sing. She did. And then they talked again.

There was an easeful calm about their family relationship, so rare that the girl did not have the courage to break it. She was under the spell of her music and of the brooding night. She waited. And Aunt Fan, too, sat and waited for her to act.

The next morning she did. Fan, who had gone into the garden after breakfast, was wondering why the just God permitted a cold nature like Nina's to have such success with flowers, when she heard a step behind her on the gravel. She turned, expecting Charlie. Now she would tell him what she had in her mind. She turned, but it wasn't Charlie. It was Danny.

"You," she said, holding out her hand. "I thought you were jilted."

He made a little bow over her hand. There was something familiar about this boy. She had felt it yesterday.

"Well, that may be," he said, "but I'm here to see you, not Rachel. I don't dare go near her."

"You wish to talk to me?" she said. "Well, come, we will sit over there on that bench, where they cannot see us from the house." They sat down and faced each other. "Now, young man, what can I do for you?"

"Go away—as soon as you can," he said. "Of course you know you are responsible for this. It's only because you have come back here that this has happened."

"Well, that may be. But perhaps my coming is a blessing. You wouldn't want to marry a woman who didn't love you, would you?"

He looked at her glumly. "She did love me—or rather she seemed to. She has moods. After we were married ——" He hesitated. "Well, I thought she'd feel better about it. I thought if she took some singing lessons in New York she'd be more content."

"So you want her to be content?"

"More than content. Happy."

"No matter what it costs?"

A personable young man, she thought. It was too bad Rachel had to give him up. Why were charming young men so ineffectual?

"You think, young man, I know something about life?"

"From what I hear about you, you should." He grinned.

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"My loss is my gain, you see," she said sagely. "When I went away from here I lost Ancaster respectability, and all the things that go with it, and I lost all these years with my dear brother Charlie. But I have him now again, and I have something one could never get here—experience. I do not want to have anything to do with you and Rachel; I do not want to influence her; but experience tells me what should be done, and what is wise. And the first thing I tell you is never to marry without love. Now that is a strange thing for an old woman who made a scandal to come home to say. But that is one of the things I learned, and always preach."

"I thought she loved me—until yesterday when she screamed at me, and when she gave me back the ring."

"That may have been a mood. You must be calm."

"Calm? I'm not a wooden dummy. I want to get her back." He got up and stood angrily before her in the path.

"Get her back," mocked this strange old woman, pointing an accusing finger at him. "Get her back! Oh, how you insult us, you men. Get her back as you would get back a lost umbrella? If she comes back to you it will be because she has never been away from you. If she does not it will be because she has never been with you. And I'm not saying what side I take. She has something, I think, that you do not understand. She may want to be an artist. If she has an artist's soul in her, and if it does not find expression, it will die in her. And then perhaps she will make you a good wife. A placid silent wife. A mummy wife." She was excited now. "Is that the kind of wife you want, young man? Do you want to kill a soul by putting a wedding ring on it?"

Danny was awestruck. "My God," he said. "No."

"Well, then you wait until she comes to you freely. Wait, I say. What difference does it make about invitations, announcements, wedding presents? Pouf!" She blew her fingers at public opinion. "You must think only of her—if you love her. Perhaps you only think you do. Have you loved many girls?"

In a flash she remembered him. It was extraordinary. Now she need not feel so sorry for him.

Danny looked at her. "Why, no; not like this. Never. But I've been about." He was wondering why her profile was so familiar to him. "You look like Rachel," he said bluntly. "I can't help liking you."

He was a nice boy, and she told him so. "I shall not go against you, my dear." Rising, she gave him both her hands. "Until it is necessary. Here comes her father. Perhaps you had better go. Unless you wish to discuss this with him."

But Danny was off. "I'll come to see you again," he said.

Derieux met him on the path, and they stopped for a word. The word stretched into several paragraphs. Danny stood unhappily, now and then kicking the turf with the toe of one of his boots. Then he shook Derieux's proffered hand and went away.

Fan could see from her brother's face that Nina knew. She wished she had never come. She said so to him as he sat down beside her.

"Oh, no, no!" he said. "Frankly, I thought this would happen. Your coming only spurred her on. I left her putting Nina to bed. She says she will go somewhere to study if she has to steal. You think she has a voice, really?"

She told him what she thought. She also asked him how much money he had, and what the house was worth, and how much it cost them to live, and whether Rachel's revolt was more than a mood.

He thought it was. "Besides, Danny isn't big enough for her. He'll get over this." She knew he would, but she didn't say why. "Besides," said Derieux, "too much money would ruin her. She would always be wanting something because she could buy everything so easily. There would be no escape for her."

"Unless she ran away to sing."

"She would be too sporting to leave Danny."

"I could take her, Charlie," she proffered. "But Nina would never forgive me. Do you see how hard it is for me?"

"Nina says it's your fault, of course; and Rachel says it isn't. She says you refused to help her last night."

Aunt Fan nodded. "Yes; she came into my bedroom and cried. But I have reasons for refusing."

She sat still, moodily, thinking. "She may be poor," thought her brother. Yet the gown she had on, of sheer linen, was a mass of Italian embroidery; her hands were the hands of a well-cared-for woman. And a beggar did not go about with a maid.

"Charlie"—she startled him out of his thoughts—"will you motor me downtown? I want to telegraph. I must see about trains. In a few days I shall have to go. I think Carlo will be coming back."

He could. All the way down they talked, about trifles, and when he left her at a telegraph office he sat moodily in his seat until she came out. They went on to the station, and then rode home in silence. In the hall she took him by his sleeve.

"I would like to talk to you alone. Can you take me somewhere?"

Rachel, who was coming down the stairs, saw the library door close behind them. She wondered. Half an hour later, when she came down again, the door was still closed. As she reached the bottom step the telephone rang. She went to answer it. It was the toll operator asking for the Baroness Solano.

So, thought Rachel, Aunt Fan was titled. Wait until mother heard that. She knocked loudly on the library door and opened it.

"Telephone, Aunt Fan," she said.

Her father and her aunt were seated at the desk, evidently very much absorbed. Yet Aunt Fan leaped to her feet quickly, as if she had expected the call, came out of the room and went down the hall, barely glancing at the girl, who looked at her so miserably. Hardly had she taken the receiver in her hand before she burst into delighted Italian. Rachel went upstairs to her room and shut the door.

VIII

RACHEL had been so busy all the morning that she had not had time to think. Her mother's prostration had involved numberless trips up and down stairs; and as she bathed her head with eau de cologne she had to say over and over again: "No, it's all off, mummy. Now be still and rest."

Would her mother go into permanent invalidism? If she did, fate would keep her home to nurse her. Perhaps she was a fool! But how she had sung yesterday; how Aunt Fan had talked to her! Yet from that minute, that sphinxlike aunt had said nothing. She had given her, indeed, strange provoking glances. If she had plans she had dropped Rachel out of her confidence. It was as if, having shown Rachel how to burn her bridges, she had said, "Now go your bold way alone."

Her mother, of course, had blamed it all on Fan. "She's a bad woman. I knew she would do this. She's done it out of revenge."

Rachel could laugh that off, but she was too weary herself to worry about motives. What was she going to do now? What would she do with her empty days? How could she start herself?

There was one thing she could do, and she would go down to the library immediately and accomplish it. As she passed Aunt Fan's door she saw Rose bending over a trunk, packing her aunt's colorful belongings.

"*Ah, mademoiselle,*" exclaimed the gesturing Rose, "*il faut que nous nous en allions. M. le Baron a téléphoné que notre bateau partira demain. Ah, mademoiselle, c'est dommage. Madame est navrée.*" Her hands described indescribable sorrow on the part of madame at leaving her beloved ones.

"*Oui?*" questioned Rachel. "*A quelle heure est-ce que madame va partir?*"

Rose did not know. One awaited the exact hour of the departure of the train. Perhaps sixteen o'clock.

So she was going. A fury invaded Rachel's body; an anger that impelled her to fling herself at her aunt. She ran down the stairs and into the library. With shaking hands she opened the drawer of the desk and took out a pile of papers, all neatly clipped together. Rachel was neat; she had typed her list of wedding guests as carefully as she would copy off the notes of a song. With her strong hands she tore the thick sheets in two, and was tearing them again, when she heard a step. She looked up. Aunt Fan stood watching this passionate destruction. The four torn sections went hurling into the fireplace. Then Rachel turned and went back to rummage again in the desk. She tried to speak, but her throat trembled. She found the letter she had written to New York inclosing the form of her invitation, and tore it into bits.

(Continued on Page 81)

Everybody's serving it on Wednesdays!

In nearly every home mothers have a way of saving out a day each week for certain good things—coffee cake on Saturday, perhaps; or waffles Sunday evening.

And nearly everywhere they've formed a little custom of serving Raisin Bread *on Wednesdays.*

So I bake it "special" for this day—my finest. I bake it as you like it—beautiful golden loaves generously filled with plenty of plump and flavory Sun-Maid Raisins.

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And there is my famous Sun-Maid Raisin Pie, of course—filled with the stored-up sunshine of California's choicest table grapes. Hot or cold, it's equally good. It is served by cafes and restaurants everywhere. Order it on Wednesdays.

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Every week—everywhere—bakers prepare Sun-Maid Raisin Bread and other Raisin Foods "Special for Wednesday." Serve them in your own home as so many are doing—regularly on Wednesdays.

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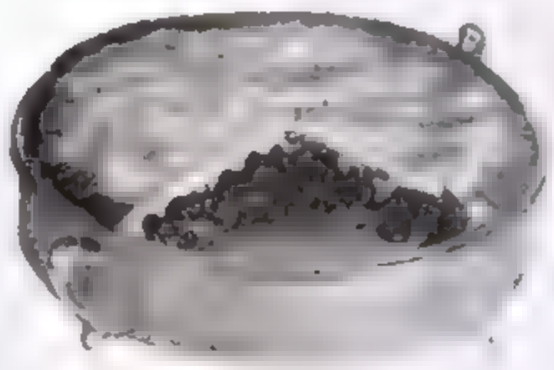

And Sun-Maid Raisin Pie!—Also "Special on Wednesdays"

Raisin Bread *Special* on Wednesdays

Six Generations have trod these stairs

(SINCE 1790)

AND yet, in 1924, the camera can discover hardly a trace of the heavy tread of Time in this old New Hampshire homestead. Every surface speaks eloquently of the steadfast protection of paint and varnish.

Deterioration—practically zero! *Nothing* has been subtracted from the value of the original investment, made 134 years ago. But *added* is the priceless, mellow atmosphere of age, in all its dignity.

The new owner has had this house taken apart, nail by nail, dowel by dowel, board by board, timber by timber and has had it shipped from Rindge, New Hampshire, to Great Neck, Long Island, where it is being re-erected. The construction engineer in charge, George Allen Richardson of New York, states that the original timbers are intact. The stairway is the counterpart of the Samuel McIntyre stairway in the famous John Hancock house, Boston.

"Oh, they used to build that way," you will say.

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SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
507 The Bourse Philadelphia

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

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(Continued from Page 78

"Oh, you are angry," said her aunt. "Angry. I never saw any young woman so angry—except myself."

"Haven't I a right?" cried Rachel. "Can you see what there is for me but anger? What good is anyone to me? What have I but myself? A crying mother, a helpless father, and ——" She stopped.

"Go on, go on. What were you going to call me?"

"I call you nothing. You owe me nothing. They treated you the same way thirty years ago. But you had something I haven't, Aunt Fan. You had the will to do it yourself. And I don't seem to have it. I sit and doubt. I have too much of mother in me. But I do know what I want. Oh, Aunt Fan, how can I get away?"

The old woman came over to her and stood very close, so that her great eyes, like bewitching facets of dark fire, compelling, swaying, mysterious, peered into Rachel's. She spoke, too, in a curious singsong, as if her words were but symbols of truth she dared not divulge. "Look at me, look at my eyes," she seemed to say, "and you will see what my eyes dare you to do."

"You must not be afraid," she said, "you must not give up." She came a little closer. "I believe in you. There is something waiting for you, but you must reach out and take it yourself. You must be brave enough to be hard, even as I was. You must, you must, you must."

"You mean, Aunt Fan — " the girl cried

"I will not tell you what I mean. I have to go away today. But there is still time. I cannot steal you. I have stolen too much from your father to steal you too. You are young. You must commit your own infamies, my dear, because you have your life ahead of you to live them down."

Then Derieux came in, and came between them. He was so taken up with his own thoughts that he did not notice their absorption.

"Nina's coming down," he warned. "She feels better."

"That's because she's heard I'm going," said Fan. "Oh, I'm afraid to face her." She flung her two hands in the air. Rachel felt an alliance between these two. She was alone again.

"I must kiss your daughter, Charlie," said the inscrutable Fan, and coming over to her she took her in her arms. "I should have liked her for my own. She is more gentle than myself. I have always told Carlo he should have married one of those porcelain women who make the home a refuge from the world, instead of a majordomo like me, who turn it into a bigger and better battlefield—but there's no accounting for a man's taste. Ah, Nina."

With her best Florentine manner she charged down upon Nina, full of solicitude. It was as if Nina had fallen downstairs or eaten too rich a luncheon or done something equally insignificant. How lovely it was of her to come down, especially since Fan had to rush away so! The next time she came she was staying a month.

Mrs. Derieux's enthusiasm was a little subdued. But Fan raced steadily on; and in the midst of her torrential narrative, and her father's neat cracks, and her mother's birdlike frigidities, Rachel slipped upstairs. There was something very important she wanted to get done before luncheon. When she came down they were at the table, and did not seem to notice her lateness, except Aunt Fan, whose strange eyes held hers for the fraction of a second, and dared her with a yearning glance that was almost a summons.

When that summons came they were sitting on the side veranda after luncheon. It was almost three, and Fan's train left a little after four. For once she had been talking about her Carlo. She had produced pictures of her villa outside Florence, even pictures of Carlo himself, a rather vague lean figure in golf clothes. He was an engineer; he had involved schemes to develop water power in Northern Italy. He lived and died for energy. "He is a nut on dynamos," said Fan.

Rachel sat, saying little, tense and hurt Was Aunt Fan mocking her with her, "See, Rachel, how lovely this is. See, Rachel, this is my music room. See, this is where I sit in my garden." Well, what if she did own the world now? Had she forgotten the time when she, like Rachel, had nothing?

Yet her silence went unheeded. Her father and mother, too, were gay, noisy and talkative, as people are before that awful moment when the door closes on a guest, and a family is left alone with its own miserable problems. Then to her astonishment Rachel saw Danny walking up across the lawn, through the shrubbery. She marveled at his jauntiness. Jilting evidently was not coming between them. He looked coolly over to the veranda and veered towards them. As he crossed the green oval in front of the house he stopped.

Rachel heard it, too the soft whir of a powerful car coming up the roadway. It honked in an expensive, effective way, and as it suddenly swooped into sight and whirled around to disappear in the front of the house Rachel envied its owner. She could see Danny taking it in, long and low, imported and elegant

Then he stepped excitedly out of her sight; she could hear him talking.

"Who is that?" said Nina.

"It's a millionaire," said Rachel, rising.

But Fan, who had heard the noise and the horn, laid a hand on her arm.

"Wait," she said. "Wait. I hear voices." She darted a look at Rachel, as if to say, "Now what will you do?"

And then they heard footsteps, and men's voices Danny's, pleased, excited, and the other, a stranger's, deep cadenced, a little foreign.

Fan leaped to her feet.

"He's come, he's come!" she cried, and ran around the corner of the veranda.

Following, they saw her fling herself into the arms of a tall gray-haired man, who for the moment was conscious only of her. It was Carlo, prince of husbands, king of dynamos.

"Oh, you came! You raced down to surprise me!" cried Fan, looking at him with adoration. "It is nice of you."

He leaned over his wife, his dark eyes warm with feeling for her. It was easy to see that she had him bewitched. She entertained him always with her intensities, her preoccupations, never two days the same. She had the appearance of ruling him, whereas she was really his slave. They were foolishly happy. Propelling him by the arm, as if he were a dummy, she stood him in front of each of her family.

"This, Carlo, is my brother Charlie—you know, my dear brother. This, Carlo, is Nina, his wife—his dear wife."

It was an honor to Carlo to meet them. Over Nina's hand he bowed devotedly, yet a little wearily, as if the centuries of homage men had been paying these flower women had taken the spring out of him He made Nina feel a little inept. She wished her good blood had a little more color in it.

He straightened up to follow Fan, his stalwart announcer.

"This," she was shouting, "is Rachel—you know—the one I told you about—your new niece."

Carlo beamed paternally. "Niece, I salute you."

The girl felt her nerves relax under his smile. She liked him

"This is the little singer?" he asked Fan, still holding Rachel's hand, as if to keep track of her in the crowd. "This one? Well, well." He looked her over consideringly. "I am glad to know you." And then he passed on, like a king.

There was still Danny to explain.

"This young man," said the baron, walking over to him, "I knew before. Is it not unusual to meet him here, in this big country? Is he your son?"

He turned to Derieux, who shook his head, astonished.

"You know each other, you mean?"

His wife was fluttering. Rachel felt a pull of interest.

They did. Each of them explained a little.

"We met in Florence," said Danny.

"Oh, he did me an immense ser-vice immense," said the baron. "He rode my horse in a steeplechase. Do you remember, Fan? When Tino Cardeschi had the mumps, and could not ride, and this young man took his place. He and Tino were friends."

"I recognized him this morning," said Fan laconically.

"Who—me? That's why I thought I remembered you yesterday," said Danny. They stared at each other. "I never met you," he went on. "But I saw you one day in the baron's motor, the day of the race. I didn't forget you."

Rachel felt a funny constraint between them, as if there was something else they had not said.

"But, Danny, why didn't you tell me this yesterday?"

He was so surprised that she spoke to him at all that he didn't for a second answer her

"Yesterday—why, yesterday you jilted me"

At which Aunt Fan went off into a wicked little laugh. "Oh, Mr. Dennison!" she said. Even the baron looked at him a little cryptically. Danny, at first, looked self-consciously from one to the other, and then began to blush. He looked up daringly at Rachel.

"What is the joke?" she said. "Tell me."

He grinned. "There isn't any. Ask the baroness," he said.

Fan answered for him. "Poor Danny—he had a hard time. I didn't meet him, I think, because he went right away after the race. He fell in love with Tino's sister she's a little young thing—and she wouldn't have him—why, I can't see—and then he went away, of course, not wishing to bother her with his presence"—she waited an instant—"like the gentleman he is. That's why I didn't meet him. But Tino is always talking about him. Isn't he, Carlo?"

That gentleman was regarding his wife, wondering about her motive. She had some scheme in her head. Danny, still a little red, could have killed her. Yet he could not be angry with her, because she was the baron's wife. She had driven nails into the coffin of his last love, but, nevertheless, he wished to show his stable to her husband.

"Well, you ran a great race that day," broke in the baron. And they forgot hearts for horses.

Rachel stood a little apart. In the babble of talk about tracks, and champions, and the road to New York, and a dinner engagement that night, she was thinking one thing: "I need not feel sorry for him. I am free. He has been jilted before." What one woman had done to him she could do again. He would survive.

"Carlo, come with me," cried Fan. "I must show you my old home."

They went into the house together. Behind them went Rachel, and as they turned into the library she streaked up to her room, where once more she closed the door.

The Derieux's and Danny waited on the veranda.

"How surprised you must have been, Danny," said Mrs. Derieux. "What a charming man he is!"

"He's a prince," said Danny, from his perch on the railing. "A very prince. And rich as Crœsus. Every time you turn on the light in Italy, they say he makes another lira. Anyway, he's a prince. You ought to see his horses. My hat! And he knows how to set you up. He gave me a party after that race. I had a head for a week." He contemplated his boots sadly. "Won't he have time to come to my stable?" he asked Charlie. "That car of his can make New York in an hour. Besides, I'd like to give him a dinner on a solid gold plate. Couldn't he come?"

But when the baron returned, followed by Fan in her black cape, it was impossible. He was desolated, but firm. There were dynamos on his mind, evidently, not horses.

Fan put both hands on her brother's shoulders and drew him to her. "I will telephone and arrange," she said. "And you must fetch Nina over next winter to see us."

He gave her a great hug. What an intriguer she was. Then he looked up over her shoulder.

"She's coming now," he muttered, and wheeled his sister around.

They all saw her at once—Rachel, descending steadily upon them, her face white, her black eyes gleaming. Behind she dragged a heavy suitcase. In her black frock, her tight little black hat, she looked lovely and remote. Danny knew then he had lost her. She had the air of resolute departure.

"Rachel," shouted Nina, coming forward, "where are you going?"

But her daughter, if she heard her, gave no sign.

"You've got to take me, Aunt Fan," she said to that woman. "You've got to. At least give me a ride to the city. I'm going away. I can't stand it here any longer. I've got to go away."

Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears. She pushed her way through them, and her misty eyes saw nothing, felt only that her father made a movement to keep her mother from holding her. So they wouldn't even stop her! Blindly she went out, through the door, and down the steps to the car, where the chauffeur with incredible politeness assisted her into the motor. There she sat, trembling, started towards her destiny.

Inside the house there was a scene. Everyone pushed everyone, talked at once at Nina.

"Don't cry, don't," said her husband. "It's all right. Fan wants to take her abroad to study."

"All right? All right? How can you say that? She is running away!"

He gave her a little shake. "No, she isn't running away. She only thinks she is. She'll be safe with Fan and the baron."

Rachel's mother stopped her tears and opened her eyes. "You mean ——"

Fan knelt down before her. "You must stop crying," she said. "Tomorrow, the next day, perhaps, we go to Italy. I will take her. She shows me now she believes in herself, because she is not afraid to run away. I have not urged her. I swear to you I have not helped her. But she has shown me she wants to help herself. Listen! I will get her teachers, and take her to Paris, and make a great singer of her. She has brains and will and temper. And we will spend money on her soul." She leaped up. "Will we not, Carlo?"

He beamed, shrugged and bowed. His wife was the manager. He had seen her make other destinies, and he knew what she could do for this niece.

"It would make us," he concluded, "happy to have your daughter."

Mrs. Derieux gazed at her overwhelming sister-in-law who had flung the world away, and had lived to harvest everything for herself—husbands, fame, money and now Rachel. Everything in her sphere, this invincible woman brought to fruition. Helplessly Nina surrendered.

"Take her, Fan. But, for heaven's sake, ask her to come in to kiss me good-by."

DRAWN BY NELSON WHITE

"Which One of the Girls Over There is it You Don't Like?" "Sh-h! Don't Talk So Loud! But as Soon as She Comes Over This Way I'll Kiss Her Twice"

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NEW YORK

ALCORUB
For the Beauty and Health of the Skin

THE PRICELESS PEARL

(Continued from Page 21)

"Not to my mind," Pearl answered firmly. "He's clean and healthy looking."

"He's beautifully clean," said Antonia. "Think of going about with someone like that!" The measure of her collapse might be taken when a few minutes later she dashed to the window to watch him drive away with her sister, and turning back she exclaimed sadly, "Gee, I never thought I'd wish I was Dolly!"

Pearl thought to herself that there was no great difficulty in seeing through this young man's plans. He wasn't the kind who wept on the desk like the third vice president of the Encyclopedia company. No, he was going to use Antonia's open admiration as an avenue to the governess. Well, the situation could not prolong itself. This was Saturday, and he would be going early Monday morning. There oughtn't to be much trouble in keeping out of his way. She could count on Dolly's coöperation. She sighed, wishing that Mrs. Conway were more friendly. Dolly would keep him playing golf as late as possible; they would not meet again until luncheon, and that was perfectly safe.

She miscalculated. Williams' will was stronger than Dolly's. It was a day of long, regular waves, high but without force, turned back from the shore by a northerly wind. Antonia was standing near shore diving them, wave after wave, and shaking her short hair out of her eyes after each one passed over her head. Pearl had swum out beyond the line of breakers and was sitting on a barrel, enjoying the sensation of being pulled gently in and out as each swell rolled past her. Suddenly on the shore she saw Williams and Dolly appear in their bathing things. She understood it all. Dolly had been lured to the beach at this early hour by the idea of an undisturbed tête-à-tête. The girl sat down, as if confident that Williams was going to do the same, but he stood gazing out to sea. Pearl felt his eyes reach her, and then he dived into one of the great crested billows and she saw that he was making straight for her barrel. He was coming fast, but he was coming under water. When he reached the barrel Pearl was not there. Looking back, he saw her almost at the shore.

He was, however, the kind of man in whom opposition rouses a sort of malignant persistence. All through luncheon she kept catching his pale eye. She thought Durland noticed it, and hoped that Dolly didn't. Antonia hardly moved her eyes from his face.

After lunch, when they were all in the sitting room, Antonia ran away to get him a match before anyone else had noticed he needed one. Dolly smiled.

"What's this, Allen?" she said. "Is Antonia another of your victims?"

Williams frowned, not because he was in the least annoyed but to indicate that he was a man impervious to flattery. Pearl had one of her inspirations.

"If it's true," she said, "Mr. Williams has it in his power to do us all a great favor. Do ask him, Dolly, to say to Antonia that he likes to see a little girl neatly dressed like other little girls."

"That would, indeed, be a miracle," said Dolly, not wanting anything Allen might accomplish to be underestimated.

"Certainly, if I can," said Allen, looking at the governess.

Pearl was standing turning over the papers on the table, ready for flight, although with Durland and Dolly both in the room she felt perfectly secure. She was delighted with her idea.

"It would be a great help in my life," she said, "if you would." And she looked straight at him and smiled as if she saw before her a combination of a god and a saint. It was a look that went straight to his rather stupid head, through which all sorts of ideas began to dance brightly.

"And what do I get out of it?" he asked.

Dolly laughed. "Oh, Allen," she said, "you must not be so mercenary."

And Pearl, avoiding his hard, demanding eyes, slipped quietly out of the room just as Antonia returned with the matches.

Pearl had not been in her room more than five minutes when a knock came at the door, instantly followed by the entrance of Antonia. The first impression was that the child was in physical pain. Her whole face was trembling, her hand was clasped over her mouth, and the instant the door was shut behind her she burst out crying. Mr. Williams had said she was dirty!

Pearl, full of pity and feeling horribly guilty, denouncing Williams in her heart as a heavy-handed idiot, could not but marvel over the power of romantic love. Everyone, even the adored Durland, had been saying for years that Antonia was dirty, and eliciting nothing from her but pitying smiles; and now this agony of shame and remorse was occasioned by the same words from a total stranger.

Suffering like this, Pearl knew, could be allayed only by action. She invented action. Antonia should appear for church the next morning, clean, faultless, perfect in every detail. Antonia shook her head dumbly—she had nothing—it was Saturday and all her white dresses were in the wash her light-blue crêpe de chine had raspberry-ice stains on it and she had hidden it away; her green linen was covered with motor oil. Mrs. Conway's maid had long ago refused to take any responsibility for Antonia's wardrobe, and Pearl could not blame her.

But the value of the plan was its difficulty. Antonia's agony would not have been soothed by anything easy, and this was not easy. It took all afternoon and most of the evening. Under some crab nets a pair of gray suède slippers were found, which Pearl cleaned with gasoline and a little powder; stuffed into the crown of a riding hat to make it smaller was a pair of fine gray silk stockings; her best black hat, worn only once, had fallen into the water and was a ruin; but retrimmed with a pink rose from an evening dress of Pearl's, it looked better than before. At last a crumpled pink linen dress was discovered wrapped about some precious phonograph records. Pearl borrowed the maid's electric iron and went to work at this. She was so tired when she had finished that she omitted, for the first time, her daily letter to Anthony.

Dressing Antonia the next morning was an excitement. The child's spirits had revived so that she could look at the situation with her customary detachment.

"I'm like that thing in the Bible," she said. "I've put away childish things."

"It will be great fun, you'll find, being as nice-looking as you can be," said Pearl.

Antonia nodded.

"But the other was fun too," she said.

Everything turned out exactly as Pearl had intended. Dolly did not come down to breakfast, and Williams did. So, by a miracle, did Mrs. Conway. Antonia's entrance created a sensation—her carefully curled hair, her spotless linen, her long slim legs in their gray silk stockings. Not only Williams but even Durland administered honeyed words of praise. Mrs. Conway approved of her child, but allowed no credit to Miss Exeter.

"It's so silly to worry about those things," she said. "I always knew that she would eventually begin to take care of her appearance. I shall write Anthony that feminine vanity has asserted itself just as I knew it would."

Mrs. Conway and Pearl and Durland and Antonia went to church, accompanied, as Pearl knew they would be accompanied, by Williams. He said it was entirely on account of Antonia—it was a privilege to go to church with a little girl who looked as pretty as she did. Although he spoke in an irritating tone, as if you could make fun of a child without a child suspecting it, Pearl saw that Antonia was flattered at receiving any of his priceless attention.

In the few weeks of Pearl's stay she had become attached to the little wooden church on the dunes. She always sat so that she could look out through the door of the south transept, the upper half of which was usually open, and see the ocean; when it was rough it seemed to roll out a deeper accompaniment than the organ's to:

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

There was a tradition that this was always sung.

Sometimes an impatient dog would stand on its hind legs and look in, seeking a praying master; and once a wolfhound had bounded over the half door of one transept and, not finding his owner, had bounded out at the other.

During the sermon Pearl, it must be confessed, was engaged in composing her daily report to Anthony. At last she had accomplished the great achievement at last she

(Continued on Page 87)

If you want the truth, go to a child

JEPSON had a spectacular record as a salesman. They used to call him "Crash-'em-down" Jepson. And the bigger they were, the harder they fell.

Lately, though, Jepson felt himself slipping. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified. Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well known antiseptic, that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these antiseptic properties as a breath deodorant.

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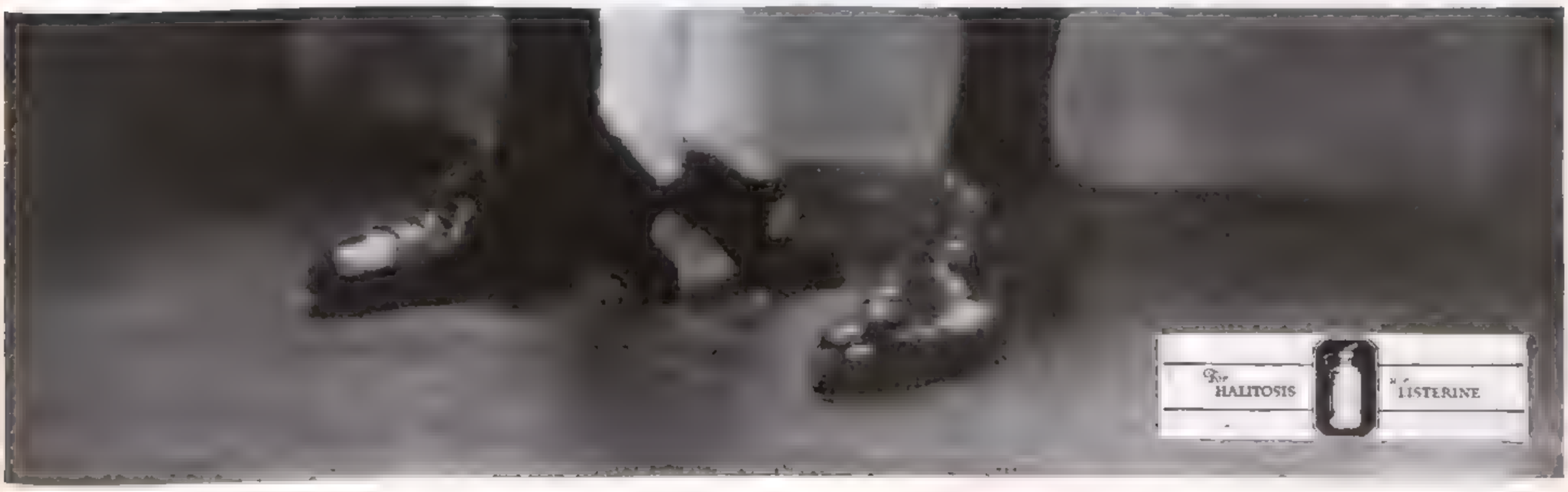

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C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit and Bay City, Michigan

(Continued from Page 84)

could tell him the thing he most wanted to hear. She made up her mind that she would begin: "All through church I looked at Antonia's pretty little profile under a black hat trimmed with pink roses ——" Life presented itself to her in the form of her letters to Wood, thus offsetting the sense of loneliness that Mrs. Conway's mocking aloofness caused her. She was still composing when, after church was over, they walked—Mrs. Conway and Williams ahead and Pearl with Durland on one side and Antonia on the other the few yards that separated the church from the public beach. Antonia's appearance was much noticed.

Pearl heard an elderly gentleman murmur to Mrs. Conway, "Your little daughter is lovely—lovely. Is beauty contagious?" And he gave a glance at Pearl, who was looking perfectly unconscious but caught Mrs. Conway's bitter reply: "Thank you; I see you feel she was never exposed to it before."

For the first time in her life Antonia was the center of a group of boys—many of them in their first long trousers; all with stiff turned-down collars, white against the sunburn and freckles of their summer complexions. They were telling her, with the perfect candor of youth, that she might have been the recipient of their attentions long before this if she had been dressed as she was dressed today.

"How could I go round the links with a girl without shoes?" one conservative had wailed, revealing a hidden struggle. And Bill Temple, Caroline's elder brother, a year older than Durland, and likely to be junior tennis champion, had said loudly in passing, "Gee, the kid certainly looks great in that get-up!" If he had composed "Helen, thy beauty is to me ——" all in her honor he could not have given her a fuller joy.

Pearl was so happy that she allowed her generous nature to lead her into making an acknowledgment to Williams. She had just heard him agree to motor to New York after dinner that evening—his stay was a question of only a few hours now, and on the crowded beach ——

She looked up at him and said, waves of gratitude and friendliness rolling toward him like a perfume, "We owe all this to you."

He answered without the least change of expression and in a tone that did not carry an inch beyond Pearl's left ear, "Have you any idea what you do to men?—drive them mad ——"

She did not answer at all, but stepped back and allowed other people to come between them; and presently, knowing that the Conway car would be crowded, she invited the willing Durland to walk home with her along the beach.

There were a good many outsiders at luncheon, and though Williams followed her closely into the dining room she slipped into a chair between the two children, and all through the meal was aware of Williams' steady, rather sulky stare from across the table.

After luncheon was over she disappeared. She had the afternoon to herself, for Antonia was going out with her mother. Pearl took a parasol and went and sat on the beach, concealed by the jutting of a dune. She took a book with her, but hardly read. She sat there for an hour, and about four, knowing that Dolly and Williams had arranged to play golf and that she would now have the house to herself, she went back, thinking about the Sunday papers. Almost the only hardship she felt in her position was that her rights to the newspapers were not properly respected the butler, who was a baseball enthusiast, regularly removing the papers to the pantry as soon as Mrs. Conway had read the headlines.

The sitting room was deserted and the newspapers strewn about the table—a condition which should have suggested to Pearl that the room had been too recently occupied for the servants to have had time to come in and put it to rights. But she didn't think of that. She took up the first sheet that came to hand and saw a long illustrated article about the turquoise mines of Mexico, into which she plunged with a thrill of interest. She was standing with both arms outstretched, her gold-colored head a little bent.

Suddenly she felt two hard, masculine arms go round her, a kiss on the back of her neck, another on her reluctantly turned cheek. It happened in a second. As she struggled ungracefully, angrily, she saw over Williams' shoulder the figure of Durland rising from the hammock on the piazza.

Before a Week Was Over Algebra Became to Durland an Illumined Subject, a Study of Mystic Beauty and Romantic Association

If Wood had received that batch of Sunday letters at the mine he would have torn open Pearl's first—as likely to promise the most amusement. But he got them at his hotel in Mexico City, and conscious of great leisure—for he was staying there a week or so on his way home while he dickered over taxes with a governmental department—he adopted a different method. He ranged them before him inversely in the order of interest. They came—first Durland's. He wondered what Durland wanted, for his nephew was never moved to the momentous effort of writing except under the stress of great financial necessity; second, Edna's; third, that of Miss Wellington, who did not write often; and last Pearl's thick typewritten budget.

Dear Uncle Anthony: I know mother is writing her point of view about this, and I want you to know the truth. I was there and mother was not. Miss Exeter could not have helped what happened. If it was any of our faults it was Dolly's—not only for having that kind of a thug to stay but for being as usual an hour late in getting off, so that Miss Exeter thought they had gone. You can imagine how I felt in seeing a great beast like Williams coming up behind her and grabbing her like that. I let him know what I thought, but I would like to have pasted him one on the jaw. I wish you had been here. Mother is all wrong—a dreadful injustice is being done a very wonderful woman. She is patient, but I don't suppose she will stand much more. I wouldn't if I were her.

Your affectionate nephew,
DURLAND CONWAY

Wood tore open his sister's letter. His thought was, "Impossible!

Dear Anthony: I am so sorry, after the trouble you took ["A lot you are," he thought] that your priceless pearl will really have to go. It has been an impossible situation from the first, but I have loyally tried to carry it through for your sake—you seemed to care so much about it. I have never liked the girl. She has a sort of breezy aggressiveness that I can't stand, and Cora Wellington felt just the same. I did not write you, but that first evening Cora said to me, "Where is Anthony's judgment—sending you a girl like that?" I do not like the effect she has had on the children—taking all the spirit out of poor Durland, and Antonia appeared dressed for church this morning like a little French doll

However, when Durland discovered her this afternoon clasped in the arms of a detestable young man by the name of Williams Allen Williams, whom Dolly, poor child, has had spending Sunday, much against my inclination—I did feel that things had reached a point when even you would hardly blame me for getting rid of her. I sent for the girl and told her she must go. I was surprised and, I own, hurt, Anthony, when she answered that you had extracted a secret promise from her not to go until you released her.

I hope you see what a disagreeable and humiliating position you have put me in. I think I should have ignored both her promise and my own, except that the girl has acquired such a hold over Durland and Antonia that they go on like little maniacs about the injustice I am doing her. Dolly and Cora entirely agree with me. However, I have consented to keep her until I get a telegram from you releasing us both. I do hope you will immediately send it on the receipt of this letter.

Wood laid the letter down with a feeling of the most intense surprise. Allen Williams—a young man unfavorably known to him as an admirer of the most conspicuous of the year's Broadway beauties—that man spontaneously interested in a girl like Miss Exeter—a ruthless, stupid young animal like Williams attracted by that pale, honest, intellectual, badly dressed girl—without an effort on her part. No, that was too much to ask him to believe.

He opened Cora's letter. Cora wrote a large, sprawling hand, and her only rule was never to write upon the next consecutive page, so that her correspondent went hopelessly turning her letters round and about to find the end of a sentence. Wood caught "—— getting herself kissed in poor Edna's blameless sitting room in broad daylight, and thus getting rid of her and an undesirable suitor of Dolly's at one fell——"

He twisted the letter about, trying to find the end of this, but coming only upon a description of moonlight on the ocean, he tossed it aside and opened that of the culprit herself.

I regret to say, [it began in vein that struck Wood as none too serious] that I have caused a scandal. A young man called Williams tried to kiss me—in fact he did—when I was reading the paper and didn't even know he was in the house. I should have dealt with him; but Durland, who saw it all, was so cunning and manly, and ordered him out of the house. Your sister is naturally annoyed with both of us and won't believe I was not to blame. She keeps quoting something you once said to Dolly under circumstances described as similar that no man kisses a girl if he knows it's really against her will. If you did say that, Mr. Wood, you're wrong. If a man wants to kiss a girl something in his psychology makes him feel sure she wants him to. But the loathsome creepiness a girl feels at having a man whom she doesn't like touching her is something no man can possibly understand.

Williams has behaved technically correctly and actually horridly—saying sourly enough that it was entirely his fault, that he alone was to blame, but letting everyone see that he feels I led him on—only that, of course, a gentleman's lips are sealed. However, he was instantly shipped back to New York on a slow train that stops at every station.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Conway and I had rather a scene. She wanted me to go at once. I said I could not go without your permission. She finally agreed to let me wait until you had been heard from. I need not say I shall do exactly as you wish. It will not be particularly easy to stay after this, but I will do it if you wish—or go—just as you telegraph.

Whatever Anthony Wood's faults might be, lack of decision was not usually one of them. He folded the letters neatly on his table, took his panama hat from the peg, went to the telegraph office and sent his sister the following message:

Letters received. Please keep Miss Exeter until my return. Should be back within two weeks.

And then, rapid decisions being at times dangerously like impulses, he sent a second one—to Miss Exeter herself, which read:

Wish to express my complete confidence in you.

The days before those two messages came were trying ones in the Conway household, which was now divided into two hostile parties—Pearl, Durland and Antonia on one hand; Mrs. Conway and Dolly, occasionally reenforced by Miss Wellington, on the other. Miss Wellington did not make matters any easier by suggesting to Edna that something similar must have taken place in the case of Anthony himself—just what you'd expect from that sort of girl—that hair, that great curved red mouth. She understood from dear little Dolly that Williams had told her—as much as a man could tell such a thing—that he could hardly have done anything else.

What Williams had really said, for few men are as bad as their adoring women represent them, was that her mother was taking the incident too seriously.

Pearl could not have borne life if it had not been for her daily letter, which she continued to write. Mrs. Conway hardly spoke to her; and if she did, she spoke slowly, enunciating every word carefully as if Pearl's moral obliquity had somehow made her idiotic. Durland, loyal to the death, was not much help, because he merely hated his family and scowled through every meal. Antonia, on the other hand, was one of those rare natures who could be an ally without being a partisan.

"Of course," she would say calmly to anyone who would listen to her, "Allen only came here at all in the hope of seeing Miss Exeter, but you can't expect Dolly to understand that."

Anthony's two telegrams arrived one evening at dinnertime and were handed by the butler, one to Mrs. Conway and one to

(Continued on Page 90)

Announcing

Another Factor of Safety—

PIERCE-ARROW

FOUR-WHEEL SAFETY BRAKES

For twenty-three years it has been the purpose of Pierce-Arrow engineers to build not only comfort, speed and dependability into Pierce-Arrow cars, but also—safety.

Every advance, every development, has been influenced and measured, first, by the principle of safety.

Safety, as well as flexibility, was the goal in creating the Dual-Valve Engine. Safety, as well as comfort, is the object of the car's balance and low center of gravity. Safety, as well as ease, was the motive in devising a steering mechanism that can be guided by the frailest of women.

Safety, as well as durability, is the reason for the staunchness of the body. Safety, as well as beauty, impelled the use of narrow, clear-vision pillars in Pierce-Arrow closed cars. And there is safety as well as distinction in the fender headlights, whose broad, powerful beams may be dimmed without removing the hands from the wheel or eyes from the road.

Pierce-Arrow now announces the perfection of four-wheel brakes which afford a new mastery of control, a new standard of safety in motor car operation.

The announcement is made at the conclusion of four years of experimental development. During this period Pierce-Arrow engineers built, studied and tested every type of four-wheel brake mechanism.

The type finally adopted is based upon a principle used with conspicuous success for thirteen years by a prominent European automobile manufacturer.

Pierce-Arrow has taken this principle, developed it, and engineered the perfected design into the Pierce-Arrow car.

Its effect upon control can be fully sensed only through an actual experience behind the wheel.

Pierce-Arrow Distributors invite you to enjoy this experience. A Pierce-Arrow car equipped with the new Four-Wheel Brakes will be placed at your command upon request.

Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes are offered as optional equipment at an additional charge

PIERCE

What Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes Will Do—and Why They Do It

On a wet, slippery pavement ... a gentle pressure on the brake pedal, and the car comes to a swift, positive stop, squarely in its tracks. There is no sidesway, no slipping; the car seems to crouch closer to the ground—to hug the road tightly; the tires seem geared to the surface.

Descending a steep, winding road ... a sharp turn ahead ... down goes the brake pedal—and the car slows to a snail's pace as you wheel surefootedly around the curve with all four brakes equally applied.

What is the secret of the wonderful ability of Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes?

Just this: *Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes act on all four wheels equally and positively at all times on the straightaway or in turning.*

The car steers as easily as ever under any and all conditions.

The brake shoes expand internally against drums, air-cooled by fins. They are completely enclosed and protected from dirt and water. They will stop the car in nearly half the usual distance—*if desired.*

There is no extra effort required to depress the brake pedal.

The control is direct, simple and unfailing.

There are but few parts.

The operating shaft and cam is an integral part of the front axle; there are no toggles, no universals.

It spreads or expands the front brake shoes equally, no matter in what position the wheels are turned

The action of the brake pedal on both front and rear operating rods is positively equalized by Pierce-Arrow equalizers.

Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes require less adjustment than ordinary brakes. The wear on each brake is less; brake linings yield from two to three times the mileage.

There is added economy, too, in increased tire mileage, for tire wear occasioned by braking is reduced nearly by half.

Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes are built *into* the car—not attached onto it.

We invite you to inspect the clean-cut simplicity of design at any Pierce-Arrow Distributor's.

* * *

When in Buffalo visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Courteous guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow cars are built.

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ARROW

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GETTING just the right trunk is like buying a house. You look for strength, durability, good looks, and those appointments which make for comfort and lifetime service.

You'll find these qualities in the fine trunks designed and built by George H. Wheary—for twenty years an outstanding leader in the trunk industry. Wheary Trunks have twelve superior features of construction and convenience, and are made to give you the satisfaction and pride of ownership you have a right to expect.

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WHEARY
TRUNKS

(Continued from Page 87)

the governess. Pearl's heart sank on seeing there were two. She thought it must mean he was deciding against her; and though she found her present position unpleasant, she did not want Mr. Wood to decide against her. She opened hers and read its few words at one glance. It was not her habit to blush, but she blushed now with a deep emotion of gratitude and admiration. Not many men would have stood by her, she thought, in a situation like this. She knew where Antonia got her sense of justice. Or, she thought with something very like jealousy, was it really Augusta in whom he was expressing his confidence, not in her at all? Yes, of course, anyone who had once seen Augusta would feel confidence in her.

The next day she settled back to the routine—lessons with Antonia and then with Durland—the public beach—a silent luncheon—then sometimes a little feeble tennis with Antonia: but more often now her mother took the child out with her, as if Pearl were not a proper person to be given charge of a pure young child. Left alone, Pearl would take her book and parasol and retire to the Conway's beach. She seldom read, for, to be candid, she was not a great reader; but she would sit and stare at the empty sea—empty at least if the wind were from the south; but when it turned and blew from the north, then the whole ocean would be dotted with fishing boats out of Gardiner's Bay; and Pearl, lying there idly, would watch the rowboats putting out and taking in the nets. Sometimes Antonia was permitted to be her companion, and then she read aloud to the child. Antonia was in the stage of development when she loved poetry, but poetry of a stirring, narrative quality—The Ballad of East and West, The Revenge, The Burial of Moses. She would lie with her head in Miss Exeter's lap, gazing up into the unquenchable blue of the sky, and say "I'm going to learn that one by heart," and would get as far as the second verse when it was time to go in and dress. After dinner Pearl and Durland would play Russian bank, which he had proudly and lovingly taught her; and Dolly and Mrs. Conway would run over to Miss Wellington's, where they could abuse the governess to their heart's content.

One night—just between night and day—Pearl woke with an overmastering sense of dread. She had been dreaming that the sea, a perpendicular wall miles and miles high, was coming over the dunes. After two or three days of damp heat the waves had been rising; local weather prophets were talking about the August twister. Now, as she sat up in bed, listening and looking into the dark, she became aware that the wind had risen; the wooden house was creaking and trembling like a ship.

She was frightened, as an animal must be frightened without reason and out of all proportion. In the medley of little sounds she thought she detected the sound of something hostile. The pearls—she thought of the pearls.

It would have been easy to lock her door—no, not easy, for as she sat rigid in her bed she found the idea of motion terrifying; but she could have summoned courage to cross the floor and lock the door. Only, Pearl was afflicted by a sense of responsibility.

She turned on her light—that helped her. She was no longer terrified like an animal; she was merely frightened like a human being. She got up, put on her dressing gown and, crossing the hall by a supreme effort of courage, entered Mrs. Conway's darkened room. Perfectly gentle, regular breathing greeted her ear. She knew where the switch was and turned on the light.

Mrs. Conway sat up in bed and said, "Is anything wrong—the children?"

Pearl's fears melted in the face of human companionship. She felt calm again and rather foolish as she explained that she had felt alarmed for no special reason—had thought about the pearls. Mrs. Conway glanced at the closed safe.

"I thought," she said, "that the argument for keeping valuables in the safe was that we could sleep calmly. The safe can't be opened unless you give the combination."

"It was childish of me," said Pearl. "I was frightened."

Mrs. Conway smiled at her more kindly than she had ever done. It was one of the contradictions in her nature that she was physically brave—a fact obscured to most observers on account of her moral cowardice. Like most brave people, she was kind to the timid.

"It's the storm," she said. "It gets on some people's nerves. I hope the roof isn't leaking; it nearly always does in one of these storms. What were you afraid of?"

"I don't exactly know," said Pearl.

"Would you like me to go back to your room with you? Would you like to sleep on my sofa?" Edna asked.

But that was too ignominious. A faint wild dawn was breaking, and Pearl knew that with the night her terror had gone. She went back to bed.

The next morning the wind was still blowing like a hurricane from the south, though the rain had stopped. Great waves were running up the beach, in some places as far as the sand hills, and forming a long, narrow pool at the base of the dunes. As soon as breakfast was over Antonia dragged Miss Exeter to the beach—it was no easy matter, for the wind blew the sand stingingly against face and hands. There was no use in going to the public beach that morning, for the bathing apparatus of barrels and life lines had been washed away, the bathhouses were threatened, and there was a rumor that the sea was washing into Lake Agawam.

Pearl and Antonia sat on their own dunes, watching the wild scene, and suddenly Antonia said, "Look here, Miss Exeter, I want to ask you something. Perhaps I oughtn't to."

Pearl had so completely lost any sense of having a guilty secret that she answered tranquilly, "Go ahead."

"Is Uncle Anthony in love with you like Mr. Williams?"

Ah, Pearl knew what that meant: Antonia had taken a long drive with her mother and Miss Wellington the day before! She picked her words carefully.

"I only saw your uncle once," she said.

"But Allen only saw you once or twice and look at the darn thing!"

"Mr. Williams is not in the least in love with me."

"Miss Wellington said that some women have the power of rousing ——"

"Antonia, I don't want to hear what she said."

"You don't like her, do you?"

"No."

"Shake," said Antonia heartily. "I don't like her, though she's very kind to me; but it doesn't seem to me"—Antonia's voice took on the flavor of meditation—"that she quite tells the truth. For instance, just before Uncle Anthony went away, she telephoned to him one morning and asked him to come over. He was playing a game of parcheesi with me—I'd teased him a good deal to play—and he said he couldn't come, and she—well, I couldn't hear what she was saying, but at last he said, rather ungraciously, 'All right then, I'll come.' And he went, and he took me with him. And we only stayed about ten minutes, although she wanted us to stay longer. And then later at the bathing beach I heard her telling someone that she was late—she was sorry—she couldn't help it, because Anthony Wood came in just as she was starting—of course she adored having him run in like that, but it did take a good deal of one's time—'one's time'—that's what she said. I call that a lie, don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Pearl.

"That's what I like about you, Miss Exeter; you say right out what you think—even to a child." Antonia looked thoughtful. "It's a great mistake not to tell children the truth: it makes it so hard for them to know what to do. For instance, we have an aunt—a great-aunt—Aunt Sophia. She's awful, or as you would say, just terrible, but it seems she's going to leave us all her money. Now if mother would tell us that, it would be simple; but she doesn't. She says to be nice to Aunt Sophia because she's such a dear. She isn't a bit a dear. So I had to find out all by myself why mother, who's so awful to most of her relations, is so nice to Aunt Sophia. I did. And it's the same thing about my father. He tried to kidnap me once—at least he met me on my way to school and asked me to take a drive with him.

"I wouldn't do it. Mother said it was lucky I didn't. But it wasn't luck. It was good judgment. Grown-up people are queer about that. When they do something wise they say it was wise. But when a child does something wise they say it was lucky. Children have more sense than people think; they have to have."

"You have," said Pearl, who had never thought of all this before.

"Now this morning, do you know why mother wanted to get us all out of the house?" Antonia continued.

Pearl felt tempted to say that Mrs. Conway always wanted to get her out of the house, but she merely shook her head, and Antonia went on, "Because she is going to have an interview with my father."

"With your father?" Pearl sprang to her feet. "Are you sure?"

Antonia nodded.

"When mother is going to see father she looks the way I feel as if I looked when I'm going to the dentist—don't you know, you say to yourself, 'I wouldn't think twice about this if I were brave'—and then you think about it all the time. You know, mother doesn't think she tells us everything, but she really does, except about my father.

"And so, you see, if it's something about my father I always know, because mother's worried without saying why."

This reasoning seemed sound to Pearl. She felt that in order to fulfill Anthony's instructions she must go to Mrs. Conway's assistance at once. She did not like to burst in upon them from the open windows of the sitting-room, and so ran round the house to the front door. A small, shabby automobile was standing in the circle, and as Pearl bounded up the steps a man came out quickly and got into it—a pale man, with long white hands and something of Durland's birdlike quality. She saw that she was too late. She went into the sitting-room.

Mrs. Conway was standing in the middle of the room, supporting one elbow in one hand and two fingers of the other resting against her chin. She looked so white that every grain of rouge seemed to stand out—away from her cheeks. She turned her eyes coldly upon Pearl.

"Well?" she said.

Pearl had not thought at all what she was going to say, and blurted out, "Oh, Mrs. Conway, I thought you might need me! I thought I could help you if—Mr. Wood said "

Edna, rather to her own surprise, suddenly lost her temper.

"I'm tired of being considered a perfect fool," she said. "Anthony! I know what Anthony thinks—that I'm always going to give Gordon all the children's money. As a matter of fact, I know better than anyone—though it isn't always very easy to say no, no, no, to a man who has been your husband and who insists if he had five dollars he could make a fortune; but I do say it—I always have—always—almost always. It's a little too much to be watched over and lectured by you, Miss Exeter."

After which speech Mrs. Conway left the room.

Luncheon was more than usually silent that day, although Edna attempted to take an interest in the children's morning, asking whether it had been pleasant in the water.

"My goodness, mother," Antonia answered, "have you looked at the water? We'd certainly have been drowned if we'd gone in."

After lunch was over Edna was obliged to address Miss Exeter directly.

"I think you went off this morning without unlocking my safe," she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Pearl.

Mrs. Conway smiled faintly.

"It was quite what I expected—it always happens with safes," she said. "But now perhaps you will get me my pearls."

Pearl went eagerly, and as she went she remembered that she had remembered to unlock the safe—just before she went to the beach with Antonia. Yes, as she thought, the safe was very slightly ajar. She took the long, slim, blue velvet case from its compartment and brought it to Mrs. Conway in the drawing-room.

It was empty!

The surprise was like a physical blow, and yet no one at first supposed that the pearls were actually gone. Mrs. Conway, as so often happens to anyone who has sustained a loss, was instantly severely lectured by her three children on her habitual carelessness.

Then a superficial search was made on her dressing table, on the glass shelves in the bathroom. Then a recapitulation was made—a joint effort on the part of everybody—of just what had occurred since the pearls were last seen.

Everyone agreed that Mrs. Conway had been wearing them at dinner the night before. She had gone to bed rather early, and distinctly remembered that she had put the pearls in their slim blue velvet case and put the case in the safe and shut the safe, which was then automatically locked. She did not remember seeing the safe unlocked in the morning.

No, Pearl explained, the reason for this was that she, Pearl, had knocked at the door about eleven, just after finishing Durland's algebra lesson. There had been no answer, because Mrs. Conway was in her bath—her bathroom opened out of her bedroom. Pearl had been in a hurry, so that she had just run and unlocked the safe and had called to Mrs. Conway that it was unlocked. There had been no one in the room at the time; but the maid—the maid had been Dolly's nurse when she was a baby, and was therefore absolutely above suspicion—had been sewing in the next room.

Mrs. Conway did not contradict this story. She simply raised her eyebrows and said that she had not noticed that the safe was open.

Evidently it must have been open all day long—very unfortunate.

Pearl felt and probably looked horribly guilty. Of course she ought to have looked to see whether the pearls were in their case when she opened the safe. She usually did. She remembered, too, her strange terror of the night before. Was it possible that that had been based on something real? Had she really heard a footstep under the noise of the storm? Could there have been a burglar in the house, hidden perhaps all night, and stepping out at the right moment about noon when the upstairs rooms were deserted?

It was Pearl who insisted on telephoning to New York for a detective. Mrs. Conway at first objected and said she would feel like a goose if the pearls were immediately discovered—caught in the lace of her tea gown, or something like that. But Pearl was quite severe. If there had been a robbery, she knew that every minute was of importance.

Just before dinner she called an agency. Two detectives arrived by motor about ten o'clock that night. They had a long secret conference with Mrs. Conway. Then one went back to New York and the other—the head man, Mr. Albertson—took up his residence in the house.

Pearl went to bed more worried than ever. It didn't seem to her that the detectives had really taken hold of the situation. She herself could think of a dozen things they might have done that night. It did not occur to her that their first action was to look up the past record of everyone in the household.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

They Call it Luck

WHEN Noah built his famous ark
And waited for the rain,
The population had a lark
And laughter gave them pain;
The flood found Noah sitting Jake.
"For luck," they said, "he takes the cake!"

When David twirled his leathern sling
And soaked Goliath's knob,
A hundred thousand felt the sting
And envied David's job;
Men said, "He won that little tiff,
But Dave's an awful lucky stiff!"

When Horatius swung his mighty sword
That ancient Roman day,
He proved he could not be ignored
Before his get-away;
And men who saw Horatius' pluck
Said, "Gee! That guy was sure in luck!"

When Leonidas and his few
Stood at Thermopylæ,
A million Persians failed to hew
That ragged bunch away;
And men there are who say, "That duck
Was playing in a streak of luck!"

When Dempsey pushed his iron fist
In that tremendous clout
That rudely Firpo's beezer kissed
And put its owner out—
Some jays who did not stake a buck
Will always think Jack was in luck.

No matter what a man attains
Upon this mortal earth—
By strength or prudence or by brains
Or by intrinsic worth—
A lot of pikers in the muck
Will lay it all to Lady Luck.

—*N. H. Crowell.*

THIRTY YEARS AGO most men seemed to be using their faces principally as backgrounds upon which to display whiskers in plain or fancy patterns.

There was supposed to be something sporty about such "here-and-there" whiskers as are shown upon the citizen with the jet black ones in our illustration. Deputy sheriffs, ring masters, baseball players, and gentlemen who were prominent at race tracks participated in the exhibition of that kind of facial scenery.

But, after all, there was logic back of most of the whiskers that once were prevalent. Shaving was so difficult with the old preparations for making lather that men often were compelled in self defense to look funnier than Nature ever intended them to be.

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softens the beard at the base—
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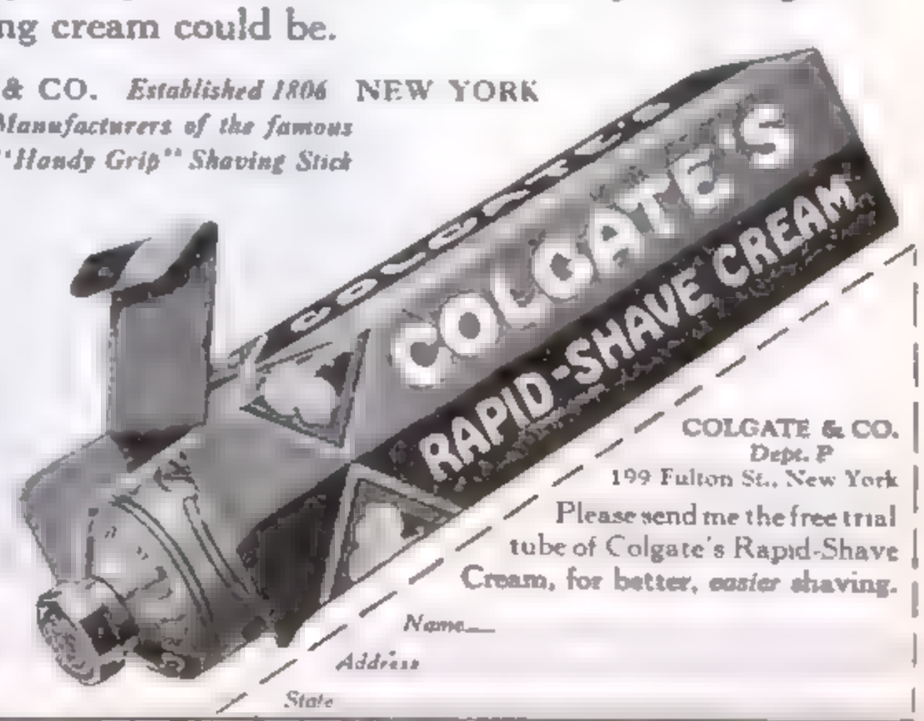

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REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS

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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

Continued from Page 23

was enough to show that he was the bearer of no happy tidings. He asked Bob if he might come in, and was shown through an empty hall, past open and echoing doors, to the only apartment which seemed furnished. It was comprised of two large rooms thrown into one, and took up the full depth of the house. Here Colter had installed himself in great comfort and with excellent taste. He motioned Drake to one of the two big chairs flanking the fire.

"Bob," said Drake, staring frowningly at Colter's unkempt appearance, "there's no good news, but I've got to talk. The specialist came and stood pat that there was nothing to do at present. When Io told him straight out that she was going to have an osteopath he just threw up his hands and went. We had another man in between, and then came this bonesetter. The things they've done to that kid's body—the things she made them do ——"

Colter sprang to his feet.

"What the devil did you come here for? To tell me you've been standing by watching a brute pull your sister apart?"

Drake's eyes darkened.

"No, Bob," he replied quietly; "I came here to tell you that Io has been going through hell, not on her own account but on yours, putting up with torture no human body would stand for its own sake alone, because she longs to be with you. The worst of it is, they've all told her it's because her injury is so slight that it's so hard to locate and to cure. She made them do things, Bob. The last man, the bonesetter, sweated blood and begged her to let him off. Ever since he went she hasn't slept. Staring awake. Mother and I thought perhaps if you'd come over you could put her to sleep."

Colter leaped into the air, gesticulating and shouting incoherently. His words became intelligible only as he left the room, closely followed by Drake.

"Why didn't you tell me what you wanted when you came in? We've lost time—hours."

"Oh, no, we haven't," replied Drake as they left the house for the stables; "I've been here only five minutes." He started to tell Colter he would do well to brush his hair and shave, but changed his mind. Instead he said, "It wasn't part of the plan to take a wild man to Io. Fortunately, you have ten miles in which to steady down."

His words had a sobering effect, and they came just in time to prevent Bob from starting out on the long ride at a foundering pace. The two rode for over half an hour in silence, coming into closer sympathy with each other moment by moment. Colter succeeded not only in calming himself but in remembering that he was not the only unhappy individual in the world.

Without warning even to himself he turned toward Drake in the dark and asked, "What's your trouble, Drake? What happened between you and Miss Mattis?"

There was a long pause before Drake answered, and yet it was not an awkward pause. Both men knew themselves to be at bed rock and each accepted the sincerity of the other without question.

"I married Lessie," said Drake finally, "while I was away ten months ago. We quarreled the next day over something that I can't tell you about because I know you wouldn't understand."

"How do you know that?" demanded Colter.

"Because of you and Io," replied Drake. "I might as well tell you frankly, Bob, that I can understand your wanting to marry Io, but I can't understand your doing it. To me it would be a wrong thing to do."

"Wrong?" cried Colter. "What has right or wrong to do with marrying the one woman you love? What have conditions or disabilities to do with it? You've got to take your chance as it comes, haven't you? If you love her that's all there is to it. It's beyond you. You simply can't help yourself. Now tell me why you left Lessie and see if I don't understand and perhaps help you to understand that there are times when half a woman can be the whole world."

"Tell you now!" exclaimed Drake with a short laugh. "Never!"

He put heels to his horse and they plunged forward at a gallop through the splattering mud. Arrived at Rattling Run Fields, Eunice came out to meet them. She drew Colter aside, and, shocked by his appearance, her first impulse was to send him to a bathroom and a borrowed razor; but like Drake she changed her mind. Without saying a word beyond a soft-voiced greeting, she accompanied him to Io's door and left him. The talk with Drake had sobered him as no discussion of his own affairs could have done. He stood quietly waiting for Io to realize his presence.

Head back upon a single pillow, she was lying with arms outthrown and eyes staring at the ceiling. Presently, as though he had called her name, she raised herself on her hands and looked directly at him, taking in only slowly his

"Bob, I'm for You; But When It Comes to a Choice Between Standing by You or by Io There Is No Choice"

disheveled hair, apparently unbrushed for a week, his unshaven cheeks and bloodshot eyes.

"Robert!" she whispered. He went forward to kneel beside the bed. "I have been thinking about you," she continued, "every hour. Worrying about you. I was right to worry, because I have hurt you terribly."

"You, worrying about me!" exclaimed Colter. "What do I matter? Nothing! They have done things to you that no one will ever do again—not while I live. Lie back."

She obeyed with a long, quivering sigh. He put his right arm under her neck and settled her head comfortably against his shoulder; his other hand he laid on her side, pressing her lightly to him in an intuitive action of protection.

"Sweet dreams," he whispered, "and remember that I love you."

Toward morning Eunice looked in to see Colter apparently asleep at his post, but it did not matter, for Io was plunged in profound and unmistakable slumber. She was breathing deeply, easily; her hands, however, seemed awake. They held tightly to Colter's arms and occasionally her fingers moved as if to reassure themselves of his presence. Eunice tiptoed away, but her silent presence appeared to have created a disturbance. Io stirred and awoke. She lay still for an instant with caught breath, and then resolutely freed herself from Robert's arm.

"Is it fair!" she murmured, looking into his tired eyes. "Who told you you might come here?"

At the hurt look in his face she suddenly became fully matured, grown, packed with all the experience of all the ages of woman.

She threw her arms around his neck, clung to him, raised her lips and with half-closed eyes kissed him passionately.

"That is how I love you, Robert. Remember it; but please go."

"Io," said Colter, holding her erect and forcing her to meet his gaze, "you don't understand. You don't know that you are trying to do the impossible. You can't give me up. We just haven't anything to do with it. It's the clearest thing to me and I'm amazed that you can't see it. Sooner or later you are going to get well, but even that has nothing to do with you and me as we are. Just what are you trying to do? Do you think you could give me anything by taking yourself away? Listen. I am alive, body and soul, only when I am near you. I live only as you live. If that is true before God, true in letter and in spirit, do you dare give me up? Do you?"

"Is it true, Robert? True not just for today, but for always? Are you sure?"

"I am sure."

"Then I'll marry you, even if it breaks my heart."

XLIII

STRANGE was the list of guests whom Io invited to her wedding; she explained to Colter that she had known so few people that she must have them all. How easy for her to go back in memory, checking all the landmarks of acquaintance! First of all came the Sunday-school superintendent whose face had burst open like an overbaked potato, but she could not recall his name. Leave him out. Next was the group that had gathered for Warner Sherborne's burial. She included the judge, her mother, Drake, old Tom and Nora under the general heading of her immediate family; then she named Tryer Mattis and—yes, Jimmy. She looked shyly up at Colter.

"You don't know Lessie Mattis," she added; "you never saw her; but I want Lessie too."

"Are you sure you want her?" he asked quickly, stalling for time, wondering how Drake would react to the sound of that name.

"Well," said Io, "I'm quite sure. Yes; I know I want her."

"Why?"

"Because of something Tom said about her," replied Io promptly.

"Old Tom?"

"Yes. He said she isn't pretty; you know she isn't pretty, yet when she passes by, you can't help but think she's the handsomest woman that ever walked. Something like that."

"Where did you get it? Where on earth did you hear that?"

"Tom said it," repeated Io. "He said it last year to Jimmy Mattis. He said it on the day Lessie came here, the same day that Drake went away."

Colter's eyes narrowed, and he studied her face, seeking in vain for some hidden current beneath the surface of her words.

"Will you get her yourself, Robert?" she continued. "Promise you will see that she comes to my wedding."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," agreed Colter. "If you'll write her a note I'll see that she gets it."

Next upon her list were Tony Mazaro, Jake Werten, whom she had seen but once and never forgotten, and a few of the hands at the works who had been wont to call to her when she passed, or merely to doff their caps. Then came Jennie, her roommate; Miss Drew too; and all the girls she had known at Myrtle Manor. Perhaps none might come, but she wished them all to be invited.

"That's all," she finished, and drew a long breath. "And now you, Robert. Whom do you want to ask?"

"Only my uncle," replied Robert gloomily, "and I hope he won't come."

"Why?" asked Io quickly. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, nothing to do with you or the wedding. Just a matter between him and myself. We agree on nothing except a whole-hearted disagreement."

"Leave his address with me," said Io. "I shall write to him too."

What she wrote to James Fordyce Colter, Esq., is a matter of record, but closely guarded by a gentleman who prides himself on his appreciation of the fine points of privacy. Her other note, read by at least two persons to whom it was not addressed, may be quoted:

Dear Lessie: I would like so much to have you come to my wedding on the first of June. I remember you very well, and of course I know that you ran away from home—so won't you come straight to Rattling Run Fields and stay with us? Come a day ahead. I am the little girl whom you thought too young to play with.

IO SHERBORNE.

Colter read the note at her request; then folded it and put it in his pocket, wondering if he dared send it without consulting Drake. While he was still anxiously mulling the point of honor in his mind, Drake entered Io's room according to his custom.

"Drake," said Io, "I've written a letter I wish you to read. Show it to him, Robert."

Colter drew out the slip of paper rather hastily, handed it to Drake, and then watched his face as he read. Scarcely a flicker of betrayal; only a faint straightening of his lips and a deeper shade of gray in his eyes.

"Is it all right, Drake?" asked Io. "You don't mind, do you? On that night we can have a bed put in my sitting room, and Nora can go back to her room upstairs."

"Quite all right," said Drake. As if he challenged Colter's eyes, he added with a white smile, "Why should I mind?"

It has been indicated that Lessie Mattis, on and off the stage, had not only a sense of humor but the rare faculty of measuring

Continued on Page 99

Here's Proof!

You get a better smoke and save 25 per cent

Every cigar manufacturer says he gives you the most for your money. Which one really *does?*

You might find out, of course, by sampling every brand. But life's too short—so let's listen to what the smokers say themselves.

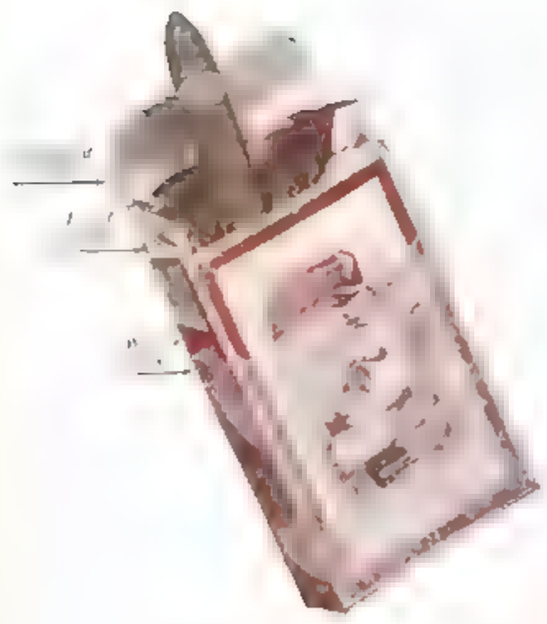
Hundreds of men were asked why they prefer Cinco. Their composite answer was:

"Cinco is better than the average ten-cent cigar—and I save 25 per cent."

No wonder! Cinco is all value—no frills. Big in quality—not in mere inches. Simple in shape to make it draw freely and burn evenly.

Cinco gives more for your money because it is made by the Eisenlohr Process—backed by the Eisenlohr experience of 73 years. Only an Eisenlohr cigar can have that advantage!

2 for 15c



Buy Cinco in the Pocket Pack and be sure of always having a good smoke with you. Triply wrapped to keep the goodness in. Ten cigars in this handy pocket humidor for 75 cents.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., Inc., Philadelphia
Cigar Manufacturers for Seventy-three Years

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

Cinco

Splits-in-two

Everyone likes a cracker to be Fresh and Crisp, but they do not like to scatter crumbs when they break or bite it

Tak-hom-a Biscuit splits-in-two without crumbling.

It is this exclusive feature that has made the Tak-hom-a Sandwich so popular.

Tak-hom-a Sandwich

What is your favorite sandwich?

Whatever it is—try it with Tak-hom-a Biscuit. You will like it better than ever.

Its crispness makes it appetizing.

Its flavor is so delicate that it does not overbalance the flavor of the filling.

The Sunshine Book —Now Free

Write for the "Sunshine Book" written by Ida Bailey Allen, author of Mrs. Allen's Cook Book. She explains this book in these words

It is a bird's eye view of [illegible] building for all members [illegible] attending [illegible] entertaining [illegible] appetizing [illegible] and [illegible] my experiment kitchen.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN

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You pick one out of the package and just before you bite it you find it Splits-in-two without crumbling and is just the right shape and size to eat. A cracker so fresh and crisp would crumble at the first bite if it were square.

Every step in the making of Sunshine Biscuits is planned with the idea of getting them to your table Fresh and Crisp.

Sunshine

Why they are Fresh and Crisp

WHEREVER you live, one of the many Sunshine Bakeries delivers to your grocer an oven-fresh supply of Sunshine Biscuits.

Baked in white tiled ovens in The Thousand Window Bakeries —they are packed as soon as they are baked—shipped as soon as they are packed.

To make certain that they will reach you in perfect condition, every package is triple sealed for protection against dust and dampness.

Careful grocers take pride in furnishing you with Sunshine Biscuits that are fresh and crisp, and watch their stock so that they have a fresh supply on hand.

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Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

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The grocer knows that he is the most important factor in the plan to furnish you with Sunshine crackers, cookies, and wafers which are Fresh and Crisp

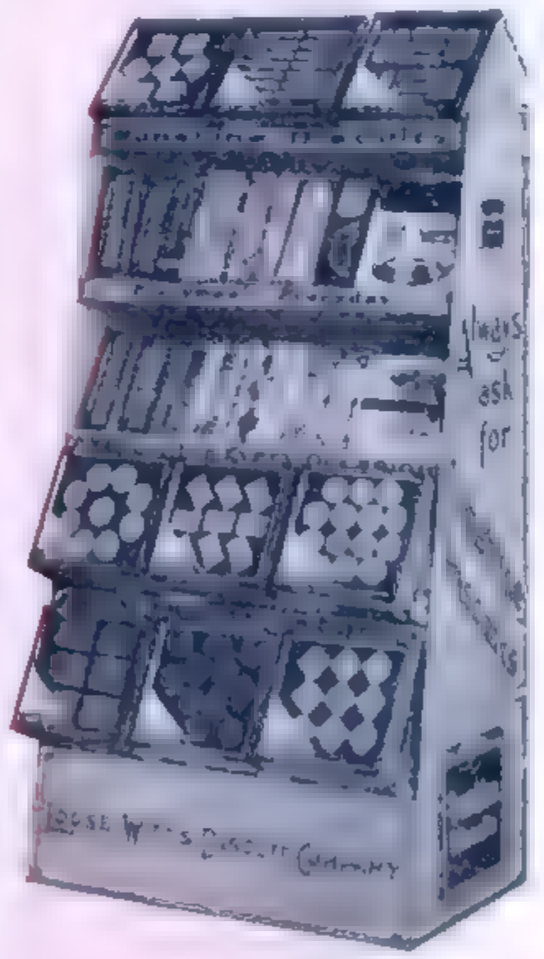
He knows that goodness depends upon freshness and that you expect him to furnish you with foods in perfect condition.

Good grocers, therefore, order Sunshine Biscuits in such quantities and so often that they are sure of having fresh goods.

In other words, they buy no more than they can sell quickly.

The Sunshine Display Rack which you will see in many stores is usually the sign of a good grocer. It shows that he has a nice variety—well kept and well displayed so that you can make your choice easily and quickly

Such care on the part of the grocer in having Sunshine Biscuits that are Fresh and Crisp shows that his is a good store



Biscuits

Fresh and Crisp

VAN KISSEL

50c

Men are turning to Van Kissel, a high Van Heusen, as an expression of winter correctness

The "note" this winter in dress for men is ease with a definite touch of formality. Van Kissel, with its smartly designed opening and its pleasing effect of height, expresses this note completely.

TIME and wear and public opinion all point to the Van Heusen as the smartest, the most comfortable, and the most *economical* collar in the world.

Time sees the Van Heusen lasting longer than a year, weathering a hundred washings, outlasting a whole series of ordinary collars. (The woven fold can be *ironed flat.*)

This superb durability is the basis of the Van Heusen's most praised quality—its peerless appearance. The Van Heusen's silk-strong, linen-smooth, multi-ply fabric keeps crisp and fresh as long as it is worn.

Wear proves that the Van Heusen *saves shirts*, because its smooth edges cannot saw beneath the neckband—where shirts usually wear first—and its flexible points never frazzle the shirt fabric.

This smooth flexibility makes for the Van Heusen's comfort and ease in wearing—at any time, on any occasion. The Van Heusen has no "cutting edge" and never develops one!

The Van Heusen has been found to be as freshly crisp and smart the last time you wear it as it was the first—as easy to wear when new as after a year's use.

The *Public*, directed by good taste and good sense, proclaims its good opinion of the Van Heusen by adopting it . . . the World's most economical . . . most comfortable . . . and smartest collar.

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VAN JACK
A lower Van Mead
VAN NORD
A lower Van Jack

VAN FAME
A lower Van Kissel
VAN ESTY
A lower Van Fame

VAN GARDE
A conservative style

VAN DORT
A quietly smart style
VAN INCE
A lower Van Dort

(Continued from Page 94)

the dramatic interest against the passing moment. It appealed to her to appear at Rattling Run Fields on the eve of Io's wedding day, but when she was ushered by Nora into Io's sitting room, patently transformed into a bedroom by the addition of a bed and dressing table, her pride felt a little hurt, as was professionally inevitable.

When, however, she passed into Io's room and saw Io's dark head against the pillows and Io's great consuming eyes staring from the appealing white shadow of her face; when she saw that she whom she remembered as a vivid, darting little girl was terribly stricken, Lessie forgot her fame, her pride and every unkind jab she had had of fortune. For an instant she stood resplendent in the doorway, then swept forward and sank on her knees with her cheek against Io's hand.

"Darling Io! Lovely name! What has happened?"

Io looked at her.

"You don't know? No one has told you?"

"No," said Lessie, "no one."

"I was standing on the edge of the cliff over the quarry," said Io. "The rock broke away and I jumped. It did something to my back."

Lessie burst into tears. She wept as Io had never before heard anyone weep. She sobbed as if all the pain in the world had found an echo in her heart; but when the storm passed, it passed utterly, leaving her face tear-stained, unashamed, serene. Io reached out and touched her cheek lightly.

"Lessie," she whispered, "you have made me love you." Someone entered the room. "Here is Drake. You know—you remember him, don't you?"

Lessie arose with a quick straightening of her shoulders, stood erect, and turned. Io strained her eyes and saw nothing save that these two faced each other without a tremor; she strained her ears, but heard only Drake's formal greeting: "Welcome to Rattling Run Fields."

XLIV

IO LAY on her bed, suddenly wide awake. She looked at the little clock placed within the glow of the night lamp, and saw that it was past midnight. What had awakened her? Voices. The silence of the night makes a funnel for murmuring voices, especially if it be in a house where such a sound is seldom heard. Drake's voice, coming through the window, across the angle of the yard, coming from the living room; Drake's voice, and another's. Not Robert's. A woman's voice. Lessie! Then afterwards, Robert's voice too.

Io listened. She could make out no words as yet, but the murmuring was growing steadily louder. There was a rhythm to it, and a throb. It billowed, and with each billow came nearer to her ears. Presently she would know what they were talking about; but even before she could quite hear she was startled into calling out for Nora. Then she remembered; Nora was upstairs. People did not speak so rapidly as that unless they were angry, she thought. What was happening?

She raised her hands, caught her arms around the corner post of the bed and dragged herself high on the pillows. One voice triumphed over the others and became clearly audible; a voice of astonishing power and range of expression—Lessie's voice. Now it was modulated, like a muted string; now it swelled evenly to a climbing rush of words; and now it broke with the crack and sting of a whiplash. Io's eyes grew wide. How terrible! To whom was Lessie talking? Not to Drake. To Robert, then? Where had she learned to talk like that?

"Every night, every performance—always there; and no woman ever showed a man a colder shoulder. Ask him. He won't lie. And he knew that I meant it. Why, I've never meant anything in my life more than when I said back here in the pasture that I was through with all kinds of dirt at seventeen, and added Drake Sherborne for good measure!" There was the sound of a fist striking a table. "Through!"

A pause, and then she began again.

"All the old tricks, though he hated to do them; I'll say that for him. Notes by the ushers; then when that got him nowhere, notes by the door man. Look at him. Can you imagine him standing at the stage entrance? Can you? He did it!"

The trained voice lowered, but still Io could hear each word, sharply clipped from the next, clear without resounding

"He could have kept up that sort of thing for all time, and I would never have known he was alive; but he did something else which had never been done before. He took the same seat night after night; not the first row—the third, on the aisle. Well, you think, that's been done before, thousands of times. Yes; but not this. Wait till I tell you." A break; then, "Have you seen me act?"

She must have addressed that question straight at Robert, for Io heard him reply fervently "I have."

The voice opened again on a fuller tone:

"I don't know when I looked at him first; but I'll remember until I die the night it swept over me that he saw me alone, not what I was doing. You don't realize what I'm saying. I mean he never saw me act the part! Think! You remember it, don't you? Ha! Well, ask him. Twenty -forty times, and he can't tell you what I did or said." Snap of the whiplash; "Can you?" and Drake's low, strong voice, answering "No."

"Oh, Drake! Poor boy!" gasped Io as she dragged on the bedpost in an impulsive movement to go to him. Then Lessie's rising voice halted her and she sank back limply, her ears straining to catch every inflection.

"How could I act in the face of that? A man's hungry eyes on me every moment, seeing just me, nothing but me, without voice, without anything—without my clothes even—crying out so I alone could hear him: 'Don't fool yourself. You're only Lessie Mattis, the woman I kissed on the mouth without so much as a by your leave! Remember? In the pasture.'"

Her voice fell to a still lower key, but was yet winged, pitched to carry.

"I sent for him. I couldn't help it, of course. I'm not a fool. I knew I had to give in or quit acting. But there was something else—something above and beyond my pocketbook. There was the thought that it's something with a sort of price of its own to have a man see you, only you, just for yourself. So I sent for him and asked him what he wanted.

"I wish you could have seen him standing there in my sitting room, looking like something caught that might break down a wall or two to get out. He called me Lessie, and I almost looked around to see whom he meant! He said, like this: 'Lessie, I've waited all these weeks because I must tell you how it happened'; and I asked 'How what happened?' and he said 'In the pasture. It was this way: I just had to do it; I couldn't help it. So please forgive me, please marry me, and let's go back.'" Sharply: "Is that what you said? Is it?"

"Yes," came Drake's voice. "Bob has a right to know."

"Bob has a right to know!" repeated Lessie. "Well, has he a right to hear this? Listen! 'Lessie, you alone, no other woman; do you understand? None other. Since the world began, Lessie, and while it lasts, here in my arms, here against my heart! You see, it couldn't be helped. Your mouth, your eyes, my face against your throat. No other, ever. No ——'"

"Stop!" from Drake. A hoarse cry like a groan, one word, cutting across her speech, stanching it, damming it.

"No, Drake, no!" sobbed Io beneath her breath, and writhed until she hung on the verge of the bed, one nerveless leg oddly bent and hanging to the floor.

"For hours," continued the voice, more quietly. "For days. Like that. Saying the things I'd heard all my life—and yet never heard before. Ramming them into my ears, making me believe them. He was real. Everything about him was real. There wasn't any asking of questions. No need. None. You knew it; and I used to wish some other woman might see him, hear him talk to me, to just Lessie Mattis without her jewels or her fame or her fine dresses. Building a wall, each word a stone between me and everything that had gone before. No eyes over his shoulders—not a glance. No. Just fixed on me, in me, so that in the end—I forgot my sense of humor and married him."

Robert's voice: "Drake! Steady, old man!"

"Yes! Steady!" cried Lessie, loud, like the peal of a clarion. Crash of her chair to the floor as she arose, hurling it backward. Hearing that cry, that sound, walls were no bar to sight. Io could see her taking the stage—long eyes, long limbs, deep bosom—inscrutable face flung open, uncovered to anybody's gaze. "Yes, steady! You men! Fist against the heartstrings! One minute, 'Have a cup of tea'; and the next, 'Have a baby!' Yes; like that—like that!"

Snap of her fingers like a pistol shot.

"No, and no! And you turned white to the gills, went, and never came back! Just because I said I didn't believe in it. Just because I said I thought there were enough unhappy people in the world already. Just because you couldn't wait until I knew I wasn't living a dream. Just because you couldn't see that in a day, a month, perhaps in another hour, I would have torn myself to pieces for you, and laughed."

"Robert!" screamed Io with all the strength of her lungs.

She freed her arms, writhed, pushed herself violently from the bed and fell jarringly to the floor. Above the dull thud sounded a sharp, infinitesimal crack, like the explosion of a minute percussion cap. She lay quite still on her back, arms outthrown, so that her body formed a cross, and listened to that tiny sound, as if it lived on in her ears, as if it were a great shout, bidding her arise and walk.

Colter entered almost before the echo of her scream had died. He cast his eyes at the bed, which looked as if a whirlwind had struck it, and then wildly about the room.

"Here, Bob! On the floor!"

He leaned over, slipped his hands beneath her and lifted her. How slight, how incredibly warm and alive! She laid her face against his shoulder; her hands crept around his neck.

"Take me in there," she whispered. "Take me to Drake quickly."

Halfway through the house, he staggered and stopped. The featherweight burden he carried had suddenly grown heavier than his strength could bear. He felt the veins in his temples distending and his head began to reel.

"Robert! What is it? Don't stop."

"Your knees!" he gasped. "They moved!

She half turned in his arms and raised a radiant face to his.

"I believe it is so," she murmured. "Something happened when I twisted off the bed and fell on the floor. I can move, Bob. Look down. I can move my toes. Hold me so I can see too."

She straightened one leg weakly and moved her toes. Neither she nor Colter laughed or smiled; they stared reverently, beholding for themselves all the miracle of resurrection in the absurd, faint wriggling of five pink toes. From the living room near by the long silence, electrically charged, reached out its waves, included, and drew them. Colter moved on, as one who walks in a half sleep.

When he reached the door Io whispered to him, "Put me down. Let me stand on my own feet."

She looked in and saw Lessie, long bare arms outflung across the table, face down, her amber head fallen between her shoulders. Beyond her was Drake, sitting in a high, square chair, gripping its arms, staring before him with just such a dumb look as his father, Warner Sherborne, had often worn.

"Drake!" called Io.

He changed the direction of his eyes gradually; then his head snapped back and his lips parted to a low cry. Lessie also raised her head and turned toward Io. They stared at the vision framed in the shadowy doorway; a slight, straight figure in a white nightdress, with hands resting against the doorposts on either side, and Robert Colter close behind. Immediately Lessie's face went through one of its remarkable transfigurations. All its trouble faded from sight. It became illumined, generous, radiant with another's joy. Looking upon it, one knew that here was no actress, but a woman who wore her heart on her sleeve only because it was too big for her breast.

Drake leaned forward, his grip on the arms of the chair tightening spasmodically.

"Io!" he cried, arose and walked slowly toward her, staring fixedly as if he did not yet dare credit his eyes.

As he drew near she spoke to him in a whisper.

"Don't touch me, Drake. Don't dare to touch me tonight." He stopped in his tracks, and waited. "There's only one thing in the world that matters," she continued in a whisper. "Only one thing, Drake. Look around and you will see it in Lessie's face."

He turned obediently, and remained tensely immobile for an instant; then his shoulders braced and he strode swiftly forward. Without looking at him, Lessie

Continued on Page 101

Which of these buildings will YOU need?

Would another building *now* mean *bigger* business next Spring?

You can *have* it at *once*, at reasonable *cost*—a *versatile* structure, quickly enlarged or subdivided.

Definite delivery, definite cost,—limitless flexibility.

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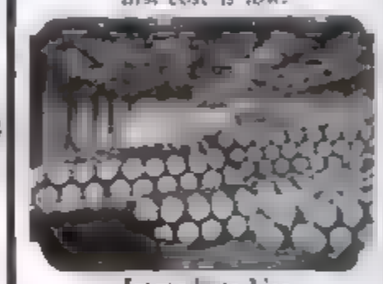

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(Continued from Page 99)

arose and stood with one knee slightly bent and one hand resting lightly on the table, her head down, her face still flooded as if with an afterglow of happiness.

"Lessie," said Drake, "can you forgive what I did to you?"

She raised her head and looked at him squarely. Her eyes crinkled at the corners and her lips twitched into a smile.

"Until you did it, Drake," she answered, "I wasn't sure that I loved you."

XLV

THE curious may find in the files for May, 1901, of the Daily Statesman, established 1886, a boldface announcement which reads thus:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: J. J. (TRYER MATTIS HEREBY GIVES NOTICE THAT TODAY HE WILL DRIVE HIS AUTOMOBILE OUT THE BUCKSHUTEM ROAD, RETURNING VIA THE MILLVILLE PIKE.

Turning to the news columns of the issue of July 17, 1923, of the same journal, the following appears:

For more than a half hour the automobiles filed slowly east and west on Commerce Street. Scores of them, hundreds of them—it seemed thousands. For nearly the entire half hour there was a continuous procession of the machines, and the traffic officers at Bank, Pearl and Laurel Streets had their hands full in regulating and guiding them over the intersections.

For the honor of the three counties, however, put on your seven-league boots. Take half a step to the north, and you may straddle forty thousand peach trees and a hundred-thousand-dollar crop of strawberries as the by-products of a single farm. One step to the south, and you may stand knee-deep in the swale of the Cohansey meadows, more shades of green than in a million dollars' worth of emeralds. Drop statistics. Take one more step to the west and lose yourself amid a network, a web, a maze, of the loveliest gravel pikes, lanes and wood roads left in all this Lincoln-Highwayed land for the comfort of horses' feet and the lifting of the heart of man to the throb of a thudding gallop. A rolling country, gentle and soft-spoken in its beauty; but once heard, holding the lingering note of a bell of bronze.

Where else may one find an equal diversity in trees, flowers and grasses; in structures of red brick, clapboard and stone, or in the beat of everyday hearts? All the varieties of oak, including the masquerading chestnut and the finger-leafed willow. Along the runs, broad catalpas; within the woods, the ghostly shadbush, dogwood and magnolia, in seasonal white procession; in the open, astonishing holly trees with trunks three feet in circumference and berries enough for a carload of Christmas red; on the uplands, the towering plumes of solitary cedars. Of flowers, a legion, from the gold-hearted, immaculate mandrake of April through joe-pye weed to the purple asters of autumn. Of grasses, all the steps from matweed to meadow beauty, and from meadow beauty to the spiked blood of carnation clover.

It is difficult to credit that even as late as Io's wedding on the first of June, 1913, old Uncle Jim, and older Uncle Harry, each with a white chin beard, a fat horse and a ramshackle cab, used still to meet every train, take folks to any address in town for a dime and, in between fares, cart a load of children around for nothing but the pleasure it gave their worn yet unwithered hearts. On the other hand, 1911 had already seen the rocketing of the demand for cement predicted by Tryer Mattis, and the succeeding two years had clinched his reputation as a prophet forever.

Macadam with its ineffectual wet binder was on the wane; concrete had come into its own, and the highway of cement as king of metaled roads was on the eve of its reign. Therefore it is highly fitting, all things considered, that Tryer Mattis, who died in 1916, should have taken it upon himself to pronounce a valedictory on the occasion of the midday breakfast which followed the wedding of Io Sherborne to Robert Colter, of Three Roads Farm, Pedigreed Stock, Alloway.

Ah, yes! Io's marriage. Well, she managed to stand for a moment, to kneel at the silk-padded altar for another; but for the most part let it be recorded that she was married against all rules, cradled in Robert's arms, blob of foam in a dress of satin; dark eyes shining through the mist of the bridal veil; a coronet of orange blossoms vying with the fragrance of her hair. O milk-white heifer in the meadows of the gods! O crescent moon against a lover's breast! O arrow to pierce the heart and make it whole! O Io, dear girl, point your feet, lift up your wings, and fly!

Scarcely a single invited guest failed to appear for the ceremony, which constituted in itself the only announcement to the public at large that the bride had miraculously regained the use of all her limbs and was on the highroad to complete recovery. But of all those present none drank in the loveliness of flowers and setting, and of Io herself, more avidly or with deeper emotion than did Eunice, who had twice been married before a justice of the peace. Happiness thrilled through her veins, setting her aglow, so that hair, face and eyes all seemed to become sources of light. Joy made of her an ageless woman, charged with a distillation of elusive beauty which challenged and then defeated the wondering gaze of the beholder.

Owing to the fragile condition of the bride's health, the reception was of short duration. Guests ate, drank, made merry in moderation for an hour, and went, leaving behind a small gathering for the set wedding breakfast. Most noticeable among this group at first glance was James Fordyce Colter, Esq. Upon arrival he had been received by Io in her sitting room.

She had said, "Bob didn't think you would come," and smiled.

Holding her slender fingers, he had answered, to his nephew's amazement, "My dear, I would have crossed the continent to take the hand that wrote to me. I have been in love with you for a week."

Mr. Colter was noticeable by reason of his meticulously groomed appearance. He was not a sartorial exquisite, but his clothes were beautifully made according to a conservative pattern. He held them in great regard and had a theory that wherever they seemed to feel at home he himself was bound to be in his natural element, however contrary the external evidence might appear.

At the moment of crossing the threshold of Rattling Run Fields he had perceived that his clothes entered as though to their own, and when he took his place at table on Io's left he was still absorbed in an effort to discover the reason.

He leaned forward and his brilliant eyes swept the length of the board, pausing to do homage to Lessie's peculiar beauty. "Diva!" he had exclaimed in his surprise at finding her in these surroundings, and she had promptly turned her shoulder on him. Leaving her out, and the rest of the younger generation, he classed the others as having arrived at the static age without accumulating any of the intrinsic values which could lift them from the category of ordinary small-town folk and justify their ready acceptance by his clothes. He was puzzled, but not annoyed; the answer would surely develop in its own time.

Eunice sat on his left; he might look at her, but he could not read her thoughts. She was happier than she had been for many a day, more alive, more at one with Io and Drake than since the hour of their first going away to school. Gazing about her at the changes which had come to Rattling Run Fields, she could scarcely reconstruct those days when she and her children had been draft horses in the fields, or that long night when, released by the death of Warner Sherborne, she had reviewed her whole life for the judge.

While the others talked she was silent; while they ate and drank she was thinking—thinking with the compact swiftness of a dream, of her father, old Abraham Teller, the cobbler. Of Tryer Mattis, young, frank, too frank; open-faced but shrewd-eyed, free with his money and with his love. Of her own other self, Vic Teller, pride of the hamlet of Greenwich. Of Warner Sherborne. Of this house. These walls. Her first-born. Warner's accusing echo of her cry, "Unhallowed! Unconsecrated!" The snow! Ah, how terrible! No, she would not think of that. Skip it. Leap. Freedom at last. Her children, fully possessed, then slipping for a time almost beyond the grasp of understanding, now creeping back to the inner places of her love.

With that thought, she linked the judge and William Alder, Jr., in a double glance. Peace filled her eyes, and a smile played with the corners of her lips. Save for his white hair, the judge had scarcely changed; he still shaved with an old-fashioned razor and shaved close, so that his pink cheeks were smooth, pleasant to the touch. The blue in his eyes had paled a little, but not

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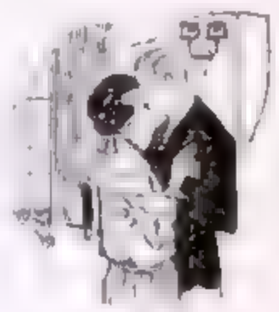

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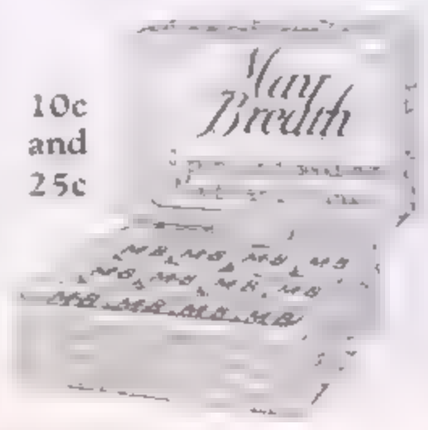
Be as careful of breath odors as you are with friends.



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the humor; it twinkled, watching for a chance to blaze.

Opposite him sat his own son, William Alder, Jr., nine years old, freckled, legs badly scratched, and a split toe that was just beginning to itch, showing it was on the mend. The judge never wearied of observing this offshoot of himself. He was more lucky than Eunice in that the boyhood of any man is more or less of a constant; not only does he retain it, fetch it out, dust it off, and reassume it from time to time successfully, but he is more than apt to discover it fundamentally unchanged in his male offspring.

Drake, at the head of the table, had Lessie at his right. Eunice wondered why. She had seen Tryer's daughter only once before and had noticed her so little that today she had had to ask who she was. Now she studied her by the little stolen glances with which women size up their own kind apparently without looking, and found her the source of a varied mixture of reactions. She liked her, and she did not like her; there were moments when her face seemed hard, and others when it melted, and melting, softened one's heart.

As for Drake, he scarcely spoke, but his mother needed only to look at him to know that for some reason his melancholy had passed. The set of his jaw was changed, the brooding in his eyes had gone. The more she thought of these things, the more frequently did her eyes go back to the strange face of Lessie Mattis, hauntingly familiar, long-nosed and crowned with amber - a strong face. Yes; admit it—a man's woman, complete. More than that. A woman who might love with something of the broad sweep of her arms and of the depth of her bosom. Drake Sherborne Lessie Mattis! She looked deliberately at Lessie's hand and was relieved to see that she wore a wedding ring.

Mr. Colter glanced at the youth sitting beside Tom Bodley and wondered what catastrophe had befallen him, for Jimmy Mattis, defiantly unkempt, with wrinkled clothing, bloodshot eyes and badly shaven cheeks, was shaking as if with an ague. He was staring straight ahead, seeing over and over again the marriage of Io Sherborne to another, wondering where he himself had first gone wrong, and cursing the impulse to kiss the bent bow of a white throat which had brought a black period to long years of happy servitude.

Next to him was Tom, once a hogshead of a man, today a half-deflated pigskin; old, very old, too old to worry about more than one thing at a time. During the meal he took a little wine for his stomach's sake rather frequently, and gradually his tongue became loosened. Some driving thought in the abandoned recesses of his mind forced sonorous words from his lips, deeply guttural at first, but presently intelligible.

"'For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land,'" he quoted with roving eyes, "'a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.'"

In the thirty seconds it took him to enunciate the pastoral panegyric a subtle change befell the atmosphere of the room. It had not been hilarious at any time, owing to the marked diversity in the persons and attitudes of those present; on the other hand, save for the detached mournfulness depicted in Jimmy's countenance, there had been no doleful note. The change had none of the violence of a shock; it was more as if these people, no less than Mr. James Colter, had been awaiting an eventuality which now made itself manifest.

Through the poetic, rock-ribbed words of the apt quotation, through the open windows and through the very stones of the ancient house Rattling Run Fields seemed to enter arrogantly and as by sovereign right to a place amid the company. Into the minds of all save William Alder, Jr., it came as no mere nebulous presence, but rather as an embodied giant ready to give battle should any accept the challenge.

As though he heard the call, Tryer Mattis stirred in his chair, coupled up his limbs and arose. Well on in his sixtieth year, he was still so massive a figure that he seemed too big for indoors. Caved bulk of a frame, like a looming crag deeply eroded by wind and weather. Leonine head; sandy, irrepressible hair, splotched with white patches. Round eyes, full of the empty insolence of material success. Sagging mouth and scarred face. Yet through it all, not glossing or shining, but rather butting a way against all reason, came the confounding likableness of the man to stare James Fordyce Colter out of countenance and make his clothes feel too small for the occasion.

XLVI

THUS Tryer Mattis: "Folks, in a manner of speaking, all on us here is one family, sons and daughters and connections by marriage of a mother lode of cement rock carrying 75 per cent carbonate of lime. But before we come around to that, there's a thing I want to get off my chest, and this is it: The way people and things feeds on each other and themselves, head eat tail the year round." His shrewd eyes fell on Tom Bodley and narrowed. "Here's Connecticut Tom, now, pensioner on Rattling Run Fields for twelve years. What's Tom? I'll tell ye. A lump of education on the road to turning into nothing but fertilizer, and the longer he lives the less top dressing he'll make."

Consternation. A scraping of chairs. Vapid dismay in Tom's face. Tryer's great hand lifted to push protest back down the throats of all, and Tryer's voice rising to a shout:

"Hold fast for the turn! Where's the harm, I say? Where's the harm in Tom, or ever was to God, beast or man? Is there anybody ever knew him wasn't glad to have him around, and can't a plot of ground five feet eight by four feel the same about his carcass without us making a fuss about it? Huh!

"Look at me and the judge, now. I took his woman and he took mine; dog eat dog, and turn about is fair play—only you had ought to have sense enough to pick the right turn. Well, here we are, him and me, and if you ask me to name us, he's all the horse sense in three counties walking on two legs, and me's a load of hay.

"Vic, now."

"Blood of my heart," thought James Colter, "who called these people static?"

Bodley, the judge and Eunice, unresentful, hearts thick in throat, all a-quiver, looked up at Tryer with a uniform rapt expression which, far from bidding him cease, seemed to urge him on, as if they welcomed the thrill of a quickened pulse and the sensation of a last trembling on the verge of life's eternal precipice. Stop him? Never! Let him go on.

"Vic," he continued in a voice which ignored the world at large, "let them as never knowed you when you was sixteen call you Eunice. Girl and woman, you was never really angry with me but once, and that was when I told you I loved you. 'Love!' you says, dynamite in your eye. 'How dare you say that to me?' Them was your words, but I want all here to know, dare or not dare, I never took it back."

"Don't, Tryer," whispered Eunice. "Please don't. It isn't fair."

"Not fair?" repeated Mattis, understanding her, staring at Lessie and then at his son. "Well, perhaps it ain't, but I never was one to lie about them things."

He dropped his eyes as though he had been thrown off his subject, but presently raised them to look at Io.

"As for you, Io, half as big as a minute, skinful of mortal nerve, I'll say no word against you only this: You et up my son Jimmy without thinking, like a pretty snake swallowing of a toad. Look at him!"

He faced squarely toward Jimmy and roared, "By the living Harry and the blazing zenith, if you don't go to work tomorrow I'll take you up and throw you off where she had the guts to jump!"

He turned slowly and his gaze met that of Lessie. A tremor shot through him and his shoulders braced. Lion to lion's whelp; no cringing on either side. She sat, elbow on table, chin in hand, cool and smiling in the face of battle. One could read the glimmer of a thought, a cry, in Tryer's eye as he looked at her: "Ah, Lessie, all that was best in your dad, why weren't you a boy?" But he did not say the words aloud.

His face hardened and his lips opened, but before he could speak ——

"Say it if you dare, you old thingumabob," murmured Lessie.

"Thing what?" shouted Tryer, instantly enraged.

If she had called him anything else—hypocrite, bag of wind, scoundrel —— But no. She wouldn't; not her! She had to pick the one word that no man ever yet found a grip on!

"You! Ever since you could talk you've been spitting me back in my face!"

Last flare of the genius for imagery. Everybody knew instantly what he meant, and saw that it was true, like at war with like. Up went his hands in his familiar gesture of a man fighting off bees.

"I don't want to fight you or anybody else! I want to be friends, even to you. Didn't I say that all on us here is one family in a manner of speaking, and didn't I mean it?"

He shook his shoulders, calmed himself and faced Drake.

A Canyon Sentinel, Grand Canyon, Arizona

"This here is what I wanted to say: We're all sons and daughters of the same mother lode; but you, Drake, is the master of Rattling Run Fields. Eleven years ago the judge fitted out a legal strait-jacket in the way of a contract and I put it on. Why? Because I seen what was coming. We opened in 1901 at one dollar twenty cents a barrel and dropped to seventy cents in the panic. Was I scared? No! Because I'd told the judge about cement roads when he was still wondering whether motor cars would die out. Huh! And now we seen it come, them roads people thought I was crazy on, and what else? What else have we seen? I ask you. Cement touching the roof, two dollars and twenty-five cents a barrel.

"But that's neither here nor there. This is what I say: The contract that bears the names of me and Warner Sherborne is the charter of the Rattling Run Cement Company, and it's got only three years more to go. It's high time all on us knowed where we stand. Drake, listen to me. Do I wear that strait-jacket for another fifteen years, or do we get something that cuts even, both ways?"

There was a long pause before Drake, frowning, asked, "How many acres have you blasted away, Tryer? I mean, how far has the floor of the quarry spread? How many acres?"

"That's the queerest question a quarryman ever heard," commented Tryer. "Put it in tons and I can tell you. Two million, nine hundred and thirty thousand, and next week we pass the three-million mark."

"Tons?" cried Drake, startled, half rising from his chair.

"Yes, sir, tons."

"Well, Tryer, listen to this: From the day that contract expires, there'll be no more blasting on Rattling Run Fields, tearing its heart to pieces. Never another blast. Make your plans accordingly."

For a moment the room was absolutely still. Tryer swayed forward and leaned with his knuckles on the table.

"Say that last again, will you, and say it slow."

Drake repeated his words.

"Never another blast," whispered Tryer, and then rocked his head from side to side and roared. Not laughter. He roared like the king of beasts with a javelin in his side, a terrible sound, an awe-inspiring bellow that only gradually became intelligible.

"Never another blast! No more blasting! You can't stop me Tryer Mattis! Perhaps I can't split a rock, but I can try. Ask Vic! Ask her! Two cases of dynamite, one in the corner yonder and the other is me. By the living rock of Rattling Run, I'll bore a hole in it three feet wide and a hundred deep! I'll drop myself into it and I'll blow your—your damn ——"

Purple in the face, bloated, gasping for breath, knees suddenly slumping, he crashed backward into his chair. They leaned forward and watched him, prayed for him, every one. Air; air for his lungs, and he got it. He breathed gaspingly, and then with a slow, steady heave of his chest. Head bowed, hands laid loosely on the table, he looked vacantly around until his eyes fell on his daughter.

"Lessie, my lass, come on out of this."

"Where to, father?"

"Where do you think? Home to your bed and board. Home, where you belong."

"This is my home, father. Here's where I belong, and nothing and no one will ever throw me out."

Drake arose and she with him. He put his arm around her and looked first at Eunice and then into Io's shining eyes A smile twisted the corners of his lips and lifted them; a smile which the judge, for one, remembered across the years, such a smile as can die from a face, but never from the eyes which have seen it.

"Today a mistress goes out from this house," said Drake simply, "and another enters—Lessie Sherborne, who has been my wife for almost a year."

There was silence, a long silence. Permit me to break it. Toy balloons, ordinary people, nothing much to look at, gathered for a space around Drake Sherborne's board. Farewell. You pass, and yet you do not pass. Spring cannot always reign Flakes of snow, like great white tears, will drive against the panes, yet surely the branch will bud, the leaf sprout, and the vine send forth its shoots. Thus Rattling Run Fields across the measured cycles of the years, and thus you also may endure

THE END

They Withstand Scrutiny

The type of women who wear Allen A hosiery usually scrutinize carefully—the *first* time they buy it. For Allen A has been made for this type of woman.

Every manufacturer, whether he be a publisher of books or a maker of hosiery—first selects that type of people with whom he wishes to associate his name. Then he sets up a standard. Not *his* standard. But the standard which *they* have established for all things in life which they will fully accept. Then he publishes only *that* kind of book or makes that grade of hosiery which measures up to their ideals.

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Visit the big cities of either hemisphere, journey to the outposts of civilization at the edge of the earth —wherever you find business, there you will find the Dalton.

For no land or language limits the usefulness of this modern business machine. No desert, river or mountain stops the Dalton salesman. You'll find him traveling by camel-back in Arabia, by mule-back in the Andes, by boat in China. You'll find him in Vladivostok and Cape Town, in Edinburgh and Honolulu, in Iceland and New Zealand, carrying to business everywhere his message in figuring efficiency.

Here in America, this same world-wide Dalton organization reaches into every state, into every city and village. No matter where you are, Dalton can serve you.

And no matter what your figure problem, there is a Dalton to solve that problem for you in a simpler, faster way. For the new Dalton Super Model line includes upwards of 150 models, super-figuring machines priced from $125 to $1200—

1. a complete line of simpler, faster adding-calculating machines
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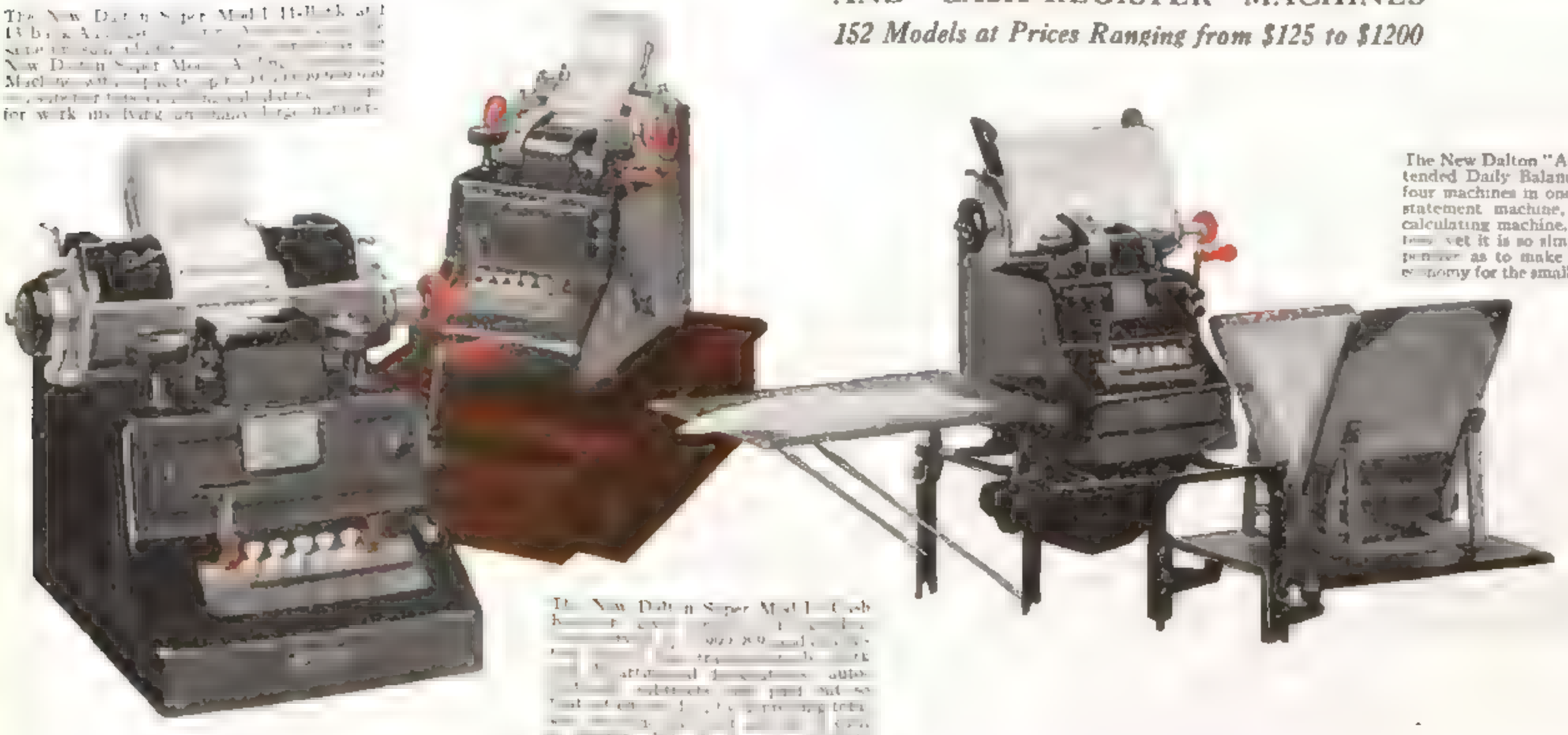
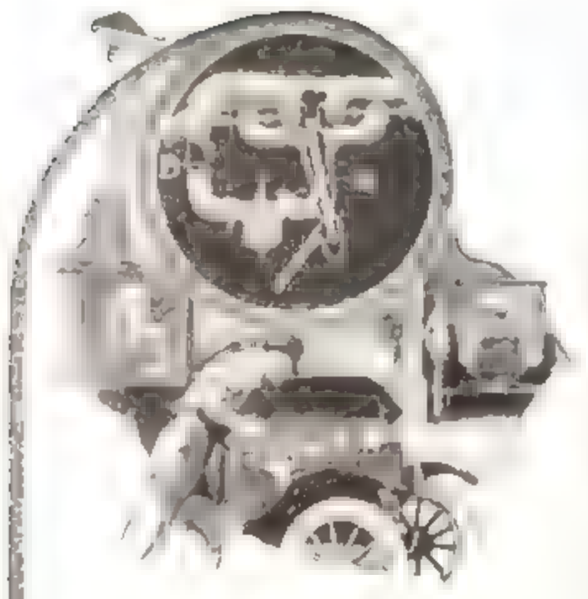


The New Dalton "Accumulated Proof" and "Extended Daily Balance" Bookkeeping Machine—four machines in one—a bookkeeping machine, a statement machine, an adding machine, and a calculating machine. It adapts itself to any system yet it is so simple in operation and so inexpensive as to make machine bookkeeping a real economy for the smaller business as well as the large.



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The Holley Carburetor Company, manufacturers of the carburetor that is standard equipment on Ford cars announces a new device that insures easy starting, perfect vaporization and complete combustion of every drop of fuel in Ford engines that use it!

In 30 minutes or less the Holley Hot Shot can be installed. Nothing extra to buy—no holes to drill—only a few bolts to fasten. Needs no attention during life of engine and quickly pays for its small cost by saving you about 2½ gallons out of every ten put into the gas tank.

A New Principle

In this new device Holley has successfully applied a new, simple and highly efficient engineering principle. From the exhaust a small pipe (see "A" in illustration) runs *through* the intake and uniformly heats the mixture. Protected from the cool air from the fan, and outside conditions, it quickly heats the vaporized fuel and insures complete combustion of the whole charge. The damper (see "B" in illustration) can be adjusted to keep out the cold air in winter and give more breath to the carburetor in summer.

Save ⅓ of Gas

Marked improvements follow the installation of the New Holley Hot Shot on a Ford engine. Scientific tests have demonstrated that a fuel-saving of one-third results. Producing a highly volatile mixture that insures instantaneous combustion, it overcomes faulty lubrication and loss of power through poor compression.

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In winter, a Holley Hot Shot not only enables you to get away quickly, but the engine warms up much more quickly and performs much better.

Start Saving Money Now

If you do not know a Holley dealer near you mail the coupon and we will see that you are supplied quickly, or ask for descriptive literature. Price of Holley Hot Shot $14.75 ($16.25 west of Rockies).

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THE FABULOUS FORTIES

Continued from Page 4)

brusqueness of manners among the ladies, laughable attempts at courtly ease and self-possession among the men—the secret of all this vulgarity in society is that wealth, or the reputation of wealth, constitutes the open sesame to its delectable precincts." But one admits a certain surprise when one finds in a book of etiquette for young men that "the rising generation of elegants in America are particularly requested to observe that, in polished society, it is not quite *comme il faut* for gentlemen to blow their noses with their fingers, especially when in the street—a practice infinitely more common than refined"; and that they must never use their knives to convey their food to their mouths—"a besetting sin with Americans of all ranks."

And one confesses to a certain dismay when one reads that when the finger glasses are sent around one should "omit the disgusting foreign fashion of taking water into your mouth, rinsing and gargling it around, and then spitting it back into the glass. We have seen a young lady at a very fashionable house in one of our great cities pull a dish of stewed oysters close to her and with a tablespoon fish out and eat the oysters one at a time, audibly sipping up their liquor from the said dish. We have seen a young gentleman lift his plate of soup in both hands, hold it to his mouth and drink, or rather lap it up. This was at no less a place than Niagara. . . . Nothing but sheer necessity can excuse any teeth-picking at table."

The Don'ts of the Period

One is less concerned over the warning to refrain from "balancing yourself upon your chair, crossing your legs, extending your feet upon the andirons, admiring yourself with complacency in a glass, folding your shawl instead of throwing it with graceful negligence upon a table, taking a person by the buttons or collar, whirling a chair around on one leg, and shaking with your feet the chair of a neighbor."

And one is rather entertained, somehow, by the precepts that "ladies should never dine with their gloves on unless their hands are not fit to be seen"; that if at dinner a lady "should raise an unmanageable portion to her mouth you should cease all conversation with her and look steadfastly into the opposite part of the room"; that in the case of a physician "everybody knows in what guarded terms he should disclose to the family a fatal termination to an illness if it has become inevitable; and everybody knows that however poignant may be the grief of parents, they ought never to let it appear in their conversations with the physician that they consider him as the cause of their affliction"; and that "in the home conjugal intimacy, it is true, dispenses with the etiquette established by politeness, but in the presence of your wife or husband you ought never to perform those duties of the toilet which before anyone but yourself offend decency and cleanliness—such as washing the feet and cutting the nails."

In general, custom forbade a lady to make inquiries concerning a gentleman's health unless he were ill or very aged; all slang words were detestable from the lips of ladies, and they must never say "snooze," "pants," "gents," "seedy," "rich" for "amusing" or "polking" for "dancing" the polka, no gentleman who really respected a lady would offer her anything more, as a gift, than "a bouquet, a book, one or two autographs of distinguished persons, or a few relics of memorable places"; young ladies would do well not to allow their names to be abbreviated "into such cognomens" as Kate, Madge and Nell, as in so doing they would lose "a particle of respect" due them from gentlemen; and no young lady would address a gentleman by his Christian name unless he were a relation, because "it is a familiarity which he will not like"; in her intercourse with gentlemen a lady must take care to avoid all pecuniary obligations; all ladies must refrain from the meanness of asking an authoress to lend any book written by herself, as "it is her interest and that of her publishers that a large number of copies shall be sold, not lent or given away", and no gentleman must ever ask a lady any question about anything whatsoever.

If they followed the French rules of decorum, young married ladies were at liberty to visit their acquaintances by themselves; but one must not present herself in public without her husband or an aged lady. They were at liberty, however, to walk with other married ladies or with unmarried ones, while the latter must never walk alone; neither must they show themselves with a gentleman unless he were a relation or of respectable age.

No lady must present herself alone in a library or museum unless she went there to study or work as an artist.

A presentation to a lady in a public ballroom "for the mere purpose of dancing" did not carry with it the privilege of claiming her acquaintance subsequently. And "if a lady waltz with you, beware not to press her waist; you must only lightly touch it with the open palm of your hand." But as far as Madame Celnart was concerned, "the waltz is a dance of quite too loose a character, and unmarried ladies should refrain from it altogether both in public and private. Very young married ladies, however, may be allowed to waltz in private balls, if it is seldom and with persons of their acquaintance."

If in 1844 one were "so unfortunate as to have contracted the low habit of smoking," one must practice it under certain restrictions, "at least so long as you are desirous of being considered fit for civilized society." One must never smoke in the streets or in a theater, and one must never be seen in "cigar divans" or billiard rooms. As for tobacco chewing, "it is an abominable habit, and the spitting consequent upon it has been a matter of grave comment by all foreigners. What an article is a spittoon as an appendage to a handsomely furnished drawing-room!"

And when a man married it was understood that all former acquaintanceship ceased, "unless he intimate a desire to renew it by sending you his own and his wife's card."

In her home, a lady equally capable of entertaining in the parlor and managing in the kitchen found plenty to occupy her in the preparation of her two o'clock dinners, or her formal five-o'clock functions, at which she ladled out the soup in person at the table and saw to the placing of the inevitable glass dish of cranberries as carefully as she studied that of her guests; and her eleven-o'clock party suppers, with their indispensable bowls of hot stewed oysters.

Home Cooking and Brewing

She took pride in her homemade biscuits and cakes—her philpies, bops and zephyrinas, her bachelor's pone, Sally Lunn and economy cakes, her marvelles, cymbals, jumbles, and journey—or johnny—cakes, and all the other fifty-odd varieties of cakes listed in the cookbook. She spent hours at her pickling and preserving, and in the manufacture of pastries and pies, custards, puddings, jellies and essences; she gave the final personal touches to her trifles and flummeries, her blanc manges, whip sillabubs and floating islands.

She knew how to make currant wine, grape wine, cordials, shrubs and spice brandy; and, without reference to the recipe, she put a quart of French brandy and half a pint of rose or peach leaves into a jar, allowed them to steep together, then drew off the brandy, threw away the old leaves and added new until the brandy was strongly impregnated with the leaves, whereupon she turned off the brandy clear and used it to season cakes, puddings and mince pies. Or if it were ratafia, she soaked twelve hundred peach kernels in a gallon of brandy for several months, and then poured off the brandy, adding to it one quart of Frontignac wine, one quart of strong hyson tea, one pint of orange-flower water and three pounds of sugar.

Or perhaps she would be making hop beer, in which case her book told her to "put to six ounces of hops five quarts of water and boil three hours; then strain off the liquor and put to the hops four quarts more of water and a teacupful of ginger, and boil the hops three hours longer. Strain, and mix it with the rest of the liquor, and stir in a couple of quarts of molasses. Take about half a pound of bread and brown it very slowly. When very brown and dry, put it in the liquor to enrich the beer. When the hop liquor cools, add a pint of new yeast that has no salt in it. Keep the beer covered in a temperate situation until it has ceased fermenting, which is ascertained by the subsiding of the froth. Turn it off carefully into a beer keg or bottles. The beer should not be corked very tight or it will burst the bottles."

And when there was a wedding she took twenty pounds of butter, twenty pounds of sugar, forty pounds of raisins, eighty pounds of currants, twelve pounds of citrons, twenty pounds of flour, twenty nutmegs, twenty glasses of wine, twenty glasses of brandy, two hundred eggs, some cinnamon, mace and cloves, and made a wedding cake.

On her honeymoon she probably went to the Cataract House at Niagara. In which case, in 1841 she was told that "this is the season when citizens and strangers and young married folks are getting ready to visit the great Falls of Niagara. Most of the pleasure of this delightful jaunt is lost by not knowing how to select the route so as to secure dispatch, comfort and variety of prospect.

"Proceed direct, after you arrive at Albany, to Syracuse by railroad. This will occupy but eight hours. At Syracuse take the packet boats—by way of relief from car travel—from Syracuse to Oswego; the most beautiful scenery will reward your selection, and in five hours you are at Oswego. Here embark on board of one of the splendid steamboats, United States or St. Lawrence—floating palaces. After a plentiful repast and a sound sleep, at seven in the morning you will find yourself, refreshed, at Lewiston on the Niagara River, where there is a railroad and commodious cars waiting to convey you to Niagara Falls to breakfast. Thus, without trouble, delay, or any of the usual perplexities incident to travel, you arrive at the Falls in twenty-four hours after you leave Albany—and without the least fatigue."

Travel de Luxe

And from New York to Albany she might, in summer, go up the Hudson by boat, and then travel by the Red Bird Line of coaches. Or she might go by boat to New Haven, then by rail to Hartford, then by stage to Springfield, then by rail again to Greenbush, and finally ferry across to Albany. Or she might prefer to take the boat to Bridgeport, and then proceed to Greenbush by the New York and Housatonic Railroad—in cars that resembled small omnibuses, separate ones for the ladies and gentlemen, with crosswise seats and a narrow corridor up the center, in the middle of which they kept the stove in winter—trundling along the single track, crossing turnpikes under wooden arches on which was painted "When the bell rings look out for the locomotive." In 1843 the remainder of the journey to Buffalo was easier already, as it was possible to go all the way by rail for ten dollars, with only six changes of cars in twenty-five hours.

If she went visiting, in the very early '40's, to Boston, for instance, she traveled by boat, rail and stage from New York to Springfield, and thence by rail to her destination, or by boat and rail via Providence. A journey from New York to Philadelphia by rail and over two ferries required six hours. In fourteen hours, with a two-hour wait in Philadelphia, she could reach Baltimore. Richmond was thirty-six hours, Charleston eighty-eight hours and Mobile one hundred and sixty-three hours distant from New York. A trip to New Orleans by way of the "West" consumed twelve days and twenty hours. New York to Baltimore by rail, fourteen hours; Baltimore to Columbus by rail, and Columbus to Wheeling by mail chariot over the Cumberland Road, forty-four hours; Wheeling to the Ohio side by ferry, and thence to Cincinnati via Columbus, fifty-nine hours, including two stops of six hours each; Cincinnati to Louisville by boat, twelve hours; Louisville to Natchez by boat, one hundred and forty-nine hours; Natchez to New Orleans by boat, thirty hours.

One could ride in the great Mississippi River steamboats, which were at the height of their prosperity in this decade—four hundred and fifty of them in 1842, representing a value of more than seven million dollars. In the Yorktown, perhaps, with her twenty-eight-foot wheels, her four boilers and her forty private cabins. Or in the J. M. White with her wheel beams

(Continued on Page 109)

"I'm ashamed of my hands"

HOW often you hear it said. Perhaps you have said it today.

Rough, chapped hands and faces are not ornamental — nor are they at all comfortable.

Well, why have them? Haven't you a tube of Unguentine in your medicine cabinet—the "friend in need" you should think of first for irritated or injured conditions of the skin?

Nothing like Unguentine for chapped hands

Apply a little Unguentine. Rub well into the irritated skin before you go to bed. When you wake up, no chapping—no inflammation—no hurting—no roughness skin healthy and normal again, if it is the usual case. Try it tonight if your hands are chapped, and learn this secret of beautiful skin (in winter).

Chapped skin is injured skin —no doubt about that

The diagram tells the story. You see, chapping is a mass of innumerable shallow, criss-cross cuts. The outer surface of the skin has been pierced by the tiny keen-edged knives of winter's wind and cold.

Unguentine, as you know, is always first aid for cuts. The tiny, stinging cuts of chapped hands are no exception. Such injuries and irritations of the skin cannot be healed except by scientific treatment. Unguentine provides it. You should know the reason

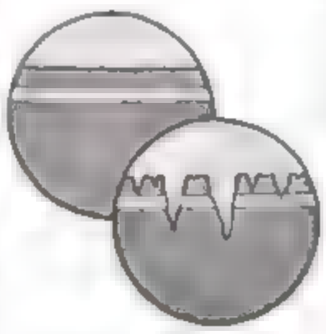


Diagram 1 [illegible] *skin*

Diagram 2 [illegible] *the three* [illegible]

Your skin has many enemies Nature needs aid to combat them

The skin has many different enemies—*conditions* like chapping, chilblains, frost-bite, cold sores (fever blisters)—*accidents* like cuts, burns, bruises Each enemy, and there are hundreds, has a different name.

But the damage each does to the skin and the danger from infection each brings with it, are much alike

The tiny cells which build the three layers of the skin are irritated, inflamed or destroyed. A perfect breeding place for dangerous germs is provided. Discomfort as with chapped hands, or sharp pain as with a burn, is always present

Quick and successful treatment of skin injuries or irritations must accomplish not one, but *all* of the following results: **Stop pain.** Unguentine stops pain with grateful promptness. **Prevent infection.** Unguentine kills germs within a few moments, preventing minor troubles from becoming serious. **Heal quickly.** Unguentine stimulates rapid growth of healthy cells. **Avoid needless scars.** Remember these four results. Unguentine quickly and surely accomplishes all

Scientifically produced in our laboratories for many years, tested and successfully used in hospitals and by physicians in literally millions of cases, this friend indeed is well nigh unfailing.

For common skin ailments, irritations and accidents, your first thought should be "Unguentine quick!" In serious cases see your physician.

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom. Get it at your druggist's. He knows what Unguentine will do. Price 50c.

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City

Norwich

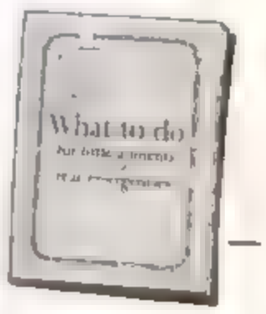
—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

Other Norwich Friends in Need

MILK OF MAGNESIA
NORWICH DENTAL CREAM
ZINC STEARATE ANALGESIC BALM (non-greasy—stainless)

Test Unguentine yourself Return this Coupon

[illegible] booklet [illegible] M. Webster Snyder M. D [illegible] Unguentine [illegible] It tells you what to do for [illegible]



THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.
Norwich, N. Y.

Enclosed find 8c for trial tube of Unguentine and your booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies).

Name

Address

City and State

Pronounced UN·GWEN·TEEN

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner, including

CLARK JEWEL — George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill

DANGLER — Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

DIRECT ACTION — National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio

NEW PROCESS — New Process Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK MEAL — Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.

READ the Lorain Burner GUARANTEE

LOOK for the RED WHEEL

"I Know that this Oil Cook Stove with Lorain High Speed Burners will Do ALL I Claim for it"

"I KNOW that this Oil Cook Stove with Lorain High Speed Burners will do ALL I claim for it." So say thousands of dealers. This universal faith among Lorain dealers is based upon their *knowledge* of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner, and their confidence in the Company back of it.

They know, for instance, that the Lorain Burner generates a clean, odorless, blue flame of great intensity—and that this intense heat comes in *direct contact* with the cooking utensil. They know the many advantages of Lorain features. How American Stove Company guarantees the vital part of the burner, the inner combustion tube, for ten years against burning out. (Read the Guarantee.)

Also, they know that its patented wick-stop automatically determines the lighting- and burning-point of the wick, which with the Lorain Burner are one and the same. Again, that the tapered combustion tubes prevent "boil-overs" from reaching the wick. Also, that the oil-well is so constructed that the "wick won't stick" and re-wicking is made easy.

These are a few of the reasons why Lorain dealers have the utmost confidence in Lorain-equipped Oil Stoves—also, they are the reasons why dealers have no trouble selling these efficient oil stoves. So we say to dealers who are *not* selling Lorain-equipped Oil Stoves, that there's *one* way to build a permanent business in oil cook stoves—*without* the troubles that dealers usually associate with it.

If you want to know, address American Stove Company and ask for complete data regarding the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner

BECAUSE the short chimney on stove burner produces an intense flame which strikes directly on the bottom of the cooking utensil, the heat generated has, in the past, caused the early destruction of its vital part, the inner combustion tube.

This fault has been *completely* eliminated in the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner by making the inner combustion tube of "Vesuvius Metal" which is not affected by the destructive action of this intense heat.

Therefore, American Stove Company now gives the following additional guarantee with each Lorain Oil Burner:

GUARANTEE

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made entirely free of charge.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

IF GAS is available you'll find a cooking appliance equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

LORAIN HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

(Continued from Page 106)

set back and her record-breaking run of three days, twenty-three hours and nine minutes from New Orleans to St. Louis—tearing along the river with the boilers at white heat from the pine-and-resin fuel, to beat another packet to the landing. Or, on the Ohio River, in the Messenger, in a tiny stateroom opening onto the ladies' cabin, if possible at the stern "because the steamboats generally blew up forward."

"Nothing but a long, black, ugly roof," as Mr. Dickens saw it, "covered with burnt-out feathery sparks, above which tower two iron chimneys and a hoarse escape valve, and a glass steerage house. . . . Within there is one long, narrow cabin the whole length of the boat, from which the staterooms open on both sides. A small portion of it at the stern is partitioned off for the ladies, and the bar is at the opposite extreme. There is a long table down the center and at either end a stove. The washing apparatus is forward on the deck. . . . At each"—of the meals—"there are a great many small dishes and plates upon the table with very little in them; so there is seldom really more than a joint, except for those who fancy slices of beet root, shreds of dried beef, complicated entanglements of yellow pickle, maize, Indian corn, apple sauce and pumpkin."

If she had occasion to go from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, she traveled in a canal boat, "a barge," according to Mr. Dickens, "with a little house in it, viewed from the outside, and a caravan at a fair, viewed from within—the gentlemen being accommodated as the spectators usually are in one of those locomotive museums, and the ladies being partitioned off by a red curtain." There were three horses to draw the barge, and a very small deck space in which everyone contrived to "lie down nearly flat" when the helmsman cried "Low bridge!" The low-ceilinged cabin contained a stove, a row of little tables down both sides, and some thirty male passengers. On either side of the cabin there were three long tiers of suspended shelves, with a sheet and a blanket apiece, for which the occupants drew lots at nightfall. "As to the ladies, they were already abed, behind the red curtain, though, as every cough or sneeze or whisper behind the curtain was perfectly audible before it, we had still a lively consciousness of their society. . . . All night long, and every night, on this canal, there was a perfect storm and tempest of spitting."

There was a tin ladle chained to the deck, with which "those who cared about washing" fished water out of the canal and poured it into a similarly captive tin basin. There was also a jack towel, and in the bar a mirror and a public comb and brush. For breakfast, dinner and supper there were tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black pudding and sausages.

Apostrophe to Saratoga

At the foot of the mountains the canal stopped and passengers were conveyed across by "land carriage," on the Portage Railway. "There are ten inclined planes," Mr. Dickens found; "five ascending and five descending; the carriages are dragged up the former, and let slowly down the latter, by means of stationary engines; the comparatively level spaces between being traversed sometimes by horse and sometimes by engine power. . . . Occasionally the rails are laid upon the extreme verge of a giddy precipice."

And they were enormously and justly proud of it, and traveled by the thousand over it.

In the summertime, unless the Virginia Springs claimed her—the Warm and the White and Gray Sulphur—she went with her whole family to a watering place—to Nantucket and to the Ocean House at Newport, to Ballston Spa and Sharon Springs, to stay at the Pavilion House in "the most exclusive summer resort in the country," and to Saratoga.

"Beautiful Saratoga! Cradle of fashion and intrigue! Rendezvous of lacqueys and jockeys! Seraglio of the prurient aristocracy! Realm of a hundred queens! Here in thy wild groves and here amid thy waterfalls poets would love to live and die" So in 1848 the correspondent of the New York Herald described it. "The amusements in which visitors indulge with great animation are riding, walking, bowling at ten pins, gunning, yachting, angling, dancing, carte and tierce, billiards, whist and match-making, all very interesting and innocent. The ladies occasionally have a game at battledore, and the children trundle their hoops in the beautiful courtyard of the United States Hotel."

The great gathering place for those who were not quite prominent enough socially to feel at their ease at the Congress Hall, and who did not care for the quieter atmosphere of the Union Hall; where every Thursday evening there was a hop and every Friday evening a ball, and every other evening except Sunday a dance in the drawing-rooms; and whose inmates spent the day in drinking the Congress Spring water and propelling themselves in a hand car around the circular railway from sunrise until seven; breakfasting from eight until ten; visiting the Hamilton and Flat Rock Springs, and walking, riding and driving from ten until two; dining, noisily and hurriedly, from two until four; gossiping on the piazzas all the rest of the afternoon; taking tea at seven; and then dancing, and watching the conjuror or the ventriloquist or the players, and making love in the moonlit gardens until bedtime.

All for two dollars a day!

Census of the Make-Up Shelf

On his first rising, one learns from Madame Celnart, the correct dress for a gentleman was a cap of cotton or silk, a morning gown, or a vest with sleeves. "For a lady, a small muslin cap, a camisole, or common robe. It is well," she adds, "that a half corset should precede the full corset, for it is bad taste for a lady not to be laced at all. The hair papers, which cannot be removed on rising, because the hair would not keep in curl till evening, should be concealed under a bandeau of lace." She probably soaked it in Doctor Roley's Brazilian hair-curling liquid and washed it in Guerlain's lustral water, while her husband was treating himself with Rowland's essence of Tyre or Jones' oil of coral Circassia and anointing his locks with bear's grease, bull's marrow or Makassar oil, balm of Columbia, bandoline, cream of lilies or pomatum in brown, black and auburn sticks.

And while he was shaving with Lubin's almond paste or Ring's verbena or Henry's Chinese cream, she performed her ablutions with Brown's Windsor and improved her complexion with esprit de cédrat, eau de Botot or sirop de Boubie, with blanc de neige and citromane, or, if necessary, with Micheaux's freckle wash. They both cleaned their teeth with Pelletier's odontine and elixir, or with orris tooth paste, after which he was ready for a sniff of Old West India bay water, while she sprinkled herself with her favorite perfume or extract—bergamot, frangipane or patchouli; caprice de la mode, bouquet de Victoria, Portugal water or honey amber; chypre, moussaline, reseda or muguet; all the compounds of cinnamon, lard, sassafras and calamus; cashew, fennel and coriander, ambergris, musk, civet and spermaceti; daffodil, heliotrope, orange and mignonette; rosemary, rue and thyme; camomile, melilot, juniper, marjoram, lavender, tansy, vervain and mugwort, storax, labdanum and mastic, which her druggist was always preparing for her.

And then for a while they were through with the cut-glass jars and bottles, and put them back with the Preston salts and the carmine lip salves and the clove anodyne, with the pearl powder, the attar of roses and the spirits of vinegar, and with the corn rubbers and tongue scrapers.

And when at last they appeared, ready for the street, he would be wearing a high-collared coat, a short-waisted, roll-collared waistcoat, tight-fitting trousers strapped under the foot or, later in the decade, very wide ones in broad plaids a stylish chapeau of beaver and a smart black silk cravat tied in intricate knots around his high, stiff white shirt collar. Her front hair would be in long ringlets or in braided bands, and her back hair coiled up in braided figures of eight, under a bonnet of pale pink satin, perhaps, with a crown trimmed with ribbon descending low in front on the right side, where it was caught with aloe and velvet leaves, finished off with a band of ribbon in the center of the curtain; or a drawn capote of sulphur-colored crêpe trimmed with lilac ribbons, ornamented with a plume of white willow feathers drooping to the left side; her hands in long black silk mittens with velvet cuffs; and her dress—depending on the hat—of satin, possibly, faced with velvet cut in rounded points, the body high up to the throat, where it was finished by a velvet collar, the sleeves tight and ornamented at the top with velvet epaulets; or of *peau de soie* trimmed with broad tucks on the bias, headed with narrow fringes to match the dress, with a small collar cut in waves and edged with piping, and a scarf of green velvet piped in small Vandykes of violet satin.

If there were children along, the boys would be in short jackets, with the hair parted well on one side; and the little girls would have theirs brushed straight back and kept in place by springs of steel covered with velvet, most of it hidden, in any case, by a coal-scuttle bonnet, and under their very full little dresses they would be wearing pantalets of cambric muslin edged with needlework.

A Lady of Fashion

The wardrobe of a lady of fashion of that period took up a great deal of room in her closets. The gentlemen were bad enough, with their high hats and great surtouts and fancy waistcoats and Blüchers and Wellingtons, and drawers full of cravats and stocks and neck-cloth irons; but a chapeau of pale blue velvet with a fulling of lace on the inside descending in long lappets and decorated with *saule* plumes, and bonnets of drawn lace surmounted by wreaths of roses, and white velvet turbans for the theater, fringed with gold—these could not be pushed carelessly back on the shelf; and her full-flounced dresses in contrasting *barèges*, grenadines and silks—fawn over pale blue *glacé*, stone-colored damask over violet; her *mousselines* and tarlatans and jaconets, lawns, cambrics and printed muslins—these must be hung with care on her hooks. And then space must be found for her velvet, satin, brocade and embroidered merino pelisses; for her voluminous cashmere, moiré and lace-trimmed India muslin capes; for her pelerines and cardinals of velvet and watered silk, which must never be of the same material as her dress. And her bureau was filled with fine cambric handkerchiefs, with innumerable pairs of white kid gloves trimmed with quillings of satin ribbon with floating ends, with *saule* and marabou feathers for her hair, and with delicate Brussels and Honiton lace.

In summer, too, what a collection of boxes she was obliged to take with her to Saratoga—her white *peau-de-soie* hats trimmed with green ribbons and lilac branches, her *paille-de-riz* bonnets with the deep ear-confining brims, all the fashionable Gimp, Leghorn, Coburg and Jenny Lind models of her day; her parasols of shot silk, with the fringeless colored borders lined with white Florence; her cambric and muslin dresses with the small bishop sleeves; and her countless needlework chemisettes.

And her riding habit, with all its accessories, in which she must have looked surpassingly bewitching. The hair first drawn up closely, leaving a single tress in front of the ear, or in "gently flowing curls which are more piquant and becoming." A plain black military cloth cap confined under the chin by a ribband, or an Oakford pattern Spanish hat, with a green veil "to preserve the complexion in the hot sun and open air"—the fragile white complexion of the '40's. Buff kid gloves from Beebe & Costar, and plain linen wristlets turned back over the cuffs. Showy buttons, but not too large, of gold preferably, or jet or glass. A chemisette of linen or fine muslin, with the collar turned down over a checked silk necktie, ornamented with lace ruffles "graced with a small breastpin" or three plain studs.

Clothes of the Forties

Then the habit itself—of royal blue, rifle green or blue-black broadcloth or cashmere—"the bodice always plain behind, fitting tight to the bust and connecting in front with buttons and buttonholes. The skirt very full, considerably longer than the skirt of walking dresses, with the slash in front of the left hip. The sleeves tight and plain, the cuffs without ornament. The collar of velvet, open halfway down the bust.

"The bodice fastened with nine buttons, and a row of fifteen placed on each side, curving to the shape. The vest always of some light fabric, usually buff cassimere owing to the rich contrast that color makes with gold buttons, of which a row of fifteen is worn on the vest. The flaps of the vest attached to the bodice on the under side at the seams, and a separate rolling collar."

And a riding crop, and a groom to hold her horse, and a footman to hold her foot.

But it was probably in the evening, after all, at *soirées* and balls, that she was at her loveliest. With her hair dressed with roses and birds of paradise; ornamented with diamond-headed arrows or strings of coral, or a little toque festooned with pearls, and a high-backed comb; or with a rouleau of velvet wound in gold gimp, and two marabou feathers tipped with pink or silver dust on one side; or "in bandeaux, a little frizzed inside, and the back coiled up in thick rouleaux like cables, with two branches of the pink acacia drooping at each side of the face"; or again, "in bands, part of the back hair forming a braid and the remainder in ringlets falling at each side of the neck. A puffing of geranium ribbon intermixed with the back hair, and a rosette bow of the same placed immediately below the left ear. Festoons of pearl depending from the braid at the back falling over the front of the hair."

She sometimes borrowed the festoons of pearls, but the hair coiled up in thick rouleaux like cables was usually all her own.

And then, perhaps, a dress of pink satin, the corsage "very much in the style of a corset, fitting the shape as tightly as possible, with a long point and three seams in front. The corsage, heart-shaped, sloping downwards from the shoulders both at back and front. The sleeves tight and very short, and without shoulder straps, trimmed with two quillings of satin ribbon and a small bouquet of three feathers in front of each arm. The skirt ornamented with rows of the same bouquets of feathers, and a similar branch in front of the corsage."

Or a ball dress of white gros de Naples, "the corsage very low in the neck, tight to the bust and finished to a point with lace and a stomacher of the same. The sleeves very short and puffed, with a bouillon at the bottom. The skirt ornamented with rows of pearls and small bows and tassels."

. And then she danced, in her feathers and pearls and tight-fitting corsage, and occasionally she fainted.

Saratoga Springs—Cradle of Fashion and Intrigue

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr Munngerode. The second will appear in an early issue.

DRAWN BY HANSON BOOTH
for The Electric Storage Battery Company
Manufacturers of Exide Batteries

Be ready with one question

THE one sensible question to ask when you have to buy a new battery is, "What will it cost me?" Not "What's the price?" but "What *will* it cost me?"

The cost of your battery before you get through with it—or, before it gets through with you—depends on three things: (1) The price. (2) How long it lasts. (3) What you have to pay for repairs to keep it on the job.

Even in the years when Exide sold at a higher price, it was recognized by experienced drivers as the most economical, because of its very long service and its freedom from repairs.

Now, with the price as low as others and the quality as high as ever, an Exide Battery is an economy that no automobile owner can afford to ignore.

EXIDE PRICES are from $16.65 up, according to size and geographical location. There is an Exide made for every car.

THERE are Exide Service Stations all over the country, where you can get a new Exide for your car or competent repair work on any make of battery. Exide Service Stations as well as Radio Dealers sell Exide Radio Batteries.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia
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THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

The World's "Home Away From Home"

"On the many occasions I have enjoyed the hospitality of The Waldorf, I have been the recipient of unfailing courtesy and perfect service. Its unique position in the life of New York and the high character of its patrons have made the name of The Waldorf a household word in America and representative of all that is desirable in a great metropolitan Hotel."

THE dignity of its Fifth Avenue address, the prestige of its remarkable hotel history, the spacious comfort of a hotel built before large buildings had to be cramped into small quarters, and its quiet restful "protective" atmosphere—are some of the reasons why the name and fame of The Waldorf-Astoria have travelled the entire world.

The Waldorf-Astoria
Fifth Avenue 33d and 34th Streets. New York
ROY CARRUTHERS, Managing Director

The spirit of hospitality and service—for which The Waldorf-Astoria has achieved world-wide acclaim—extends to other great hotels under the management of

BOOMER-DU PONT PROPERTIES, INC.

The BELLEVUE-STRATFORD PHILADELPHIA

The NEW WILLARD WASHINGTON

THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL

Continued from Page 19

Marcus Samuel by name, set up a small curio shop in Houndsditch, in the heart of the East End of London, where so many of his coreligionists are segregated. The shop itself was a dark front room and the family lived in the rear. As is the case with most Jewish families, there were many children. One of them was named after his father. In fact, there has always been a Marcus Samuel in the line.

One day the Samuel children went to Margate on a holiday. Romping on the beach, they saw their first shells. They carried a modest lunch in a small box. When the food had been disposed of they amused themselves by fastening shells on the empty box. They were so pleased with their handiwork that they brought it home and showed it to the parents. It gave the elder Samuel an idea, for he began to manufacture shell-covered souvenir boxes and they became quite an item of trade in his little shop. He labeled them A Gift from Margate, A Souvenir of Bournemouth, or any one of the well-known British seaside resorts. Soon these boxes appeared in shops up and down the seacoast. It meant that with Father Samuel business was increasing.

The cramped shop in Houndsditch expanded until its line of goods included shells from all parts of the world. The name Samuel grew to be synonymous with conchology. Meanwhile the firm of M. Samuel & Co. was started and larger quarters secured. The concern soon reached the point where it had buyers in the Far East collecting mother of pearl, Japanese curios and copra, which is part of the coconut. By the time that the present Marcus Samuel—that is, Lord Bearsted—entered the firm it was international in scope, with branches in the Dutch East Indies and elsewhere, had carried on important financial transactions with the Japanese Government and become a merchandiser in oil.

With oil, Marcus Samuel found the agency that was to make him a power. As international merchant he had begun to buy and sell refined oil on a considerable scale. When the Standard Oil Company got its hooks into the Far Eastern field he found it increasingly difficult to carry on. The American oil was being sold so cheaply that Samuel reached the point where he had to produce his own or get some other line. He soon found a way out.

The First Oil Tanker

Toward the close of the '80's J. H. Menten, a Dutchman, obtained an oil-and-coal concession near the mouth of the Mahakan River in Borneo. He lacked capital to develop the area and sought the assistance of Marcus Samuel. In this concession Samuel found precisely what he was looking for, because it afforded the opportunity to get oil. He formed the Dutch Indies Industrial and Trading Company under a Dutch charter. In this undertaking, the first of the many that were to fly the Samuel flag, the family got the support of the Rothschilds, who henceforth were identified with its constantly expanding scheme of operations.

The original Menten concession was enlarged until Samuel and his associates had the exploitation rights for an area of over 500 square miles. A well was put down and before long the field was one of the most important in the Dutch Indies. In passing, it is interesting to note that from this field came toluene, a by-product which formed the base of one of the most powerful explosives used by the Allies during the World War.

Marcus Samuel now had his own oil supply, which enabled him to compete not only with the Standard Oil Company but with the Royal Dutch. His firm was securely established both as producer and trader, so he turned to the branch of the industry which he knew would be pivotal. That branch was transportation. Here he was to register his first conspicuous achievement.

Although the oil industry in one form or another had spread to nearly every civilized section of the world, the crude product, as well as the by-products, had to be transported overseas in barrels. This contributed greatly to the overhead cost and to waste. The barrel itself figured as 20 per cent of the weight for each unit. This left only 80 per cent for oil. In addition there was always much leakage in transit, and as a further charge the barrels had to be hauled back empty to the source of supply. A more compact and efficient agency for transport became necessary.

In 1884 W. A. Riedemann, an influential German oil shipper, conceived the idea of using the water tank of the Andromeda, a 3000-ton clipper ship under charter to him, as an oil container. It proved so successful that he asked himself the question, "Why not construct a ship and use the sides of it to hold oil?"

The following year he planned, and had constructed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the first oil tanker ever launched. It was called the Gluckauf. Unfortunately for Riedemann, he obtained no patent and as a result anyone could construct them. The pioneer American tanker was built in 1888 for the Standard Oil Company.

The development of the tanker came at a psychological moment for M. Samuel & Co. The firm was concentrating more and more on oil merchandising and the carrying of petroleum and petroleum products, so it turned to the new type of ship as a valuable improvement. In 1892 it built and launched the Murex, the first tank steamer to voyage through the Suez Canal with a cargo of bulk oil. This began the formation of what is today the vast Shell fleet operating on every sea.

All the while the general Samuel organization was acquiring or absorbing subsidiary oil concerns. In 1897 the Shell Transport Trading Company was formed to handle what had become a world-wide business. For sentimental reasons, Marcus Samuel called it the Shell because of the early association of his forbears with shells.

Centralized Control

We can now get back to Deterding, whom we left installed as general sales manager of the Royal Dutch at Singapore. You will recall that in his first conflict with the Standard Oil Company he had a comparatively near-by supply of oil, but lacked the facilities with which to haul it. With the advent of the Shell concern and its tankers he saw his chance to overcome this handicap. He entered into an arrangement with Marcus Samuel to transport his oil from the Dutch East Indies to China and elsewhere in the Far East. From this deal grew the network of ramified Royal Dutch-Shell connections that is one of the marvels of the business world.

With a supply of oil near at hand, and with the Shell ships to haul it, Deterding launched his offensive against the Standard Oil. It was before the Standard had perfected its overseas retail-sales scheme. China was a rich prize and the battle was long and hard. Each side lost in the end and no one was sorry when a truce was arranged which divided the field.

Just about this time Deterding cabled to The Hague, where the headquarters of the Royal Dutch is located, that in his judgment the sales policy of the organization should be directed from the home office. Although Kessler, who was then general managing director of the organization, did not agree, he instructed Deterding to return to Holland while he went out to the East to look over the situation.

Upon his return he said to Deterding, "You are right. Henceforth the Royal Dutch must be directed from Holland."

In consequence Deterding was installed as managing director at The Hague. Two years later, upon Kessler's death, he succeeded him as general managing director.

Even before he left Singapore to take up his post at The Hague, Deterding had urged the installation of huge storage tanks at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Calcutta, Swatow, Madras, Bombay, Bangkok, Amoy and Fu-chau. The advice was heeded. In this procedure he was acting under what has always been one of his cardinal rules. It is summed up in the sentence: "If you have a product to sell, keep an abundant supply of it on hand so that you can dispose of it when people want it."

Here you have the keynote of the policy of the future Royal Dutch-Shell combine. It never left supply to chance. You find its immense storage tanks at every port throughout the world and a vigilant system keeps them filled.

The moment Deterding got into the saddle, so to speak, as head of the Royal Dutch

(Continued on Page 114)

Comfort in Safety

THE automobile manufacturer builds into his particular car those units which he knows will give satisfactory service for the life of the unit. The brakes are designed to provide you with "comfort in safety", but only so long as the brake lining is in *perfect condition*.

The manufacturer does his utmost to assure safety. Yet, *his* responsibility is limited. After the car is in *your* hands, the responsibility rests upon you. Brakes need occasional adjustment and, in time, brake lining will become worn and require renewal.

To obtain *the same measure of safety* which the manufacturer intended should be yours, you must have the brakes inspected and adjusted periodically.

Your garageman can readily render this service, and if new silver edge Raybestos brake lining is needed he will apply it by the Raybestos Method which means—"COMFORT IN SAFETY!"

If you will forward the coupon, we shall be glad to tell you the name of the serviceman in your vicinity who will inspect, adjust and reline your brakes with Raybestos by the Raybestos Method.

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It has really happened. I have heard Havana, Cuba. Hip, Hip, Hurrah for the Federal No. 59! I was never so thrilled.

I heard this strange music at exactly 37 on the dial. When the man said "P.W.X. Havana, Cuba," I thought I couldn't bear it. Listened for half an hour and then telephoned everyone I know. MARY

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Standard RADIO Products

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he began a campaign for expansion. One by one the Dutch East Indian oil companies not annexed by the Shell crowd came into his ken. On the theory that anybody's oil is good so long as you can get it cheap and sell it at a profit, he made deals to market the output of the Burma Oil Company and other Indian companies. He also reached out for certain Russian concerns, but the real Royal Dutch penetration in Russia did not come until later

This brings us to 1903, when there occurred the consolidation which helped to change the oil map. Although Deterding had employed the Shell ships to haul his oil from Sumatra and Java to China and other markets, he was in competition with the Shell as producers who were also engaged in selling their Borneo oil in practically the same territory.

Deterding came to the conclusion that this continued competition was not only useless but that a federation of interests would serve the larger end, especially in the East. When he put the proposition up to Marcus Samuel, the latter agreed and the result was the incorporation of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, Ltd., of London, which constituted the most important petroleum merger up to that time. It is worth remarking that the original Asiatic Petroleum Company, Ltd., now has companies bearing its name in North China, Palestine, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Siam, South China, the Straits Settlements, Turkey, the Baltic States and the American states of Delaware and New York.

The Asiatic Petroleum Company definitely linked the Royal Dutch and the Shell groups. It was a sort of fifty-fifty proposition and each had a definite part to play. The Shell and Royal Dutch, for example, provided the storage depots and the greater part of the tankers to enable the Asiatic to carry on as intermediary, while the subsidiary branches of both organizations produced the crude petroleum and its by-products. Deterding became managing director, although he retained the post of general managing director of the Royal Dutch, which, by the way, he still fills.

The combination at once made itself felt With competition eliminated, all effort could be concentrated on the enlarging of old and the establishment of new markets. Within a year the Royal Dutch-Shell products were on sale in East and South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Formosa and the Philippines. Deterding has always followed density of population and in the Far Eastern countries he had an ideal field

Deterding was now able to lock horns with the Standard on a big scale. He renewed the fight in China and this time it was a struggle of giants. Thanks to the Standard campaign of education, John Chinaman was kerosene-wise. In other words, the Standard had paved the way for Deterding and he took advantage of it. Incidentally, he was able to keep the Standard out of production in the Dutch Indies by increasing the capital stock of the Royal Dutch and acquiring all the domains that the Americans coveted.

Deterding's Two Flags

The organization of the Asiatic Petroleum Company did more than unite the highly efficient Shell selling-and-transporting machine with the Royal Dutch. It brought to Deterding the support of the Rothschilds, the greatest financial family of Europe, who had already been associated with Marcus Samuel and his associates, and who now became the box office of a combination which was soon to set up shop in Russia, Rumania and Germany. As his scope widened, the great Jewish bankers of France and Germany also got in line and strengthened his financial offensive. The coalition with Shell brought a third asset, which was the invaluable moral and political support of Britain. In other words, Deterding not only had the strongest international banking groups behind him but could now fly two flags.

It was an opportune hour for expansion. Although D'Arcy had obtained his Persian concession, he had spent a huge personal fortune in unprofitable prospecting, and was now being courted by foreign interests, including the Dutch, who wanted his rich rights. The deal by which the British admiralty was to come to his aid had been sidetracked. In the United States the Standard Oil Company was marching toward dissolution by Federal decree. Deterding realized that the time had come for a coalition that would dominate the whole oil industry outside America.

In a circular to his stockholders he outlined his plan for the linking of the Dutch interests with those of the Shell. In support of the proposition he argued that though the two groups had eliminated competition so far as selling was concerned, the separate aims of the companies clashed on the production end. Consent was given and the deal proceeded

To unite as one corporate body was ruled out as bad policy, because each concern wanted to maintain itself as an independent unit. You will recall that in the original organization of the Royal Dutch the control had to remain in the hands of Netherlands subjects. The properties of both groups were therefore made over to two new operating companies. One was Dutch and was called the Bataafsche Petroleum Maatschappij, which means the Batavia Petroleum Company. This was charged with the production of petroleum and petroleum products. The other company was English registered and called the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, Ltd., to which was assigned the transport, storage and distribution of products. The combined capitalization of the companies was $104,000,000.

In the allocation of control the Royal Dutch took a 60 per cent interest in each group, while the Shell took 40 per cent. In the almost endless succession of new companies formed throughout the world under the sponsorship of these two corporations, this percentage has been scrupulously maintained. It means therefore that the Dutch are the dominant factor in the greatest of all oil combinations.

The Combine's First Objective

Since the Royal Dutch-Shell combine is such a complicated structure—there are now 125 separate and distinct companies attached to what might be called the family tree—let me state the line-up in another and perhaps simpler way. The combine is dominated by the Batavia Petroleum Company and the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, Ltd., which control all the subsidiaries. The interest in these two companies, however, is in turn divided between the Royal Dutch and the Shell Transport and Trading Company on the 60-40 percentage basis that I have already indicated.

When this amalgamation was effected the Royal Dutch had been in existence for seventeen years. It not only owned two large refineries in Sumatra, which was also the seat of its production, but it had valuable fields in Java. Its storage farms were in nineteen different important trading centers, including Madras, Calcutta, Singapore, Bangkok, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Swatow, Bombay, Fu-chau, Amoy, Tientsin, Hankow, Rotterdam and Düsseldorf. The Shell Transport and Trading Company concentrated its production in Borneo, had a fleet of thirty tankers and a close-knit selling organization.

The combine's first objective was an intensive development of the petroleum resources of the Dutch East Indies. Just how it succeeded is shown by the fact that in less than a decade it made that area rank fourth among the producing nations. Last year it slipped back to fifth place, having been displaced by Persia. The important detail, however, is that the inhabitants of the Dutch East Indies consume annually 5.5 gallons of petroleum products per capita, which is the highest rate in the Orient. It is a tribute to the selling power of the concern.

The two huge interests naturally needed a financing corporation to take care of the financing of what now became a continuous campaign of acquisition. This was obtained through the formation of the Geconsolideerde Hollandsche Petroleum Maatschappij, which means Consolidated Holland Petroleum Company. Its first big prize was the annexation of the Astra Romana Société des Pétroles in Rumania, which showed that having made control of the Dutch Indies complete, the Dutch-Shell combine was now reaching out for new domains. They have been doing so ever since. The Astra remains one of the three most important petroleum producing organizations in Rumania.

In that list of assets of the Royal Dutch at the time of the merger with the Shell Company, it will be remembered that the name of Düsseldorf appeared as the site of a huge storage installation. Behind that plant is a characteristic story of the way Deterding did business in those formative

(Continued on Page 117)

Cleanliness demands more than Bathing—

HOW easy and pleasant is bathing! Now that nearly every house has the modern bath-room, external cleanliness is a national habit. But there is another habit, the habit of *internal* cleanliness, which is far more important to your health and well-being.

Doctors will tell you that internal cleanliness means keeping the food waste moving regularly. A clogged intestinal system is a disease-breeder. Here start first such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. Poisons flood your system. Vital organs are affected. Your power of resistance is lowered. Health, even life itself, is threatened. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Thousands of healthy men and women have learned to prevent illness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication*, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and thus hastens its passage through the intestine.

Don't give disease a start. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

If you would maintain health, good looks, and youthful energy, adopt this habit of internal cleanliness. Nujol will make every day brighter and your enjoyment of life more keen. For sale at all druggists.

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For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Your physician will tell you that most of the gravest diseases of life are caused by poisoning which results from intestinal clogging. Such minor ills as headaches, bilious attacks, loss of appetite, etc., warn that clogging is present and call for systematic measures to overcome the condition.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found at last in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Complexion Troubles: Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is the most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People: In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement. In advanced years this lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the waste and thus hastens its passage through the intestines.

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

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Nujol, Room 831 D, 7 Hanover Square, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

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Where men *must* wear all-leather shoes

THE freezing, biting breath of the North demands soles and heels of leather. Nothing else will do. Nothing else will withstand the bitter cold. Nothing else will protect the feet and at the same time let them breathe Nothing else will guard against that terror of the white man in the Arctic—frost-bite. Nothing else has such strength for such light weight.

What about *your* feet? You do not have to contend with these extreme conditions, but the same principles apply to your shoes! Do you shut your feet behind a non-porous substance so that they become damp and uncomfortable, tender and often sore? Or do you let them breathe through the pores of leather?

When leather is tanned, the natural pores of the animal's hide are kept in the finished product. A leather sole is actually a second skin for your feet. Through those pores the heat escapes—your feet are cool, comfortable and healthy. Leather soles keep your feet cool in summer, for the heat can escape. They are warm in winter, for your feet do not perspire, become damp and cold.

Leather wears. Leather is composed of thousands upon thousands of tiny fibres. These give it its wonderful strength and toughness. These give leather its resilience. Leather supports the arches—that's why you are less tired after walking or standing in all-leather shoes.

Always ask for the all-leather shoe. It will give you perfect foot-ease and foot-health as well as the last word in shoe style. Tell the repairman that only leather will do for re-soles and heels.

The return upon capital invested in the business of tanning sole and belting leather is less than on almost any other major industry. Yet tanning is one of the nation's greatest industries touching the life of every citizen. The actual health of every man, woman and child in the country is dependent upon good leather footwear.

AMERICAN SOLE *and* BELTING LEATHER TANNERS
17 Battery Place, New York City

Nothing takes the place of

LEATHER

(Continued from Page 114)

years when he was advancing to a dictatorship of oil.

Up to 1906 the Standard Oil Company practically had the German oil trade bottled up. The more proper phrase perhaps would be "cased up," because much of the product came in cases. It sold about 80,000 tons of benzine there every twelvemonth, which was a big item in those days.

Deterding decided to enter the German field and to concentrate at Düsseldorf, where he had the Rhine as a waterway, and also that density of population which he always aimed to reach. He engaged the most energetic German that he could find and told him to start selling oil. When the man replied that the Standard Oil Company had all the desirable contracts, Deterding answered, "Then it is your job to get some of them. Make contracts at any price."

Here you have another Deterding trait. When he is breaking into a new field prices are mere incidents. Once established, he knows that he can take care of himself. This proved to be the case in Germany. Before long the Royal Dutch had cut so deeply into the Standard business there that, as in China, the field was divided.

It was in 1910 that the real era of Dutch-Shell world expansion began with the entry into Russia, which had become, after the United States, the greatest petroleum-producing area. The principal field is the Baku section on the Caspian Sea. Prior to the World War the output of these fields approximated 72,000,000 barrels a year, or 15 per cent of the then total production.

The oil pioneers in Russia were the Nobels, sons of Emmanuel Nobel, the perfecter of the torpedo. One of the boys, Alfred, was a famous chemist and manufacturer of nitroglycerin and dynamite. A curious irony of modern life is that this man, who made a huge fortune in explosives, left the greater part of it as an endowment for the propagation of peace and the suppression of armies. This, however, is in passing.

Alfred's brother Robert was the first person to build a successful pipe line after the American fashion in the Baku field and was the real father of modern oil development in that one-time land of the Romanoffs. His firm became a tremendous factor in the industrial life of the empire. Its intelligence service was so efficient that there was a tradition throughout the land that three hours after an oil proposition was made to the imperial government, no matter how secretly, a copy was to be found on Robert Nobel's desk.

The Cowdray Interests

Russia had such vast oil potentialities that scores sought to annex them. Although the Standard Oil Company has never produced in Russia—it now has a tentative agreement with the Nobels for joint operation at Baku at that uncertain time when the Soviet government becomes human, reasonable, and condescends to some degree of so-called capitalistic endeavor—the company was a successful distributor of petroleum products there prior to 1914.

What concerns us here—for it is the link with Dutch-Shell—is the original penetration of the Rothschilds into Russia as rivals of the Nobels. They—the Rothschilds—organized various companies at Baku not only for production in that area but for distribution throughout Russia. There is no need of going into the various agencies involved save that in 1910 the Royal Dutch-Shell began to acquire these Rothschild Russian interests. They also obtained producing properties at Grosny, the second largest Russian oil field, which is 150 miles north of Baku. When the Soviet rule began in 1917 the Royal Dutch-Shell combine had large interests at Baku, but even more extensive ones at Grosny. With this oil they had supplied part of German and North European markets. The Rumanian oil was distributed in Italy, where Deterding had established a big trade.

The present status of Russian oil is so cloudy that, to quote the Southern negro expression, "nobody knows where he is at." In the next article an attempt will be made to explain the entire situation as it exists in connection with the recent attempts by various Americans to get into Baku and other areas, including Saghalin.

Two years after its invasion of Russia the Dutch-Shell combine dropped its anchor, so to speak, into the oil preserves of the New World for the first time. Mexico was the first scene of operations. The Petroleum Maatschappij La Corona—the La Corona Petroleum Company—was organized at The Hague and became the holding company of the shares of a Mexican corporation—La Corona Compañia Mexicana—which had to be organized under the Mexican laws. Rights were secured for 220,000 acres, pipe lines set down and a refinery constructed with an intake capacity of 45,000 barrels a day.

The principal contenders with the Dutch-Shell exploitation of Mexico were two oil barons -Lord Cowdray, the Britisher, and Edward L. Doheny, the American. Deterding, whose middle name is merger, now sought to acquire the interests of his rivals. Doheny stood pat, but in 1919 the immense Cowdray concessions, incorporated as the Mexican Eagle Oil Company, passed into the control of the Dutch-Shell group. Some idea of the immensity of this transaction may be gained when I say that Cowdray's concession covered the whole of the five states of Vera Cruz, Tabasco, Chiapas, San Luis Potosi and Tamaulipas, and included the lease on an area of 1,900,000 acres of oil land. With it went valuable properties in the cities of Mexico and Tampico, 400 miles of pipe line, steel tankage with a capacity of 12,000,000 barrels, and sales depots and installations for the domestic trade throughout the republic.

In connection with the Royal Dutch-Shell-Cowdray deal is an interesting disclosure. For some years the British Government has maintained that it had no interest whatever in the big Dutch combine. The further contention was made by the combine itself that its real nationalistic leanings were towards the Netherlands kingdom. Now for the sequel.

Operations in Egypt and Trinidad

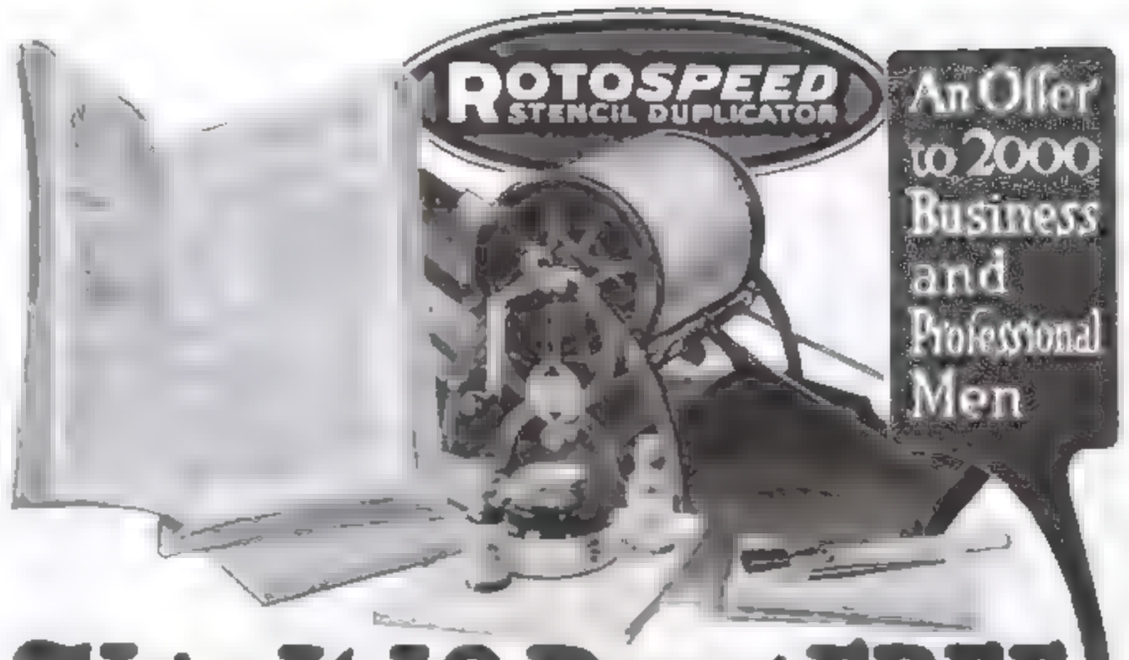
When it became known that Lord Cowdray was becoming weary of his Mexican interests, one of the most powerful of American oil groups made an offer for them. Cowdray, who has always been friendly to Americans, wanted to accept it. The British Government—which had to be consulted because oil is an imperial asset—declined to sanction the sale on the ground that it could only be made to a British firm. When the Dutch-Shell offer came along it was accepted "in the best interests of the empire," to quote the words of a high British official in discussing the transaction. You do not need a diagram to indicate where the British interest lies.

This probably accounts for the ease with which Deterding was able to get his hooks into Egypt—a British preserve—where the Anglo-Egyptian Oilfields, Inc., was formed to take over Red Sea Oilfields. A refinery was started at Suez. In all transactions involving British territory the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company has invariably been the intermediary and assumed control. Being the British member of the family, it can exercise all the privileges of its nationality.

The same system was followed in Trinidad, another British closed oil corporation, as it were. Here the United British Oilfields of Trinidad was organized to acquire the Trinidad Oilfields, Ltd. I cite the operations in Egypt and Trinidad to show the immense advantage that accrues to the Dutch combine by having both the British and the Dutch flags for penetration purposes.

I have already told how Deterding established himself in Germany. The contest with the Standard Oil was for distribution of the refined product only. The spring of 1914 therefore recorded the creation of an Anglo-Dutch-German group, with the Deterding allied interests and the Deutsche Bank as partners in production. Deterding had been associated with the great German banking institution for some time, because he had forced an entrance into the original Turkish Petroleum Company, which had the concession for Mesopotamia. In the reorganization prior to the outbreak of the World War he got a 25 per cent interest. At the distribution of oil spoils at the San Remo conference in 1920, where the French bagged the German interest, he retained his quarter share. This means that Dutch-Shell has its fingers in those rich Mosul-Bagdad fields.

The war momentarily checked the alliance between the Dutch and the German oil interests, but last June they were renewed when Deterding started a movement to combine with the Deutsche Erdoel-Aktien Gesellschaft, which owns and operates, either directly or through subsidiaries, the major section of the oil-producing territory



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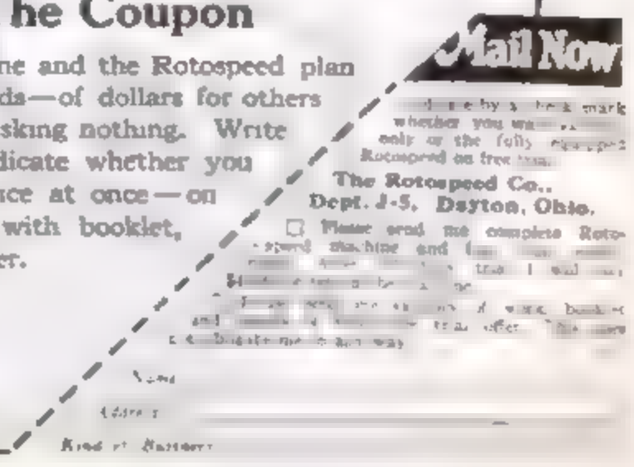

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A "Van Dorn" Portable Electric Drill will do the work and make it unnecessary to take the job to a stationary drill.

No plant is too small to find a "Van Dorn" Electric Drill a profitable investment for the Repair and Maintenance Department.

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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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of Germany, most of which is in Hanover. The German concern controls four large refineries and several candle factories. Considerable mineral oil is produced in Germany by treating lignite, the so-called brown coal. The Deutsche Erdoel-Aktien Gesellschaft is the most important factor in this industry

It was natural that the Dutch-Shell combine should make its appearance in the American field. Here we reach the point in its astonishing advance when for the first time it ran afoul of a government. This Government was our own. Moreover, Deterding's persistent penetration caused Uncle Sam to bestir himself for the first time in an effort to conserve his oil domain and to protect his nationals in petroleum fields abroad.

The story of the Dutch-Shell activities in the United States is almost as complicated as the structure of the whole group itself, for it is the old story of absorption and consolidation of groups of companies. One of the first producing companies to be organized was the Roxana Petroleum Corporation, which acquired, among other things, leases on public oil lands in Oklahoma. This started the trouble, because it was just about this time that Americans, realizing the need of foreign production as insurance against the rapid exhaustion of their own supply, started to prospect in alien lands. In the Dutch Indies they encountered a law restricting oil concessions to Dutch subjects or Dutch companies.

The American oil men therefore said, "If the Dutch exclude us from their colonies they have no right to exploit our public lands."

In consequence Congress modified its historic policy in 1920 by enacting the Mineral Leasing Law for public lands, which forbids the acquisition of properties by the nationals of any foreign country that denies reciprocity to Americans. The immediate result was the denial of applications for various petroleum leaseholds by the Royal Dutch-Shell group.

This incident led to an investigation of foreign ownership in the petroleum industry in the United States by the Federal Trade Commission under a Senate resolution. The investigation specified directed itself at the control of the Union Oil Company of Delaware, the Union Oil Company of California and the Shell Company of California, all of which had come, more or less, into the ken of the Deterding group.

There is no need of going into all the ramifications of this investigation. It is embodied in a report of 152 pages. The vital fact to be disclosed is that the Dutch-Shell group effected a reorganization of its American properties so that they were all under American charter. Where public lands are exploited it is done by companies with a majority of Americans on the board of directors.

Operations in the United States

The Dutch combine now operates in the United States through two concerns. The most powerful is the Shell Union Oil Corporation, of which Deterding is president, and in which the combine has a 72 per cent stock ownership. It includes the Shell Company of California, the Roxana Petroleum Corporation and the Ozark Pipe Line. Dutch-Shell also bought the Union Oil Company of Delaware, now dissolved, which included a 26 per cent holding in the stock of the Union Oil Company of California. The last-mentioned deal helped to instigate the Federal investigation, because it was believed that the Dutch had acquired control of this California company.

The second Dutch-Shell concern in the United States is the Asiatic Petroleum Company of Delaware, in which their ownership is 100 per cent. It includes the New Orleans Refining Company, the Asiatic Petroleum Company of New York, the Simplex Refining Company and three steamship companies called respectively Pearl Shell, Silver Shell and Gold Shell.

All these names, however, mean little. What the average American wants to know is the extent of the Dutch-Shell operations over here. First of all, they control 241,000 acres of oil lands, 34,000 acres of which are proved acreage, with 2114 producing wells. These lands are located in California, Oklahoma, Kansas, Louisiana, Texas and Wyoming. They have five refineries in California, Oklahoma and Missouri whose daily capacity is nearly 70,000 barrels. In California 752 miles of pipe line are operated.

Thus from year to year Deterding has built up his world-wide chain of producing, refining and transporting interests. With the exception of Persia, he is in nearly every known petroleum area. In distribution he has reached the last word in efficiency.

No organization surpasses the Dutch-Shell interests in the completeness of oil-bunker system. It includes 120 stations, ten of which are in the United States. The organization has reached the point where an oil-burning steamer, leaving New York City on a voyage around the world, and stopping at every port of consequence in Europe, along the Mediterranean, India, the East Indies, China, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, the west coast of North America, and returning to New York City through the Panama Canal, can replenish its fuel at a Dutch-Shell storage tank wherever it calls

Now that the panorama of Deterding achievement has been unfolded we can get a close-up of the man himself. I first met him in London just before I went to Holland in 1918 to make a study of German penetration there. Then, as now, the British capital was the real seat of his power. The Dutch were literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. On one side they had the ravening Hun, who was absorbing all their food supplies, while on the other was the no less relentless sea, with its horde of merciless submarines. The Allies had seized a large portion of Dutch shipping and the little country was in a ferment.

At that time Deterding was one of the advisers to the British Government and was being used as a calming influence on his countrymen, who were restless under the ship seizure. Although he was frankly irked, he told me that "the shipping incident was in the best interests of ultimate Allied victory."

The Key to Paradise

It was on this occasion that he told me the story of his life. I recall that when I asked him to explain his formula in building up the Royal Dutch he said:

"My whole idea has been to create good will. To crush a rival is to make an enemy. To buy out a competitor at a cheap price is like hiring a good man at a small wage. In the end it is bad business because it creates discontent. If consolidation is necessary, make it worth while for the concern you need, for then it becomes a real partner."

I had various talks with him in 1918 and at each meeting I got a deeper impression of the man's striking personality. While strong and forceful in method, he is suave and courteous in his speech. You are not long in discovering why he is a master salesman. With him, to quote the Oriental proverb, "patience is the key to paradise." The Dutch staying quality is one of his chief assets. He speaks English with a slight accent in which the Dutch guttural is predominant.

Last summer I went back to see Deterding again. The Royal Dutch had just acquired a huge new office building in St. Helen's Court and he was installed in a large office on the fifth floor. The Dutch oil king had become a trifle stouter and there were more gray hairs. He was as alert and energetic as ever.

In the intervening years he had been made a K. B. E.—Knight of the British Empire—by King George, and although he still retained his Dutch citizenship, had put a handle on his name. This is rather an unusual procedure, because knighthood for most aliens is a purely honorary title and is seldom used. General Pershing, for example, is a K. C. B.—Knight Commander of the Bath—but he never thinks of calling himself Sir John Pershing. With Deterding a title is good business and he has not failed to capitalize it, especially in England, where, despite the deluge of honors and the growing scarcity of plain misters, a knight still commands consideration.

Deterding's office is characteristic of the man. He sits at a curious semicircular desk very much like the one which Clemenceau uses at his house in the Rue Franklin in Paris. It curves around him so that all objects on it are immediately accessible. On the wall at the left of him hangs an immense map of the world showing the Dutch-Shell operations and tanker lines in red. The only picture in the room is a reproduction in colors of the labels used on Shell oil tins in the Far East.

I asked Sir Henri about the world oil situation and he replied:

"The oil industry is safe if governments do not interfere. Take the case of Rumania.

(Continued on Page 121)

The 'cellist playing on the stage

The 'cellist playing in your home at the same instant

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Those Mellow 'Cello Tones

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Write for full description and prices of the Music Master line of proven radio products. Regardless of what line you are now handling, it will pay you to investigate Music Master

Barbasol a shaving fad?

They said safety razors were, too

And Barbasol today is repeating the popularity record of the safety razor

We know there are men who still shave with the old straight razor. We know, too, that some men will be shaving with brush and lather when Barbasol has the widespread popularity the safety razor holds today.

It would be foolish of us to think otherwise. Habits, handed down from fathers to sons for centuries, are not easily broken. But this we know as well:

That those men who would rather step on the self-starter of a motor car than turn the engine over by hand will shave with Barbasol daily once they give Barbasol a fair trial. Despite old established habits, they will shave with Barbasol because Barbasol gives the best shave, the fastest shave, the most comfortable shave that man can enjoy.

Perhaps you are skeptical and believe we are overstating Barbasol's case.

If so, won't you give Barbasol a fair trial? Buy a tube from your druggist and shave with Barbasol three times, following directions carefully. If Barbasol doesn't give you the finest shaves you've ever had, we'll refund the purchase price gladly.

There's nothing complicated about a Barbasol shave. See how simple these directions are:

1—*Wash your face with hot or cold water and leave the face wet*

2—*Spread,* but don't rub in, *enough Barbasol to fill the spaces between the beard stubbles*

3—*Wet your razor blade and shave.*

The results are a revelation. Every razor stroke is smooth and clean; for Barbasol not only softens the beard but holds every hair erect for the razor's edge. When you are done, the skin, no matter how tender and easily irritated, is soft and cool; no razor pull, no turned-over hairs.

After three Barbasol shaves, we are confident that you will apologize, humbly, to your face for the punishment you've inflicted upon it for years, and shave with genuine comfort—with Barbasol—every morning.

Barbasol is sold by all druggists; 35 and 65 cents a tube. Or a generous trial tube—enough for six shaves at least—will be sent for the asking and a dime.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis Indiana

no brush—no lather—no rub-in

Barbasol

(Continued from Page 118)

The scheme of nationalization there, combined with government price fixing, which makes one price for imports and another for exports, is demoralizing. Even Holland is becoming restrictive in her oil measures. The oil industry must have the advantage of individual initiative and must therefore be untrammeled by excessive supervision or legislation."

When I asked him what he thought of American oil operations in Russia -a group of Americans is now putting down wells in the Baku district—his comment was:

"Russian oil cannot compete with the rest of the world now because of the political demoralization in the country. Besides, the American and Dutch oil is so much superior. Furthermore, if the present Russian production is increased, where and how will it be sold? The Soviet government has permitted refineries and pipe lines to deteriorate and there is no machinery for distribution."

"What is the future of oil?" was my next query.

With that near-hypnotic smile which is one of his best aids, Sir Henri responded:

"Future production in a big way can only lie in international coöperation. An oil war between nations is unthinkable. When all is said and done, labor, and not oil, is the world's greatest wealth. The biggest oil problem therefore lies in getting the most out of labor on a mutually advantageous basis."

I now asked Sir Henri if his ambition was to control the oil supply of the world, adding that I had heard in America that he wanted to tie up distribution to the point where no oil-burning ships could sail the seas without contracting with him. In putting this question I felt very much in the same way as when I asked Stinnes if he were the author of the mark catastrophe policy in Germany. Without hesitation Deterding retorted:

"I am in the oil business and naturally I want to do all the business I can. In the Dutch Indies our oil grounds are gradually decreasing, and we have no big reserve areas there. Therefore we have had to employ, and we will continue to employ, our capital, organization and energy elsewhere. Throughout the world our geologists are at work for the extension of our oil areas. If this means control, then we want to get all the control possible."

Like most men of his kind, Deterding has a sense of humor. When I asked him how much of the world's supply of oil his interests controlled, he rang a bell and sent for a certain document. In handing it to me he said with a smile, "This little book will answer your question." It was the report of the Federal Trade Commission, which does not deal overgently with Dutch-Shell penetration in the United States.

Endless Ramifications

Deterding has had a worthy colleague in Lord Bearsted, head of the Samuel end of the combination. The Jewish boy whose forbears sold curios over the counter of that little shop in the East End of London has traveled far. He was Lord Mayor of London in 1902. Two years later he became sheriff, a post of vast importance in England. Meanwhile he had been made a baronet. In 1921 he was created a peer in recognition of his services to the empire during the World War. Lord Bearsted is in poor health and has practically retired from active affairs. He is big of bulk and of vision. To his foresightedness has been due the phenomenal development of the Shell tank-and-bunker system.

Lord Bearsted's brother, Samuel Samuel, who is a member of Parliament, resembles him in size and manner. He still directs the old firm of M. Samuel & Co. which marked the evolution of the Houndsditch curio shop into an international concern. When I asked him how he happened to get into the oil business he replied:

"It is a curious fact that but for the Standard Oil Company the Samuel family would never have been in oil. In our early days we were merchandisers in petroleum products in the Far East. The Standard entered the field and sold so cheaply that we had to get our own production or quit."

You have now seen how the Dutch oil coalition, with its well-nigh endless ramifications, has been built up with Deterding as the master organizer and Marcus Samuel as the chief lieutenant. Its grip has been strengthened, especially in the Far East, by still another agency embodied in the rigid exclusion of aliens from petroleum production in all Dutch territory. In this procedure the Netherlands Government has followed the lead of Britain, which bars foreigners from rich oil areas like Burma and Trinidad.

Under the mining laws of the Dutch East Indies a discoverer of petroleum is not entitled to a mining concession. Oil-development rights belong to the government or to persons or companies with whom contracts are entered into by the administration. These persons must be Dutch subjects. The companies must further be incorporated under Dutch laws either in the home country or in the Dutch Indies.

The only alien company to break into the Dutch Indies is the Nederlandsche Koloniale Petroleum Maatschappij—the Netherlands Colonial Petroleum Company—a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. This company acquired prospecting rights, not from the government but from third parties. These rights have been abrogated by a government decree. Neither the Standard nor any other foreign corporation can bore for oil in the Dutch East Indies. The Shell interests can drill because they, as I have pointed out, are leagued with the Royal Dutch.

Americans Frozen Out

A concrete example of the way Dutch exclusion works is in the so-called Djambi case. The Djambi fields in South Central Sumatra are said to constitute the richest undeveloped oil area in the Dutch East Indies. Directly it became known that the Dutch Government had decided to offer them for exploitation, the American Government took up the matter of an American participation with the proper authorities at The Hague.

Despite this overture from Washington a bill was introduced in the Netherlands Parliament bestowing all the Djambi oil rights on the Batavia Oil Company, one of the principal subsidiaries of the Royal Dutch-Shell combine.

Washington at once entered a strong protest. It called attention to the fact that although American capital was excluded from Djambi, British money was permitted to participate. This reference was to the Shell end of the Dutch combination. It was just one more illustration of how the Anglo-Dutch community of interests works. The inevitable result was that the Dutch Parliament passed the bill giving the Batavia Oil Company the Djambi fields. It cinched Royal Dutch control of all oil areas in the Dutch East Indies.

The aftermath of this amiable performance was the refusal of the American Department of the Interior to grant prospecting rights in Utah to the then Shell Company of California until the Department was satisfied that the governments of Great Britain and the Netherlands do not discriminate against Americans in oil fields under their flags. This action constituted little more than a gesture, because the discrimination against us in British and Dutch domains continues.

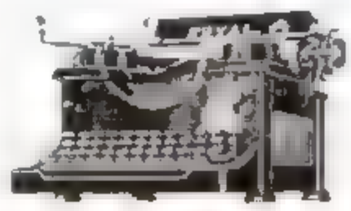
Vast as is the structure of the Dutch oil coalition, it stands at the threshold of even greater power and expansion. As I conclude this article news is cabled from London that the Royal Dutch-Shell interests have made an offer to purchase the British Government interest—the controlling one—in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and that the proposition was being favorably considered by the authorities.

If this deal goes through, as seems likely, it will mean a supercombine that will dominate the oil world outside the United States and not be without its influence there. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, with the aid of the British Government, has marked out 70 per cent of all recoverable oil ground, including three-quarters of Persia, for its own. The Dutch-Shell controls 12 per cent of production and a much larger percentage of distribution. The new alliance therefore would be joint master of practically 82 per cent of the oil domain, with transporting and selling facilities that reach everywhere. Furthermore, what is now an unofficial British support of the Dutch-Shell merger would become official.

What are Americans doing in the face of this increasing foreign control of oil area and production? In the next article you shall see how they are waging a counter offensive in many lands and climes.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the world oil situation. The next and last will be devoted to the American stake

ROUTINE matters all out of the way? Decks cleared for the big work of the forenoon? What a jewel of a secretary! But she couldn't do it without a Royal. Remember, it's not the *work* that causes fatigue; it's the *drag*. And the Royal Typewriter, with its easy-running qualities, keeps the operator fresh and efficient over the day's route. That is the real secret of the Royal.



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Wear "Pocahontas"—a superb stocking of pure silk, with mercerized top, heel and toe.

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Thirteen "turnovers" in one year—sales speeded up 25%—goodwill increased at the rate of $1.00 per minute, that is the record of Harry Suffrin of Detroit, specialist in men's two-pants suits.

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☐ Show Cases,
☐ Ready-to-wear Dept.,
☐ Drug Stores
Use margin to give firm name, executive position and address.

PEWTER

Continued from Page 11

in quartered matched panels of mahogany inlaid with apple wood." He placed a hand on the washstand.

"For that reason this particularly interests me. I have to be careful, you see, not on account of the possible cost, not at all, but of—well -a certain reputation. If I say it's Duncan Phyfe — —" He stopped, leaving to the imagination all the endless consequences of such a statement by him. "I'm not sure, but it's my conviction this is Duncan Phyfe. That's why I wanted to see Cardell immediately, to confer with him. What price did he leave on it?"

Francis Jammes, instinctively, was more annoyed than he remembered having been for a very long while. His resentment of the complacent stupidity before him was positively bitter.

"Mr. Cardell left the making of prices to me," he asserted. "That is eight dollars."

"What!" The exclamation met him with an indignant surprise. "I told you this was by Duncan Phyfe." Jammes made no reply. "Of course you don't know." The prospective customer grew calmer. "And I ought to take advantage of Cardell for leaving you here. But I won't—please put that away for me, for Mr. Veit, until he comes back."

Veit! Why, Cardell had spoken about him, warning Jammes of the necessity for patience. Francis Jammes' ill temper had driven everything else from his mind. Yet he had neither the opportunity nor willingness to retreat from his position.

"It's as late as eighteen sixty," he abruptly stated.

Mr. Veit, however, had already turned away. "Keep it for me, please," he repeated, leaving the store.

Francis Jammes called Edwin. "Take this thing upstairs," he directed, motioning toward the washstand, "and label it for Veit."

He was still exasperated when an individual without any perceptible characteristics whatever entered and questioned him about the pewter. "That inkpot, for instance," he said, indicating where it was placed in the window. "How much is it?"

Francis Jammes gave it a brief sharp consideration. The pewter was of the finest grade, the shape and state unusual. "A hundred dollars," he announced.

That, he was informed, was entirely too much; and shortly, with no further words he returned the inkwell to its position on the blue brocade.

"Wait a second," the other protested; "at least let me see it."

This, Jammes instructed himself, wasn't the way to sell Cardell's objects of a greater or less antiquity. "I have seen a great deal of pewter," he proceeded, in an unaccustomed effort of diplomacy, "but not another like that. Practically speaking, there aren't any more; they don't exist; and that accounts for the price."

"This is the only one I know of." The other gazed at the piece of pewter long and regretfully. "I might as well admit," he spoke at last, "that I have to have it. But a hundred!" He shook his head. "These prices will stop my collecting."

"If what you have is only partly as good as this," Jammes told him, "you can sell it all at more than double the price you pay."

"Suppose I bring the inkpot back," he was asked; "will you give me two hundred dollars for it?"

"No," said Francis Jammes very promptly. "I won't. That's a competitive collecting value; this is a store."

But certainly, he reflected, putting five twenty-dollar bills into a small inconspicuous safe, a hundred dollars was a good price; Cardell would be pleased by that. It was now past twelve o'clock, and, through the middle of day, until late afternoon, no one came in. Then a closed automobile stopped outside and a large imposing woman in black entered. She, at least, knew who Jammes was.

"It's nice to see you in here," she told him. "Mr. Cardell said he was going South, but I didn't dream he'd have you to watch out for his things. I'm Mrs. Matton."

"Yes," Jammes replied, "and you are interested in pewter. Well, there's a window full."

"I am, indeed." While she spoke she was searching in a bag glittering with jet beads. "Here it is." She produced a letter which, Jammes saw at once, was from Cardell.

"He wrote me, before he left, about a really miraculous inkwell on a circular plate at least six inches across. Why, Mr. Jammes, I never heard of such a thing! I simply couldn't wait until I got into the city and had my hands on it." She glanced rapidly and comprehensively at the contents of the window. "But of course it's put away for me."

This, at any rate, Jammes assured himself, was Cardell's, not his, fault.

"No, Mrs. Matton," he said distinctly, "it isn't. I sold the inkwell you mean only this morning."

"But I don't understand that." As he regarded her, it seemed, she froze into a rigid displeasure.

"Mr. Jammes." It was Edwin. "Mr. Cardell said he forgot to warn you about that inkwell, and left me to tell you this morning. I certainly did that."

To Francis Jammes, Edwin's voice and manner held the conviction that the memory of any gentleman who neglected his lunch would be at fault.

"I must say, Edwin, I think Mr. Cardell properly attended to me."

"Nothing was said to me about it," Jammes declared quietly.

"We'll have to get at it another way." Mrs. Matton sat on an excellent but wholly uncomfortable wainscot chair. "Who bought it? That will be enough for us."

"I haven't any idea," Jammes admitted.

"Nonsense! It couldn't just be anybody. What did you charge for it?" Francis Jammes told her. His patience, never at best a dependable possession, was being rapidly exhausted. "And do you mean to tell me," she proceeded, "that just anybody, anybody at all, would walk in here and pay a hundred dollars for a pewter inkwell! It's too ridiculous. I suppose you pointed it out, though."

"On the contrary, he took it at once from the window."

"Then, of course, he's one of the very few men who collect good American pewter. You'll know them as well as I do, and I'd thank you to get the inkwell back for me. It was mine all the time."

"Perhaps Edwin recognized him." Jammes turned to the colored man.

But no, Edwin hadn't the faintest conception. "I couldn't state," he repeated for the third solemn time.

When, in a deliberate incivility, she had gone, Jammes gazed in a gloomy silence at Cardell's man. He hadn't, of course, said a word about the inkwell.

"No, sir." Edwin's voice drifted from the back of the store. "No, sir." He had the appearance of earnestly addressing a rush-bottomed settee with a double set of hickory stretchers cut in the form of bamboo.

That, Francis Jammes told Cardell, had been the exact situation. It was late on the day the dealer returned, and the store was locked.

"I won't pretend it isn't serious," Cardell admitted, "because it is. I could count on Mrs. Matton, with some little attentions, for all the good pewter I found. You see, the thing was to keep her from going to New York, to Madison Avenue. She's there a lot, and they all know her collection, and fish for her. But she was mine—before this happened. You say you don't remember a thing about him except that he wasn't old?"

"Nothing." Jammes answered. "I've told you the whole thing and it's no good going over it again and again."

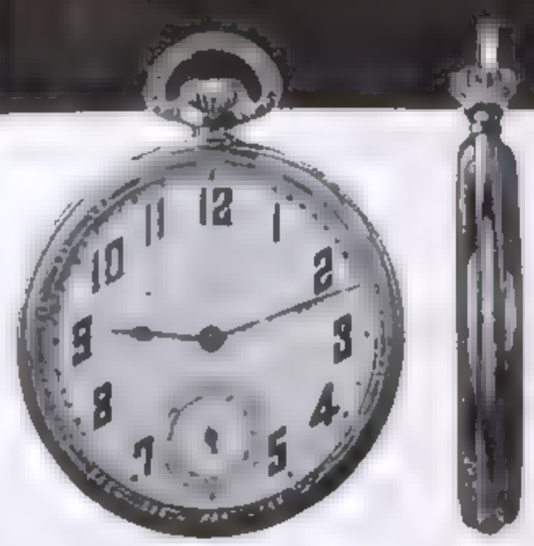
"That's just what we'll do, though. You did wonderfully well with the rest, Francis; and I suppose I can let her go. I'll have to if she keeps on like she was over the telephone."

"There was another damn nuisance—that Veit you spoke of. He wants to buy an affair he's sure is Phyfe. I put it upstairs till you got back—he didn't like the price I put on it."

"That's strange." Cardell was immediately engaged. "He almost never admits that a piece is Duncan Phyfe, but when he hits that pretense there's no limit to where his vanity will take him. What did you charge? I remembered leaving that washstand downstairs—that's it, of course—and thinking you'd throw it out into the alley."

Francis Jammes paused. Then, "Eight dollars," he said dryly.

(Continued on Page 125)



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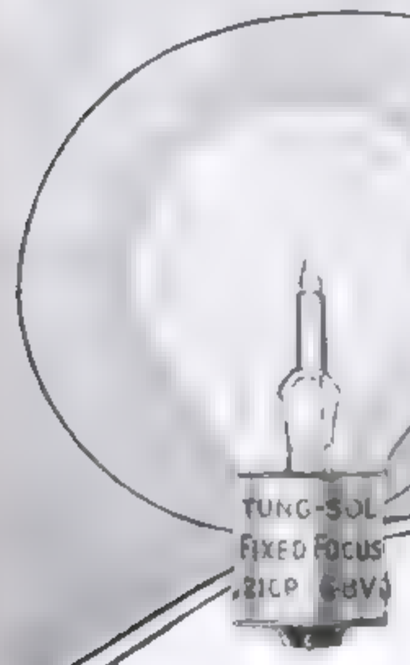

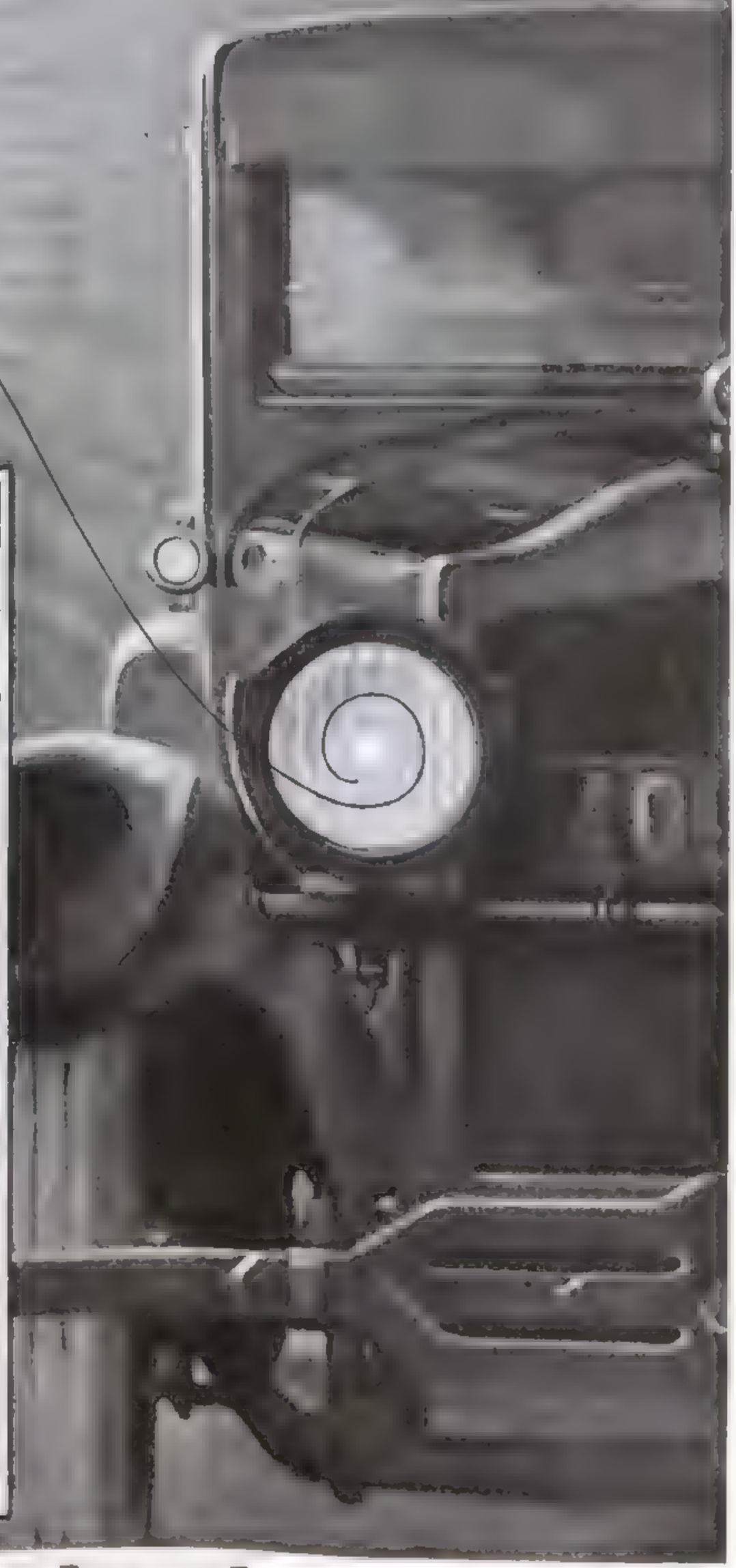

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(Continued from Page 122)

"The third time in anyone's knowledge Veit was willing to buy a piece of furniture, and you insulted him! He is gone." Cardell lighted a cigarette. "If you want to begin again with that old song 'I'm not a dealer' I'll willingly join in the chorus."

He didn't, Francis Jammes reflected, again in his rooms, really blame Cardell for a small show of disappointment; and then he turned his thoughts steadily to the consideration of the inkwell. He had a feeling that any search for it in the obvious places would be useless. And in this connection he recalled the vast trouble brought about by his efforts to find Mrs. Ambre Morrow's tea service. Only sheer luck, blind chance, had assisted him there.

A wave of profound weariness swept over him, a dullness only pierced by the tightening, the pain, at his throat. This increased until it seriously affected his breathing; and, when some of his weakness had gone, he went informally to bed. The pain was intermittent, the mental fog settled on him, lifted and returned. Old summer roads and traveling tinkers. A pear tree dropping its pale blossoms into an opened window. The ringing of a hammer at a forge. He had neglected to put out the light—a thing impossible, he thought, for him now to do—and he saw his two hands lying open on the bedraggled coverlet. How wasted they were! He had reminded Cardell that they were, practically, old men; but he suddenly realized this more utterly, irrevocably than ever before.

An old man!

He moved his fingers with a curious sense of detachment from them, first the fingers of the left hand and then those of the right. For thirty-five years with that hand, as an accountant, he had set down orderly and significant figures. How many millions, he wondered. And then, after his fifty-fifth year, the old furniture, silver, pottery—pewter. That inkwell! But neither Cardell nor Edwin had warned him. A rough slant of wind and rain struck against the window, shaking it fiercely. Through the covers he could feel the cold striking its sharp edge into the room. His mind shifted to his lonely situation in life, and he recalled his realization of what generously had been done for him. But now he wondered if kindness, even humanity, could alleviate isolation. Francis Jammes doubted it.

He wasn't melancholy, sentimental, about himself; that was as foreign as possible from his mental texture. No, he was only surprised that, after nearly seventy years, a man could be so bare of connections. As a sheer idea it was a trifle appalling. Within him, inside the dealer in antiques, there was something else, different, that had been neither satisfied nor slain. What was it, really, which held men together—fidelity or love or only fear, nothing more than the irony of selfishness?

In the morning—there was a flood of keen bright sunlight and the wind had gone down—the images and dark thoughts of the night seemed thin and fantastic. The oppression to Francis Jammes' breathing, too, had vanished. There was a small but perceptible stir of vitality, of interest, throughout him. The episodes, the petty mistakes that had occurred during his charge of Cardell's store assumed no more than the weight and proportions of a comic relief. However, he was sorry the pewter inkwell had been lost to its appointed destiny; if he came across any good pewter he'd see that Cardell got it for Mrs. Matton.

Then, very definitely, he turned to his own affairs. They, he admitted to himself, were surprising. It was more than a year, one month more, to be exact, since he had accepted, for himself, the title of dealer. This had been brought upon him by the sudden understanding of how much, and for what little credit, he had practically given away. Cardell had repeatedly complained that he took no care of himself, that his overcoat was no more than a shell of its former decent self; and Cardell had been right; but that hadn't changed his entire philosophy and attitude toward life and antique furniture.

Something very different, a state of pessimism, had taken from him what, in reality, had been a subconscious idealism. The fashioned walnut he so largely dealt in seemed so superior to the objects and obligations of the present that he had sold it only where he chose and for sums without profit. It had appeared to him, at the beginning, that he might permanently influence the entire regrettable shape of the present by no more than bringing forward, in their sheer fineness, a plantation-made gate-legged table or a Windsor chair by Scott and Willard. No one, he had thought, could become aware of these things and not acquire a standard of judgment for the cheap and shoddy and immediate.

But, almost, the totally opposite had followed the twelve or fifteen years of his self-absorbed effort. Already he had seen how the prices multiplied on multiplication; how, piece by piece, all that was good in old silver and china and furniture was being withdrawn from view, lost in the negative depths of museums, in the avaricious privacy of collectors. And then it occurred to him that the present, at least where the surroundings and details of living were concerned, was in no way to be improved by the past. Simplicity, the beauty of usefulness as distinct from mere ornamentation, had irrevocably gone. Chairs were uglier, weaker than ever, tables more varnished, rooms and lives fuller of show and pretense. A few houses—such as Henry Diehl's—were different; but they were no more than isolated and artificially maintained fragments of the past.

Francis Jammes throughout his whole later career had, as well, struggled against the false antiques, the forgeries everywhere exposed for sale; but there, too, he had been ineffectual. Dishonest dealers, contemporary fabricators of colonial cabinetwork, were increasing week by week their activities and sales. The chief difficulty, perhaps, was the familiar problem of restored pieces—how many new legs had a Hepplewhite sofa? Again, considering gate-legged tables, when had he seen one whose top could be sworn to? Francis Jammes couldn't, even for himself, decide how much restoration was legitimate in a genuine example of old furniture; he didn't know. One leg, it might be, a stretcher or a single splat was allowable. But two, three?

And, together with the general failure of his wide ambitions, he had come to the recognition that he had benefited no one, nothing—except, perhaps, his vanished extravagant hopes—by taking no profits from his dealings. People, he thought, even the best, appreciated what they possessed according to the difficulty or cost of its procuring. Their secret vanity was pleased by inordinate prices; and the conclusion of this was that if he, Francis Jammes, sold what he cared most for in all the world he would demand an equal return:

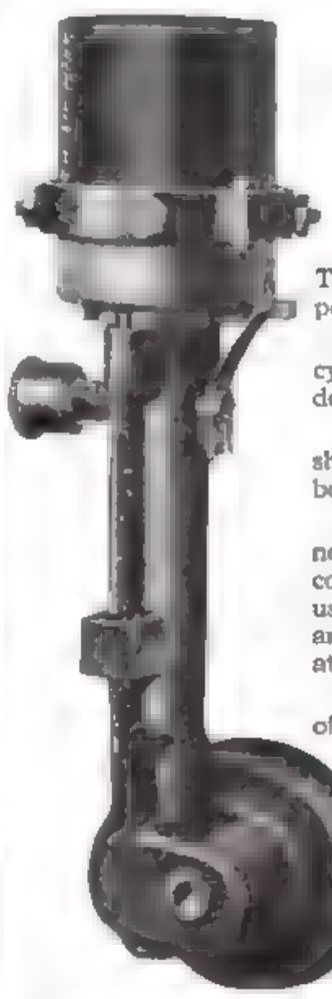
Money!

Thus, anyhow, was what he told himself, and he added that he had, at last, lost a heavy burden of what was no more than false pride. He wasn't happier, he wasn't happy, because of this. When the adventitious excitement of the store had died away, the slight physical exhilaration gone, the sense of his age crept back through him. One of the most powerful of the bonds holding him to life had broken; his vital connection with the affairs even of colonial furniture had slackened. Everything had grown dull but the edge of his temper, and that seemed to defy time itself. Francis Jammes managed as always, in a way that he was at a loss to account for, to get, at not too long intervals, surprisingly good, authentic pieces of early Americana, and he showed them to prospective customers in a curt and aggressive, if not actually disagreeable manner. But, in spite of this, it was forced upon him that whatever he said was by everyone implicitly believed.

If he said that an escritoire had been the property of John Marshall it was for all the world he came in contact with known as the Marshall escritoire. He was believed and, with very few exceptions, whatever sum he asked paid. This is what surprised him, what started such a long train of reflection—in less than a year he had accumulated nine thousand dollars. If he had kept until the relative present this frame of mind, retained all that he had found—but that was a senseless idea.

He had just now, downstairs, a set of six dining-room chairs, made, he was certain, before seventeen fifty; transitional chairs in lovely red walnut, with only a tentative ear to distinguish them from the best furniture of the Queen Anne period. They were downstairs today, but tomorrow they'd be gone and in their place he would have a check for twenty-two hundred dollars. A very high price! After he got money, except as a sort of triumphant fact, he thought no more of it. But for the new overcoat he had bought at Cardell's insistence, he spent almost nothing on himself. The room in which he slept was still untidy. The hideous

Put Put Put Put



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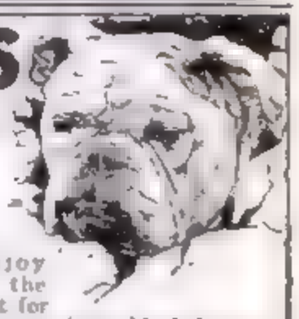

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rocking-chair in worn plush remained; the corners of his rooms, the walls, were painted with old dirt; below, the bare spaces that had formerly been a store were as dusty, as dim of light as when he had first, with great difficulty, taken them.

Yes, he decided again, youth was like a ringing, a silver, metal, but old age was no more than pewter, defaced by the marks of time, dulled, metaphorically, with black oxide. Hydrochloric acid or rotted stone would not remove that from him. But he went forward, with a variable energy, in the collection and sale of the various household effects of the last of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century in America. His luck was astonishing. At a sale in the upper gallery of Scarn's auction rooms he bought an open dresser, probably of Pennsylvania origin, for two hundred and ten dollars. The sides were straight, but then it was all original, even to the elongated knobs of the cupboards that served as well for catches. It had so happened, it was evident, that there was no one present familiar with the valuable crudities of early pine.

For this, unrestored, he got four hundred and seventy-five dollars. And then, against his habit, going, in answer to a letter, to an unpromising part of the city, he was even more pleasantly surprised. Why he responded to such a letter Francis Jammes couldn't decide. It was obviously written in an aged hand, it offered or described nothing in detail, but only said there were some things in the house, all by inheritance, which were from necessity for sale. He found a brick row of small identical dwellings on a brick street; and, waiting for a long period after the ringing of the bell, he was admitted by the woman who had sent the letter.

"I'm Mrs. Fordenham," she told him; "and I'm afraid I've given you a lot of trouble for nothing. There isn't much here, but if it's good it's good. If you know what I mean. There was some glass—I have two decanters and the tumblers left." Jammes followed her into the dining room, where, unwrapping them piece by piece, she placed the glass on the table.

Jammes, with a tight mouth, watched the light sparkle prismatically in formal cuttings, the faint clear green tone floating in the crystal transparencies.

"Waterford," he said briefly. The word had escaped without his intention.

"Then it isn't anything?" The disappointment in her voice Mrs. Fordenham almost managed to hide. "It was left at my great-great-grandfather's house in Boston by an English officer who had to hurry South toward the end of the war."

"On the contrary," Jammes assured her, "it is very well thought of and has a good price."

She was visibly cheered, relieved. To the glass she added eleven pieces of what, it was his uneasy conviction, was actual Chinese Lowestoft; a Chippendale mirror in gilt, the flowering so delicate that a breath, apparently, was enough to flutter it, and with hardly a flake of gilt gone; a small paneled chest on a frame with a silver scutcheon in the form of a Continental soldier. That was about all, she admitted, unless he was interested in pewter. They were in the kitchen.

She left the room, and when she returned Mrs. Fordenham bore three pewter porringers, early, matched with a joggled tracery under the lip, an inimitable soft brightness in color.

"I just brought you those in to see," she explained. "I have nine altogether."

"Where?" he demanded, rising.

"Why, in the kitchen."

Jammes led her into the outer room, deaf to her explanation that she hadn't yet cleared away the things from breakfast. There must, he felt, be some mistake.

The next morning he asked Cardell what three identical porringers were worth.

"American?"

"Yes—I. Vickers."

"Battered?"

"Not a dent."

"Seventy-five dollars at most. Mrs. Matton."

"Then, how about six?"

"Have you got six like that?" Cardell's voice and interest rose.

"Nine."

"Of course you dreamed it, or you've started a feeble kind of humor. If it were a fact it would make the old catafalque almost—almost, mind—forget about the inkwell."

The thought of pewter stayed in Francis Jammes' mind; the feel of it—as though the metal had been brushed with grease—clung to his fingers. He began to look for it, for fluid lamps of rare earliness, and the complicated covered tankards for hot drinks. Britannia ware, with its hard falseness, had antimony in its alloy. Once the molds for pewter had been prepared with the white of egg and red ocher. A metal of the people! But it had vanished, for one reason because it needed polishing, care. Things that required care, rubbing, had no chance of survival now. A hurried sloshing in hot water, a perfunctory wiping—that was all the time, the attention, the present had for the details of existence.

If it had grown hardly comfortable to be rich, the condition of relative poverty was unthinkable. Why, it was costly merely to be clean and comparatively quiet. Space was prohibitive. Space, that was, in cities. The art, the desire, of living in the country was vanishing. Farms had become places of mechanical cultivation, affairs of thousands of acres. Small farms, individual effort and integrity ——

That was it, he suddenly realized; individuals were disappearing, individual people and towns and localities. It had all been brought together, fused, in one shapeless mass. Ruined by benefit. Damaged by improvements. He had, in a drawer, a little toy made in colored glass by Baron Stiegel for a child of another century; and that, in all probability, had been an only plaything. But how brightly it must have shone, how precious it would have seemed!

A glass toy, a grotesque cow on a stick. A little cup in pink luster, with the motto, For Loving a Book. The book itself, a few crude woodcuts and stilted moralistic lines. Any one of those, once, was enough for happiness. A wave of nostalgia, of spiritual loneliness, swept over Francis Jammes. He wanted the actual past, and not alone its mute survival. Thomas Jefferson's second administration was late enough to have lived; he wished that he had died, an old man, then. He hated noise, he hated confusion, he hated people in cruel herds. A whitewashed village, its long street lost among the hills at either end. Yet, he reminded himself, such a place could be found, it still existed—but, too, as a survival; and its air of peace would have been destroyed.

Francis Jammes' moods fluctuated—now he was revived in spirit by the discovery of a dozen plates of flawless white porcelain, decorated by mysterious and golden birds of paradise; and then he sank, mentally, into a pool of shadow. But, enormously to his relief, the pain in his throat had vanished. On an evening when he was sitting wholly relaxed, George Meadows, the politician and collector, came in. He, too, Jammes realized, looked older; his hair was no more than a frosting; but his voice and gestures were as vigorous as ever.

"Well," he declared, "I am about through."

Francis Jammes looked up in surprise. That addressed to him could have only one meaning. "You'll stop buying antiques?" Jammes inquired. "What put that into your head? But of course you won't. It can't be done."

"It can by me," Meadows asserted. "I've got my house full. I gave that last daughter of mine to be married more than she wanted, and my sister's husband, Arthur Magnan, swore he wouldn't have another crate opened on the place. But all they care about is horses. Yes, Jammes, my career with the old fabricators is done."

"I haven't heard a reason yet," Francis Jammes commented.

"For one thing," he was told, "the prices. I don't mind telling you they make me mad. I know there's practically no market on old furniture; the things, when they're right, are worth what they'll bring; and they will get worse. But it's not for me. Look here! I'll admit you're right this far—where an old chair is a part of our early history, where it brings its period actually to us, it's as valuable as you choose. That chair, or a set of chairs is. Or a table. Or some china. Or the proper sort of house as complete as you please. That's one thing, and I've done it. The other, though, is just a fever, a lot of ostentatious nonsense. Mind, I'm speaking for myself.

"I got so that I had seven gate-legged tables and chairs hanging up by their splats in the barn. If anyone was a little ahead of me I wanted to murder him in a slow and

(Continued on Page 129)

R. C. Ostergren, *Architect*

Clark & Walcott, *Architects*

James Roy Allen
Architect

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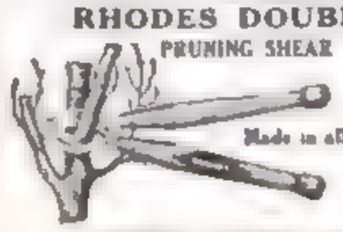

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Continued from Page 126

disagreeable way. And, Jammes, I'm a practical politician, I know something about plain and ornate lying, but what this old furniture has caught me doing I wouldn't tell a pool-room repeater. Why, I have a veneered walnut highboy now, and it has three new brasses. I was showing it to a man last night who doesn't care a damn for William and Mary, and I don't care a damn for him, and all the while I was saying, 'You very seldom get one with every one of the brasses original -every one.'

"It's time I reformed, Jammes; I'm not the right age to lie like that. I ought to be thinking on more solemn things."

"But if there weren't collectors," Francis Jammes objected, "if it wasn't for men with money and time and discrimination if special collections of special things weren't made—we'd never know about ourselves or what we were. It's history of the best kind."

"Then I'm not a historian," Meadows admitted. "I've just had the hell of a bad attack of old furniture, but it's over. It made a good American out of me, though." He lighted, with the greatest solicitude, a very large cigar shaped like a trumpet, while Jammes rose and crossed the room, returning with a small object. "What's that?" Meadows demanded.

"Well, it's pewter, our own, but for the rest I don't know." The other examined it curiously; it was rectangular, perhaps six inches high and an inch across. The lid at the top was perforated by a rough pattern of holes. "It's not a sand shaker," Jammes proceeded, "for then it would have a scoop to recover the sand. One turn would empty it of pepper ——"

"That's strange," Meadows declared. "I'd like to puzzle it out. Do you suppose we could find another?" Jammes didn't. "What's a thing like that worth?"

"Twenty dollars."

George Meadows shoved a hand instinctively into a pocket. Then, abruptly, he withdrew it, empty. "Not as easy as that, Mr. Faust. I'm going to leave this cursed place." But at the door he paused, glancing keenly at Francis Jammes.

"Francis," he asked, "generally speaking, how do you feel?"

"Fairly enough," Jammes indifferently replied. "My throat hasn't been troubling me."

"No, but the trouble it gave you was a little wearing. I tell you what you do—go out to the Magnans' for a couple of weeks. They have a wide-open house near the Willow Hollow Hunt Club. You can see the grand stand and the steeplechase course from the terrace. Or a lot of hills. The leaves have turned and it's all very pleasing now. I'll send for you."

"Don't. I have some things to watch here." Conscious, as he spoke, that he was wavering on his feet, Jammes was infuriated at his weakness.

"If you don't watch yourself you'll have some things to attend to somewhere else," Meadows warned him with a blunt kindness. "And how you'll like the furniture there I can't guess."

Later, in the dark, Francis Jammes thought how pleasant it would be at the house Meadows had described, among the autumn hills. He had met Mrs. Magnan—a woman with a tanned, almost a leather-like face and amazingly blue eyes, in the severest of clothes. A stiff collar at her throat and heavy flat-soled shoes with absurd fringes. They had, too, a farm, he recalled, in the limestone country of Virginia, where they raised thoroughbred horses. Was it for hunting? An admirable engagement, but as far removed as possible from his interests and comprehension.

The night was very long, and he fell asleep only at dawn. When he woke the day was gray and cold, without sunlight, and it occurred to him not to rise. The effort would have had to be prodigious. Chairs galloping about a steeplechase course! Blue eyes where no one would have looked for them. How near Meadows had been to buying the pewter shaker. A good customer. Francis Jammes slept a little. How peaceful it was without the pain at his throat. It had been for years—like a gnawing rat. He was better of that. Darkness and light, but no sun. Presently he would get up; and then he saw George Meadows towering immensely above him.

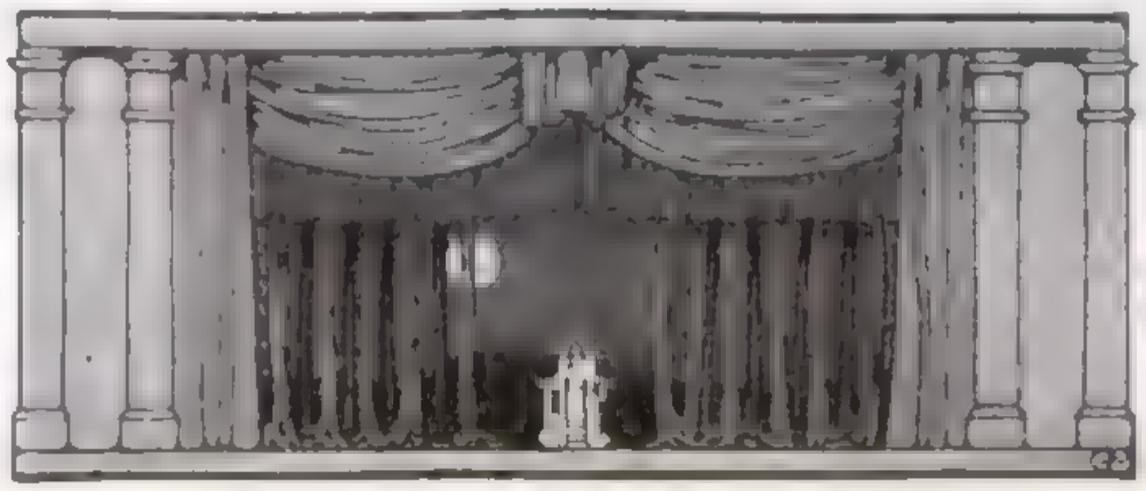
It was even more agreeable at the Magnans' house in the country than Francis Jammes had imagined. The food particularly surprised him—it made its appearance, in perfection, at any time anyone wished, and with no trouble at all. In common with most of the others he had his breakfast in his room. The tray—with fruit and toast in a Sheffield rack, coffee in a George II pot, eggs with black butter—was placed on a table, and he ate and very slowly dressed alternately. The house was white, long and low against its green. There was a flagged terrace, just as George Meadows had described, overlooking a dip in the countryside; beyond were the hills, scarlet and umber and clear yellow, with the racing establishment of the Willow Hollow Hunt Club plainly visible. Back of the house there was a long row of stables and stablemen's rooms, a small kennel inclosed in high wire with a number of friendly hounds, and a space of grass with a circular whitewashed fence where there were jumps, brush and post-and-rail, for the horses.

He leaned a long while by the gate there, watching three negro stable boys ride their horses deliberately and monotonously around and around. At rare intervals one quickened the gait, and his horse, with an easy sliding jump, would clear the brush or the rails. But mostly they walked. The boys wore tight riding breeches and disreputable sweaters. This occupied what was left of the morning; and then there would be a casual lunch for women very much resembling Mrs. Magnan, and men in riding clothes resting their plates on a high hunting table, principally with red, thin-cheeked faces and keen dominant noses. They paid, in a most pleasant good humor, very little attention to Francis Jammes, and he was glad of this. As a background, a spectacle, they were wonderfully engaging; but when they approached him, addressed him, he was as confused as though the past had suddenly taken body and voice.

What they represented he felt was admirable; the Magnans maintained a tradition founded on courage, even a personal recklessness. He thought of them, seated, in appropriate and formal clothes, on expensive horses, as a detached and picturesque comment on the utilitarian and covetous present. Red coats, the hunting scarlet; the clear experimental notes of hunting horns; the talk, almost exclusively of breeding, celebrated strains of blood and stamina, and of performance, was at once wholly unintelligible to him and more calmly reasonable than the clamor of city streets. It had the effect of a show proceeding in the face of an overwhelming, an alien and rising force. He was, however, introduced by Arthur Magnan to a very slender and young man, of extremely taciturn habit, in the racing colors of the Magnan stable.

"Jammes, I want Leland Blakee to meet you. He's going to ride Certainty in the Hunting Creek Plate this afternoon. If you won't go over with us you can see something of it from here."

Blakee nodded in a complete reserve that Francis Jammes immensely enjoyed; and soon after Jammes saw him, brilliant



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in old gold and lavender and black silk, the gayety of his cap tied at the peak, with immaculate white breeches and boots with yellow tops, leaving in an automobile. An ingratiating, erect and silent figure.

Almost at once Francis Jammes was completely alone. He sat outside, in a long coat, thick and soft, that had been urged upon him, and watched the far contracted spectacle of the race meet. In a field beyond a stone house there was the glitter of row on row of parked cars; the far side of the track was lined with them; and there was a constantly spreading mass of people. Above, the sky was filled with shifting charcoal-gray clouds. They formed darker masses and broke and joined again; and, where they seemed to rest on the hills, they had the effect of bringing the hills nearer. The air had a slight sting—just enough, he thought, to release the odor of the apples behind him on a south slope. And then there was the inevitable, the indispensable smell of burning leaves. Autumn! His attention was caught by what, he made out, were running horses. Oh, yes, the racing.

The English tradition; but the country about him had been settled by the English. First England and then America; and now, with leisure, the old heritage was being maintained. In essence it was purely masculine, and that alone was more than praiseworthy. Nothing, he thought again, could be farther from all that had occupied him—and yet they were allied. The hunting table in the dining room he had seen in the full colorful propriety of its purpose. Whatever now surrounded him was a living part of the walnut and silver he knew so well.

The pewter had belonged to the people, the farmers, and these, he repeated, were the effects of —of gentlemen. He wondered why, instinctively, he had tried to avoid the use of that word, and discovered that it had lost its significance. It meant nothing, or anything, now. Indeed, in its old, its correct, sense it had become a term of reproach, of scorn.

He heard the ringing of a bell within, and immediately, it seemed to Francis Jammes, he was conscious of a disturbance spreading throughout the house. There were voices, at once loud and shaded, and a servant, a man, came hurriedly out and gazed fixedly, from under his palm, toward the race track. Then, turning, he saw Francis Jammes.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I didn't know you were there." He hesitated, and then, even against an evident regard for what effect he might have, he proceeded rapidly: "Mr. Blakee is killed, sir. Certainty fell at the first jump by the grand stand and rolled across his back lying on the ground."

A young man brave in silk! But Francis Jammes wasn't shocked. Somehow, to him, the tragedy was slight. What did they matter—a number of years against infinity? It was only to himself that each man was the sum of all existence; in reality each was less than the most conceivably remote decimal point. The fallen autumn leaves stirring uneasily on the terrace were as considerable. There was, he discovered, a discrepancy between the calmness, the order, of his thoughts and the broken swiftness of his breathing; and suddenly, completely, he realized for the first time why George Meadows had brought him here. The pain at his throat had gone, but he wasn't better. How, he didn't know, he didn't much care; but he, too, was close to the fatal jump.

It was, however, an overwhelming recognition, and, for a moment he held with a straining grip to his chair. Then he would be a part of the past—his old wish with a difference. A pale full sunlight enveloped the hills, and they blazed in an instant gold response. Winter and spring and summer—and fall again. Like the seasons, the races, he saw, were going on without Leland Blakee; and then he, Francis Jammes, would be down. But he was, now, free of fear; and, in an utmost simplicity of heart, he was glad. For a moment pewter and silk, racing silk, were confounded in his mind. They had seemed to be one.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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(Top)—*Part of Seattle's business district and harbor*
(Above)—*A view of Seattle's residence section*
(Left)—*A glimpse of Paradise from one of Seattle's parks*

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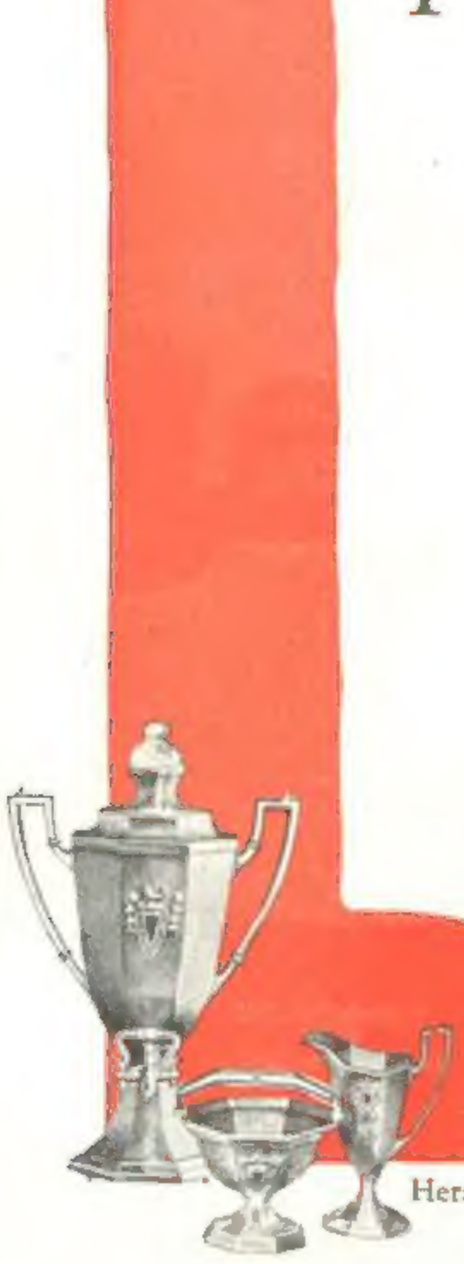
The Great Northern Ry.

The Osgoods are elected

There isn't anything formal about it, but it means that the group of six or so that lead in all things social at Westfield have accepted them unqualifiedly. Mrs. Osgood enjoys the people immensely—and the dinners they give each other from time to time. But her pleasure is not without its anxious moments, as she plans the dinner she is soon to give for this "inner circle." Twelve people are more than she has ever entertained. Let's see, what silverware will she need? More than mere half-dozens of things! And she lacks bouillon spoons and individual salad forks altogether.



Heraldic *Coffee Set*

Heraldic
Individual
Salad Fork

Does your silverware make entertaining easier?

NO doubt you, too, have been entertained thoughtfully and frequently. And then, in planning the dinners you would give, have found that your silverware was not sufficient.

But, in your disappointment, probably you did not realize how easily and reasonably you can make your silverware equal to the occasion. In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate—loved by the fastidious for nearly a century—you can well afford to add the half-dozens or dozens of necessary pieces.

Buy the niceties of the table—in quantities as small as you desire—salad forks, orange spoons, ice cream forks or serving pieces. Add to them as the occasion demands. This you will find entirely feasible. The leading dealers everywhere always have in stock the newer patterns of

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

May we send you a copy of our booklet, N-90, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day.

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STOKOWSKI —Victor Artist

Under the leadership of Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra has achieved high artistic perfection. The Victor Records by this immense organization mark one of the triumphs of Victor recording, and the results meet the high artistic sense of Stokowski himself. Some of the thirty-four numbers:

		Double-faced
Walküre—The Ride of the Valkyries Walküre—Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music	6245	$2.00
Finlandia Khowantchina—Entr'acte	6366	2.00
Dance of the Flutes (from Nutcracker Ballet) Minuet	798	1.50

Victrola No. 111
$225
Electric, $265
Mahogany or walnut

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Coates is held in the highest esteem in musical circles throughout the world. He is one of the greatest conductors of the Symphony Orchestra. To hear his Victor Records is to appreciate the quality of his art and why he chose the Victor to reproduce it. Among the sixteen selections are:

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Meistersinger Overture—Parts 1 and 2	55171	1.50

Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut

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MENGELBERG —Victor Artist

As a conductor Mengelberg is able to demand and obtain perfection in performance. He is similarly strict in judging his records and the Victor Records by Mengelberg and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra embody the same perfect musical qualities. These records include:

		Double-faced
Les Préludes—Part 1 Les Préludes—Part 2	6225	$2.00
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Victrola No. 215
$150
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